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RVNTO THE GODLIE AND
Christiane Reidar, Henrie Charteris,

wthschis grace, and peice from Iesus Christ our Sa-
uiour, with the perpetuall assistance *1568*
of his halie Spreit. *3.*



IT IS the common and accustomed maner
(gentill Reidar) of all them quhilk dois prohe-
miate ony vther mannis wark, cheifly to tra-
uell about twa pointis. The ane is, to declair
the properteis of the Authour, not only exter-
nall, as his originall, birth, vocatioun, estait,
strenth, giftis of the body, substance and ma-
ner of leuing; bot alsua internall: as the qua-
liteis, habites and dispositiounis of the minde,
his Ligyne, knowledge, wildome, giftis of the
spreit, and all vther vertewis quhilk culd iu-
stly be knawin to haue bene in him. Bot seing it is not many zeiris past
sen it hes plesit the Eternall God to call our Author out of the misera-
ble and troubillsum calamiteis of this transitorie lyfe, vntill his Celesti-
all ioy and heuily habitatioun, swa that the memorie of him is bot as
zit recent, and not out of the hartis of mony zit leuand, to quhome his
haill maner of lyfe was better knawin then vnto me, I think it not
greitly neidfull to tary thee thairon, bot will remit thee to leirne it
at thair mouthis. The vther is, to declair his maner of wyting, the v-
tilitie of his warkis, and quhat frute, profite and commoditie may en-
few and follow to the diligent Reidar and reuoluar of the samin. Nou-
ther in this is it greitly neidfull to me to trauell, seing the samin may
be maist esilie and perfetely knawin be his awin pen. For besides the gle-
sand and delectable versis, besides the craftie and ingenious poetieall
inuentiounis, besides the frutefull and commodious Historyis, baith
humaine and diuine; baith recent and Ancient: besides the haillsum &
notabill counsellis admonitiounis to Princes, to Prelates, and to all e-
states, quhat vice and iniquitie rang in his dayis, quhilk he did not re-
buke? not only of the spirituall, bot alsua of the temporall estat?
quhat vertuous or commendabill fact hes he not praisit and desyrt to
be had in dew honour and honorabill estimatioun. Bot gif we sal cō-
sider and wey the time, quhen he did wryte the traist part of this war-
kis, being ane time of sa greit and blind ignorance, of manifest and hor-
ribill abhominatiounis and abusis: it is to be meruellit how he durst sa
plainely inuey aganis the vices of all men: bot cheifly of the Spirituall

*Mr Iacob Spalding's Deem in the Scotch Parliamt.
1568*

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estait, being so bludie and cruell boucheouris. He neuer ceissit baith in
 his graue and merie materis, in ernst and in bourdis: in wryting and in
 wordis to challenge and carpe them. It cumis to my memorie aie pret-
 tie trik, quhilk sum tyme I haue hard reportit of him. The Kingis
 grace, James the fyft, being on aie certaine tyme accompanyit with ane
 greit number of his Nobillis, and ane greit menze of Bischoppis Ab-
 bottis and Prelatis standing about, he quickly and prettely inuenit ane
 prettie trik to teine them. He cumis to the King, and efter greidew-
 gaird and salutationis, he makis him as thocht he war to requyre sum
 wechtrie thing of the Kingis grace. The King persauand, demandis
 quhat he wald haue? he answeris: Schir, I haue seruit your gracelang,
 and luikis to be rewardit as vtheris ar. And now your Maister Tailze-
 our at the plesure of God is departit, quhairfor I wald desyre of your
 grace to be stowe this lytill benefite vpon me, as ane part of reward of
 my lang seruice, to mak me your Maister Tailzeour. The King bele-
 uing in deid his Tailzeour to be departit, sayis to him. Quhairto wald
 thou be my Tailzeour? thou can nouthier schaip nor sew? he answeris.
 Schir, that makis na mater: for ze haue geuin Bischoprikis and benefi-
 ces to mony standing heir about zow: and zit can thay nouthier teiche
 nor preiche. And quhy may I not asweill be your Tailzeour, thocht I
 can nouthier schaip nor sew: seing teiching and preiching is na les re-
 quisite to their vocation, then schaping and sewing is to ane Tailze-
 ouris. The King incontinent persauit his consait & leuch merily thair-
 at: bot the Bischoppis at sic bourding leuch neuer ane quhit. Na les
 ernst and vehement was he aganis them in his fairfis and publick play-
 is, quhairin he was verrey craftie and excellent. Sic ane spring he gau-
 them in the play, playit beside Edinburgh, in presence of the Quene
 Regent, and ane greit part of the Nobilitie, with ane excedding greit
 nowmer of pepill, lest and fra nyne houris afoir none, till six houris at
 euin, quhair amangis mony baith graue maters, and merie trikkis he
 brocht in ane Bishop, ane Persone, ane Freir, and ane Nun, deckit vp in
 thair papistickall ornamentis, and maner of rayment. And thairefter
 brocht in King correctioun, quha reformand findrie deformiteis in his
 Realme, passit to the tryall of his Clergie. And findand thame to be al-
 rogidder Idiotis, vnworthie of ony functioun ecclesiasticall, decernit
 them to be degradit of their digniteis, & spuilzeit of thair officis: quhilk
 beand executit, and thay denudit of thair vpmast garmentis thay war
 fund bot verrey fulis, hypocrites, flatteraris, and nouchtie persones.
 Quhairby he signifyit to the people, that howsaueuer thay war estemit
 of the world, thay had na thing quhairin thay micht iustlie glorie to be
 pastouris of Christis Kirk, and seidaris of his flock, bot onlie thair out-
 ward ornamentis, and triumphant tyullis. Bot beand inwardlie con-
 siderit, thay wald be fund bot verrey hyrelingis, enemeis to Christ, and
 deuoraris of his flock. This play did enter with sic greif in thair hartis,
 that thay studyit be all meanis, to be auengit thair of. Thay conuenit
 thair

to the Reidar.

thair prouinciall counsellis, they consultit how thay suld best sustene thair kingdome inclynand to ruyne, quhilk laitie had gottin sa publiēt ane wound: thay zeid about to haue his haill warkis condemnit, for hereticall, and cessit nor in Kirk and merkat, publictlie and preuelie, to rage and rayll aganis him, as ane Heretike. Bot to returne to our purpose. Notwithstanding the birnand fyre borne aganis him in thair breistis, the hatrent consauit in thair hartis, thair puissance and power euin in that tyme, quhen thay had the ball at thair fute, quhen nouthir Prince, nor vther was abill to withstand thame, zit culd thay neuer get power ouer this sempill man, nor haif thair hartis satiat of him. Thay had thair Canoun Lawis: thay had the Municipall Lawis of the Realme, and actis of Parliament haldin be that samin King, quhame he seruait, with quhome from his zouth vp he conuersit, that na man suld refoun or call in dout the authoritie of thair spirituall Father: that Imagis suld be honourit: that the libertie of halie Kirk (as thay namit it) suld be mantenit, and defendit. And gif ony war suspectit in ony hereticall point, aganis the commandementis of this thair Kirk, incontinent thay war cyt, thay war apprehendit, and incarcerat in strang prisoun: and finallie thay war compellit outhir to abiure (quhairthrow thay remanit infamit all thair dayis, nouthir micht enioy honouris nor digniteis for thair tyme) or ellis thay behouit maist cruellie suffer the fyre. How cummis it than, that this our Authour being sa plane aganis, thame and as it war professit enemie to thame, culd eschaip thair snairis, quhen vtheris in doing les hes cruellie perisht? Sum will think, because his wryting was commounlie mixt with mowis, and collourit with craftie confaitis (as Chaucer and vtheris had done befor) the mater was the mair mitigate. Bot this can not satisfie: for na mowis in sic matteris culd mitigate thair bludie breistis. Sum will think because he was continuallie in Court, and seruit the King, he was esille ouersene. Bot in my iugement, that is the greiter cause of offence: namelie to haif thair vaniteis and wickitnes publishit in Court, and sight of Princes Nouthir culd this be saiftie to vtheris. M. Patrik Hammiltoun Abbot of Feirn, being of the blude Royall, being ane man of greit literature, and of sic lyfe, that the verray enemeis thame selfis war enforcit to commend & allow him. Zit did he not eschaip thair malice, bot sufferit cruell deith be fyre. Robert Forester als wa gentilman on the samin maner was tormēt. And howbeit thir did cruelhe perishe, zit in all ages, & in all nationis, it hes plesit God, of his greit mercy, to rais and steir vp his Prophetis and seruandis, quhome he hes michtilie preservit, to reпреis the generatiōs present of thair vnricheousnes: to vtter & oppin to the pepill the corruptiōn than regnād: & as it war aganis the Deuill, & the world to testifie his treuth: te walkin thame out of thair Ignorance. He steirit vp the auld & ancient Doctouris, to impung and strangly confute all herefeis springand & ryfand. Bot them at this present I will omit for breuitie, & will speik rather sumquhat sen corruptiōn and superstitiōn enterit amangis thē,

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quhilk wer rulers and Pastouris of the Kirk of God: sen they begouth to leif preiching of pure Christ, and to set vp them selfis: to conqueir Realmes, Prouinces, & countreis: to subdew Princes and Potestatis: & finally to exalt them selfis aboue all that is callit God. In quhilk dayis wer mony leirnit men, & godly Bischoppis in this countrie: as Seruan^o, Columba, Aidanus, Finnanus, Colmannus, Leuinus, Gallus, and mony ma, quha baith in this Realme and in Ingland, did lung debell, & hald out the Romische superstitiounis and ceremoneis, as is at lenth contenit in the auld Historyis of Beda and vtheris. He raisit vp als wa in the dayis of Carolus Magnus, twa of our countrie men, baith of greit eruditoun and leirning, the ane callit Iohne, surnamit Mailrosius: the vther Claudius Clemens. Thir twa passand out of Scotland, at command of King Achai^o (as Boetius wrytis) to the partis of Frâce, come to Paris, & was the occasioun of the fundatioun of the Vniuersitie of the samin, & sindrie vtheris, and was the first professouris of liberall sciences in them. Nouthir ceissit they with ane Adelbertus ane frenchemā, & Bertram^o, to inuey on the stat of the Kirk, then tending and declyning fast to corruptioun, vntill Claudius and Adelbertus wer clappit in clois piousoun, and Iohne departit the countrie, and come in Ingland: quhair (as sum wrytis) at the perswasoun of certaine Monkis he was slaine, be certaine his awin discipulis, impacient of his admonitiounis and correctiounis. Efter thir quhen the sindrie sectis of Freiris began to spring vp, he raisit in France Guilielmus de S. A more: Nigellus: Nicolaus, & Arnoldus de villa noua: in Italie the Abbot Ioachimus Calaber: in Germanie, Hildegardis the Prophetis with sindrie vtheris, quhilk strangly wrait aganis the superstitiounis and Idilteth of the begging Freiris, and vther abusis of the Clergie. And nowbeit thair admonitiouis culd not be hard, nor thair wryting tane in gude pairt, bot vterly deieftit & despisit, zit wer they not cūmin to that furie and rage, as to bruytle & scald quha sa euer suld speik aganis them, bot contentit them selfis with piousoun or banishment of sic personis as wer contrarious to them, degrading them of their digniteis and offices: and excōmunicating them out of thair Kirkis. Bot quhen their iniquiteis wes cūmin to maturitie, God raisit vp in Ingland Iohne Vicleif, quha seing the hail Ecclesiasticall estat to be altogidder corrupt: the word of God to be cūmir to neglekt & contempt: and mennis traditiounis aboue it to be extollit: did maist earnestly teiche & wryte ane hudge number of Volumis and buikis aganis them. Then was the beist vnquyetit of his resting fait, and began to rage and fere, to seik the deith and destrūtioun of this pure man. Bot all for nocht. The Lord did potently preserue him frō their snairis and gurnes: and notwithstanding all their furie, departit in the Lord in peice. And howbeit efter deith Rancour cōmounly ceissis, zit xlj. zeiris efter his deith, thay tuik vp his banis & brunt them. Persewand als wa with maist extremie all that adherit to him, or did allow his doctrine. They brynt the Lord Cobhā, Schir Roger Astoun Knicht, Williame Thorpe,

Williame

to the Reidar.

William Tayleir, Richard Howedé, Iohne Cleydouu. They banisheit Elenor Cobham: they murderit in presoun Iohne Astoun, Reginald Pecock Bischop of Chichester, with ane infinite number ma. Thair was na end in thair furie. Quhil they wer thus busie in Ingland, begā Iohne Hus, and Hierome of Praga to preiche in Boheme, mē of sic leirning & lyse, & they wer in admiratiō euin to the veray aduersaries them selfis, quhair of remanis zit sufficient testimonyis writtin be Poggi^o, & vtheris of the Antichristianc menze. They being cytit to the counsall of Constance, come vpon ane saifconduct of Sigismundus the Empreour, thā King of Boheme present at the counsall: and thair gaue ane resfoun & declaratioun of thair faith and doctrine: fra the constant professioun quhair of, quhen they culd not be dissuadit: they contrair the saifconduct, contrair all promysis cruelly brint them. Satisfying the Empreour with this godly Law of thair awin forgeing, *Quod nulla fides sit hereticis seruanda*: Thair is na promeis to be keipit to heretikes. Quhat frute this gudely Law hes wrocht, the battell betuix the Turk & Lowes king of Vngarie, & Boheme, & the occasiō thair of quhair the said Lowes perisheit, to & greit hurt of all Christianitie will declair: and mony vther historyis als wa, quhilk for schortnes I omit. Now our Prelates laith to ly behind, willing to schaw their gude seruice to & haly fait, apprehēdit heir in Scotland Paul Craw teiching the doctrine quhilk Vicleif & Hus had teichit, and maid ane Sacrifice of him in Sanctandrois. And findād the sawour of this Sacrifice fragrant & smelland they tuk the Vicar of dolour, Freir Kelour, Symfōne, Bawerage, Kennedie, Stratoun, Courlay and mony ma, quha becaus they culd not allow their vaine superstitiounis and Idolatreis, expres aganis the cōmandement of the Lord their God wer cuttit of be the fyre. They had now leirnit to dispute with fire and faggot, for our auld Bischoppis and Pastouris wer decayit, quhilkis wer wont to be Lampis, & as it wer leidsternis to al natiounis adiacent: from quhome passit furth mony leirnit men to al countris, to Ingland, France, Germanie, Saxone, Pruse, and vher partis, as their Chronikillis testifyis, planting and teiching the Christiane faith & all godly sciencis. Borneow dull Aynis had ascendit to their rowines, being mayit with dame propertie & riches, and fair Lady Sensualitis: and swa efter the rait of vther Realmes, wer becomit Idil bellyis, Ignorant blokis & dum doggis. Nouthir war they Idil in Italie: thair cruelly suffrit Thomas Rhedonensis the Carmelite. And in Florēce the godly blak Freir, Hieronymus Sauoronola. Thus continewand thair rage in all Realmes, euin to the stermaist of thair power, it pleisit the mercifull God of his greit mercy and fauourabill lufe towardis man, Johairby he wald not haue man vtterly to perishe, to gif (as it wer) licht to the warld: and & be reucilling of his word and Euangell, be the mouthis of his fruanis Luther, Bucer, Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, Caluine, & mony vtheris: be quhome he hes discouerie their cankerit corruptioun and auld festur in sic sort, that na man (except he will be wilfully blind) may not perfaif &

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vennome and filth thair of. And zit hes the maist pairt of thir (how saeuer the poweris of the World hes bene contrarious to them) departit in the Lord in quyetnes. Now sum will say thir wer Preicheouris, & Ministeris of the word, and had bene sum tyme anoyntit schauelingis, markit with the beistis mark, and had maid defectioun from the, quhairfoir they persewit them the mair schairply and cruelly. Bot the Lord Cobham, Robert Forester, Stratoun, wer nouthir schauelingis nor Preicheouris. Richard McKinnis ane boy of xvii. zeiris of age, brint in Londoū was na Preicheour. The lyke iudgement sufferit Maistres An Askew with mony women, quhilk zit wer na Preicheouris. Zit forther sū will abiect the equitie of the tyme, quhairin our Author leuit: that the power of the aduersaris wer restranit that they culd not rage and rin at ryot at their libertie and plesure as they wer wont. And zit a lytill befor his deith they brint M. George Vischart and Adam Wallace Mariner. And schortly efter our Authouris deith they tuik the auld man Walter Mill & cruelly brint him: althocht fra that fyre rais sic ane stew, quhilk struik sic sturt to their stomokis, that they rewitit euer efter. Then hes it not bene seriousnes intermixit with iocunditie: it hes not bene continually abyding nor seruing in court, it hes not bene blude royall nor fauour of Princes: nouthir teiching nor preiching: nor equitie of tyme, culd be protectioun to ony aganis sa cruell & feirs aduersaris of equal wil, rage, and furie indifferently aganis all. It is rather the prouydce, the iudgement, the power, and the inmensibill fauour and merey of Gōd towardis his Sanctis and Elect: quhilk vpō the ane pairt, of his lufe towardis his chosin, to satisfie thair thirst and desire, quhilk they had to be dissoluit, and to be with Christ, that they suld not be langer inforcit to behald the wickit vaniteis of this world: Partly of his iust iudgement, because the warlt was not worthie of them, for it hes lust mirknes rather then licht, and delytic mair in leis then in & treuth. And partly to manifest to all pepill the cruell, bludie, and insatiabil hartis of the memberis of Antichrist, the pilleris of the malignant Kirk, he did (as it wer) gif quir into their handis the lysis, the possessiounis, gudis, and quhat sūeuer externall thing they had, to be maid mocking stokkis, & to be disponit at their libertie and plesure. On the vther part to declair his michtie prouidence and power, quhairby he will not suffer ane hair of the heidis of his chosin to perishe but his permissiō: and to encourage his Elect, seing that nouthir gude nor euill can fall vnto them, by the will of their Father: he hes maist michtely maintenit them amāgis the middis of this malignant generatioun. This iudgement likewise man we haue of our Dauid Lyndesay: to quhome we will returne, omitting the speciall abusis of the Clergie for eschewing of prolixitie & tediousnes, to be socht out of his awin warkis be & diligēt Reidar. Now as he hes bene schairp and vigilānt in marking the enormiteis of the Spiritualitie, swa hes he not bene negligent nor sleuthfull in rebuking the defaultis of the Temporalitie and all estaitis thair of. He hes not spairt King, Court, cou
fallouris,

to te Reidar.

fallouris, Nobilitie, nor vtheris of inferiour estait. And howbeit they wer not altogidder cūit to sic corruptioun and furie, that they micht not beir mairequally with generall admonitiounis and reprochis, then the Spiritualitie. Zit als lytill amendement followit in the ane estait, as in the vther. Quhat laubouris tuik he that the landis of this countrie micht be set out in Fewis, efter the fassoun of sindrie vther Realmes, for the incres of policie and riches? Bot quhat hes he proficit? Quhen ane pure man with his haill race and offspring hes laubourit out thair lyfis on ane lytill peice of ground, and brocht it to sum point and perfectiō: then must the Lairdis brother, kinsman, or surname haue it: & the pure mā with his wyfe & barnis, for all their trauellis, schot out to beg their meit. He that tuik lytill laubouris on it must enioy the frutes and cōmo ditek of it: he man eit vp the sweit & laubouris of the pure mānis brow is. Thus the pure dar mak na policie nor bigging, in cace they big them selfis out. Bot althocht mē wink at this & outlūk it, zit he sittis abone that seis it, and fall iudge it. He that heiris the sichis & cōplaintis of the pure oppressit, sal not for euer suffer it vnpunishit. Quhat hes he writtin alswa aganis this Heriald hors, deuy sic for mony pure mannis hurt? Bot quha hes dimittit it? finally, quhat oppressioun or vice hes he not re- preuit? Bot thir fall suffice for exempill. And gif he had leuit in thir lait dayis, quhat had he said of the vnnaturall murderis: the cruell slauch- teris: the manifest reissis: the continuall heirschippis: the plaine oppres- siounis: the lytill regard of all personis to the cōmoun welth: the mā- tening of derth, to the vniuersal hurt of the pure in transporting of vic- tuallis furth of the Realme, contrarie to the statutes thereof, for § par- ticular weill of few, & hurt of mony: the importing of greit quantiteis of fals cunze, sklanderly serchit & lichtlyar punischit. The multitude of Kirkis destitute of Ministeris throw the haill cōtrie: The slaw ad- ministratiō of Iustice; & farles executioun: with all kynde of impie- teis (as it wer) publictly & frely regning. Zit nottheles we luik for re- dres & reformatioun of all sic horribill deformiteis, at the handis of sic Rewleris as God hes, & fall stenthin with his Spreit, lichtin with § pure word of his Euāgel, endew with his feir (quhilk is the beginning of all wisdome) with sic knowlege, sic iudgement and zeill, that they fall to their vtermest endeouour auance & set forward all Iustice & equitie, & suppres all vice & iniquities: to the glorie of God: to the auancement of his word: to the edificatioun of his Kirk, & to the comfort and quyet- nes of this troubillit and afflictit commoun welth. Quhilk God of his greit mercy grant that we may schorly se. Amen.

I haue alreddy passit the boundis of ane Preface: zit ane thing restis to admonische the (gentill Reidar) of thir warkis following. The mair part of them hes bene sindrie tymes in sindrie places Imprintit: as heir in Scotland, quhilk zit war not sa correct as neid requyrie. Thay haue bene Imprintit in Rowen, bot altogidder sa corrupt and fals, & na man can be abil to attaine to the Authouris mynde be them. For besides the

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wrang Ortographie and fals spelling, the transpositionis of wordis, & lynes: thair is als wa sic defectiounis, that sumtymes will want twa or thre lynes in ane sentence: sumtymes als mony abound; & be dowblit. Quhairthrow the mindes of honest men ar alienatit from reiding of sa frutefull warkis: zouth is abusit and corruptit: the Author & his warkis schamefully blottit and barbulzeit: the countrie infamit: & sic persones as laubouris for iust correctioun vterly discouragit, seing thair laubouris and trauellis sa haistely thairefter to be corruptit, at the priuate appetyte and greedines of certaine godles Ignorantis: quhilke in respect of thir greit hurtis deseruis na small punishment. Thay ar lykewise laity Imprentit in Londoun, with lytill better succes then the vther. For thay haue gane about to bring them to the Sutheroun language, alterand the verse & cullouris thair of, in sic places as they culd admit na alteratioun: quhairfoir the natie grace, and first mynde of the wryter is oftentimes peruertit. And for the Ortographie, Transpositionis and defectiounis thay ar almaist commoun with the vther.

Thus seing this famous Author, & his notabill warkis to be sa velanously handillit, & sa miserablie and maliciously mankit & alterat: we haue gaine about and takin sum trauellis to vindicate rhem from thir blotis & corruptiounis: and to reduce and bring them to the natie integritie and first mening of the wryter. Quhilke salbe eslie persauit in the reiding: bot maist eslie, gif ony will confer this editioun with the that hes precedit: quhairin quhat difference is betuix richt and wrang wryting, betuix correct and vncorrect Imprenting salbe cleirly sene.

Mair we haifeikit sindrie warkis of the samin Author, quhilkis hes not bene befoir Imprentit: to the intent, that na thing of sa Nobill ane wryter suld perische throw negligence and sleuthfulnes of this present age, bot suld be reseruit to the frute of al posteriteis following. And farther intendis (be the help of God) to vse the lyke diligence in all warkis of this wryter, quhilkis sall heirefter be ony menis cum to our handis.

I will deteine the na langer (gude Reidar) from the warkis the seikis: bot wil commit the to the protectioun of the almychtie our Cod: ernstlie desyrand the to call vpon him: that he will rais and steir vp mony David Lyndesayis: that will continuallie admonishe baith Prince, and pepill of thair dewtie, & vocatioun, quhairunto the Lord thair God hes callit them: that will rebuke, and reprimand sic defaltis, as salbe fund in the: that wil commit to letteris, & wryte, the honor, the gloire, ye fame, and succes of vertew, and inbraceris thei of: The dishonour, the shame, the defame, and misheif of vice, and impietie, and enhanteris thei of. To be notisyt, and maid knawin to all agis to cum: that it may be ane prik and spur to the verteous and godly, to ga foward in al richteousnes, and equitie: that it may be ane stay, and crydill to reteyne, and hold bak the wickit and vngodlie from all wickines, and iniquitie. To the intent: that God may be glorisyt: his Kirk edisyt: and this commoun welsh confortit, and quietit.



Ane Adhortatioun of all

Estatis, to the reiding of thir pre-
sent warkis.

SEN that it is maist worthie for to be
Lamentit, of euerie warldly wicht:
To se the warkis of pleisand poetrie
To ly sa bid, and split from the sight
Of those in harr, quha dois reiois aricht.
In Vulgar tongue for to behald and heir
Vertew and vice disclosit, and brocht to licht.
In thair richt collouris planelie to appeir.

Thairfor (gude Reider) haue I trauell tane,
Intill ane Volume now breiflie for to bring,
Of David Lyndesay the hail warkis ilk ane,
Wricht of the Mount, Lyon, of Armys King,
Quha in our dayis now did laithlie ring.
Quha is pregnant practick, and quha is ornate style,
To be commendit be me, neidis na thing:
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilk he hes done cōpyl

Thocht Gawine Dowglas Bishop of Dunkell
In ornate meter surmount did euerilk man:
Thocht Kennedie, and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the large race of Rethorik thay ran,
Zit neuer poet of our Scottische clan.
Sa cleirly schew that Monstour with his markis,
The Romane God, in quhome all gyle began:
As dois gude David Lyndesay in his warkis,

Quhairin na stait he spairit, bot stoutlie schew the
How thay baith God and man had soir offendit,
With flesche bukis of flatterie he neuer clew thame,
Of quhat degre sa euer thay discendit,
Thair auld misdeid he prayit thame ay to mend it
Empreour, and King, Duke, Erle, Prince, nor Pais
Bif thay to quell Christis flock zit still pretendit:
Boddie Just Judgemētis na way suld thay eschapp

With prettie Problemis, & Sentences maist sage,
With pleisand prouerbis in his warkis all quhair,

Ane Adhortatioun

with staitlie Stoppis aggreing to our rage,
with Similitudis semelic he dois declair,
with weill waillit woꝝdis, wyse, and familiar,
Of queynt conuoy, this Ioyous Gem Iocound,
Intill his Buikis to speik, he did nocht spair,
Aganis all vice, ay quhair it did abound.

Princes approche, cum Rewlaris in ane Randon
Reid heir ze Lordis of the meynert. menze,
The end of hicht, zour pryde leirne to abandoun,
Cum schameles schauelingis of Sathanis Senze,
Rynnand in vice, ay still with oppin Kenze,
Of prond Prelatis, reid heir the suddane fall:
Maha for to stoup zit, did neuer Denze,
Under the zock of him, that creat all.

Cum teyneful Tyranis trimilling with zour trayne
Cum nouchtie Rewtrallis with zour bailfull band:
Ze haue ane cloik now reddy for the rayne:
For fair wedder, ane uther ay at hand.
Idolateris draw neir to Burgh and Land,
Reid heir zour lyfe at large, baith mair and min,
with Hypocrites ay syding as the sand.
As Humloik how of wit, and Wertew thin.

Oppressouris of the pure, cum in till Pairis:
Flatteraris flock fordwaird, for I hard tell,
Ze had ane saw rich sick for all sairis,
Lawieris, and Serrybis, quha hes zour Saulis to sel
Craftisimen, and Merchandis, gif ze do mell
with fraud or fallset, than I zow desyre,
Reid in this Buik, the speiche gif ze can spell,
Muhar Just reward ze sall haue for zour hyre.

Amang the rest, now Courteouris cum hidder,
Thocht ze be skeich, and skip abone the skyis,
Zit constantly I pray zow to consider,
Into this Scrow, quhat Lyndeley to zow cryis,
Cum all degreis in Lurdanerie quha lyeis,
And saipe wald se of sin the feirfull syne:
And leirne in wertew how for to byprie,
Reid heir this buik, and ze sall find it syne.

with Scripture, and with storpis naturall,
Richelic replenischit from end till end.

Intill

to all Estates.

Intill this buik, quhair list to reid, they sall
Find mony lessoun largely to commend
The braid difference quhairin weill may be kend
Betwene vertuous and vicious leuing.
Let vs thairfoir our lyfe in vertew spend,
Sen vice of mankinde is the hail mischeuing.

Let Lyndesay now as he war zit on lyue,
Pas furth to licht with all his sentence hie:
Unto all men theire dewtie to descriue
Quhairin they may ane lively Image se,
Of his expresseit mynde in poetrie,
Prentit as he it publishit with his pen.
That him self speik, I think it best for me,
Gif gloir to God, quhilk gaue sic giftis to men,

¶ FINIS.

THE EPISTIL Nuncupatorie of Schir Dauid

Lyndesay of the Mont Knicht, on his
Dialog of the Miserabill estait
of the world.

THOW lytill quair, of mater Miserabill.
weill ancht thow, couerit for to be with Sabill
Keime and grene, the purpore reid & quhyte
To delicate men thow art not delectabill,
Nor zit till amorous folkis amyabill,
To reid on thee thay will haue na delyte.
Warldly pepill will haue at thee dyspyte.
Quhilk first hes thair hart, and hail Intentis
On sensuall lust, on dignitte, and Rentis.

We haue na thing, thee to present allace;
Quhilk to this countrie bene ane cairfull race.
And als our Quene of Scotland heriour,
Scho dwellis in France, I pray God saue hir grace
It war so lang for thee to run that race.

The Epistill

And far langer or that young tender flour
Bring hame till vs ane King and Gouernour,
Allace thairfoir we may with sorow sing.
Dubilk must sa lang remaine without ane King,

I not quhome to my simpilnes to send,
With cunning men, from tyme that thow be kend,
Thy vaniteis na way they will auance,
Thinking thee proud sic thingis to pretend:
Notwithstanding the staucht way sall thow went
To them quhilk hes the Realme in Gouernance.
Declair thy mynd to thame with circumstance.
Ba fir st till James. our Prince. and Protectour,
And his brother, our Spirituall Gouernour.

And Prince of Preistis in his Ratioun,
After reuerend recommendatioun
Under thair feit, thow lawlie the submit,
And mak thame humbill Supplicatioun,
Gif thay in the find wraung Narratioun,
That thay wald pleis, thy fauleis to remit.
And of thair grace, gif thay do the admit,
Than ga thy way, quhair euer thow pleisist best,
Be thay content, mak reuerence to the rest.

To faithfull prudent Pastouris Spirituall,
To Nobill Erlis and Lordis Tempozall,
Obedientlie till thame thow the addres,
Declairing thame this schort Memorall,
How Mankynd bene to Miserie maid thrall,
At lenth to thame the caus plainely confes,
Besekand thame all Lawis to suppres,
Inuentie be Menis traditioun,
Contrair to Christis Institution.

And caus thame cleirly for till vnderstand,
That for the breking of the Lordis Command
His thynfald wand of flagellatioun.

2.Re.24 His scurgit this pure Realme of Scotland,
Be moztall weiris, baith be sey and land,

1.Cor.2 with mony terribill tribulatioun.

Thairfoir mak to thame trew Narratioun.
That all thir weiris, this derty, hunger and pest,
Was uocht, bot for our sinnis manifest.

Nuncupatorie.

Declaire to them how in the tyme of Noe,
Allyerly, God did the world destroy.
As haly Scripture makis mentiou,
Sodom, Gomor, with thair Region and Noe,
God spairit nouthet man, woman, nor boy,
Bot all wer brint for their offensoun.
Jerusalem that maist triumphant town
Destroyt was, for their Inquiritie.
As in the Scripture plainly they may se.

Gene. 7.

Gen. 19

Matt. 23

Luk. 12.

Declaire to them this mortall Miserie,
Be sword and fyre, berth, pest and pouertie,
Proceidit of Syn, geue I can richly descriue,
For lack of Faith, and for Idolatrie,
For fornicatioun, and for Aulterrie
Of Princes, Prelatis, with mony ane man & wyue,
Expell the caus, than the effect belyue
Shall reis quhen that the pepill dois repent,
Than God shall slak his how, quhilk zit is bent.

Iere. 15.

Mak thame request, quhilk bes the gouernance,
The Sincere word of God for fill auance,
Conforme to Christis Institutoun,
Without Hypocrisie or dissimulace
Causing Justice halo euinlie the Ballance,
On Publicanis making punctioun,
Comend'ng thame of gude conditioun,
That being done, I dout not bot the Lord,
Hall of this cuntrie haif Mercitord.

Thocht God with mony terribill escapis,
Hes done this cuntrie scourge be diuers wayis,
Be Just Judgement for our greuous offence,
Declaire to thame, & say shall haue mery dapis
Efter this trubill, as the Propheir sayis,
Quhen God shall se our humill repentence,
Till strange pepill, thocht he hes geuin licence,
To be our scourge, Induring his desyre,
Will quhen he list, that scourge cast in the fyre.

Pray them, that they put not their esprance
In mortall men, only them till aduance,
Bot principally in God Omnipotent.
Then wold they not to charge the Realme of France,

Psal. 118

The Epistill.

With gunnis, galayis, nor vther ordinaunce,
Sa that thay be to God obedient.
In this premissis be thay not negligent,
Displayand Christis Baner hie on bicht,
Thair enemies of them sall haue na micht.

So hence pure busk, quhilk I haue done Indyte
In rurall ryme, in maner of despyte,
Contrair the warldis variationn.
Of Acthorik heir I proclame the quyte.
Idolatouris, I feir, sall with thee flyte,
Becaus of them thow makis narratioun.
Bot cure thow not the Indignatioun
Of Hypocritis, and fals Pharisiense,
Howbeit on thee they cry ane loud vengeance.

Requeist the gentill Reidar that the reidis,
Thocht ornate termis into thy Dark not speidis,
As they in thee may haue experience,
Thocht barrane feildis beiris nocht bot weidis,
Sit byrall beistis sweetly on them seidis,
Desyre of them nane vther recompence,
Bot that they wald reid thee with patience,
And gif they be in ony way offendit,
Declair to them, it salbe weill amendit.

FINIS.



The Prolog of the

Miserabill estait of the warld,
betuix Experience, and ane Countour.

MVSING and meruelling on the miserie,
From day to day in eirch quhilk dois in-
And of ilk stait the Instabilitie, cres:
Proceeding of the restles belines
Quhairon I maist part dois thair minde ad-
Inordinatlie, on hungrie couetice. (Dres
Vaine golir, dissait, and vther sensuall vice.

Bot trimbling in my bed I nicht not ly,
Quhairfor I fur furch in an Day mornig
Comfort to get of my Melancholie
Sum quhat befor fresche Phebus vppring
Quhair I nicht heir the birdis sweetly sing
Intill ane Park I past for my plesure,
Detozit weill be craft of dame Nature.

How I ressaue comfort Naturall
For till descriue at lenth, it war to lang
Smelling the hailsum herbis Medicinall,
Quhairon the dulce & balmy dew dofi dang
Inke Orient Perlis on the twistis hang,
O: how that the Aromatic odouris
Did proceid from the tender fragrant flouris

O: how Phebus that King Etheriall
Swiftlie sprang vp into the Orient,
Ascending in his throne Imperiall:
Quhais brycht and buriall bemis resplendee
Illuminat all vnto the Occident:
Comfortand enerie corpozall creature,
Quhilk fornut war in eirch be dame nature.

Quhais donk impurpurit beſtmet nocturall
 With his embrowderit mantill matyrpne:
 He left in till his Regioun aurozall,
 Quhilk on him waitit, quhen he did decline
 Towart his Occident Palice vespertine:
 And rais in habite gay and glorious,
 Brichteſt noz gold, o: ſtonis pzeious.

Bot Cinthia the hornit nichtis Quene,
 Scho loist hir licht, and led ane lawer ſaill:
 From time hir ſoueraue Lord & ſcho had ſene
 And in his preſence warit dirk and paill:
 And ouer hir viſage keſt ane miſtie baill.
 Sa did Venus, the Goddeſ amorous,
 With Iuppiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Richt ſo the auld Intoxicat Saturne,
 Perſauing Phebus, p:we his bemis bricht
 Abuse the eirch, than maid he no ſudgeourne:
 Bot ſuddandlie did lois his bozrowit licht,
 Quhilk he durſt neuer ſchaw bot on & nicht.
 The Pole artik, Oris, and ſterris all,
 Quhilk ſituat ar in the Septentrionall.

Til errand ſchippis, quhilkis ar wichont all
 Couonand the vpon the ſtozmie nicht: (gyde
 Within thair froſtie circle did thame hyde:
 Nowbeit that ſterris haue none vther licht,
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bricht:
 That day durſt none into the heuin appeir,
 Till he had circuite all our Hemispheir.

We thocht it was ane ſicht Celeftiall,
 To ſene Phebus ſa Angellyke aſcend,
 In till his ſorie Chariot triumphall:
 Quhais bewtie bricht, I culd not cōprehend
 All warldlie

All worldlie cure did from me wend,
 Euen fresche Flora spred furch hir tapestrie
 Worcht be dame nature queynt & curiouselie.

Depaint w monp hundreth heuinelie hewis
 Glaid of the rpling of thair Ropall Rop,
 With blomes bzekand on the tender bewis:
 Quhilk did prouoke my hart to natural ioy
 Neptune that day, and Coll held thame cop
 That men on far nicht heir the birdis sound
 Quhais nosis did to fterrie heuin redound.

The plesad Dohne, prunzeand his fedrē fair
 The mirthfull Hauens maid greit melodie,
 The lustie Lark ascending in the air:
 Numerand hir naturall notis craftelie,
 The gay Goldspink the Herll richt merilie:
 The nosis of the Nobill Richtingaillis,
 Redouidit throw f mōtans, meids & vaillis.

Contempling this Melodious harmonie,
 How euerilk bird drest thame for til aduance
 To salute Nature with thair Melodie:
 That I stude gasing halflingis in ane trace
 To heir them mak that naturall obseruance
 So ropallie, that all the Rches rang,
 Throw repercussion of thair suggurit sang

I lois my time, allace for to reheirs
 Sic vnscntefull and vaine description
 O; write into my raggit rurall vers
 Water without edification
 Considering how that mine Intention
 Vene till deploir the mortall Misereis,
 With continuall cairfull calamiteis.

THE PROLOG.

Consisting in this wretchit vail of sorow
Bot sad sentence suld haue ane sad Indyte.
So termis brycht, I list not for to borrow,
Of murning mater men hes na deylte:
With rouslie termis chaifoir will I wyte
With sorowful sichis ascending fro þe splene
And bitter teiris distelling from mine ene.

Without ony vaine Inuocatioun
To Minerva, or to Helpomine,
Nor yet will I mak supplicatioun
For help to Cleo, nor Calliope,
Sic marrit Musis may mak me na supple.
Proserpine I refuse, and Apollo,
And richt sa Euterpe, Iuppiter and Iuno.

Quhilkis bene to plesād Poetis comforting;
Quhairfor, becaus I am not one of tho.
I do desire of thame no supporting,
For I did neuer sleip on Pernaso,
As did the Poetis of lang time ago,
And speciallie the ornate Ennius,
Nor drank I neuer with Hesiodus.

Of Grece the perfite Poet Souerane
Of Helicon the Soys of Eloquence,
Of that mellifluous famous fresche fontane
Quhairfor to thame I aw na reuerence:
I purpois not to mak obedience
To sic mischant Musis na Mahumetrie,
Afor tune blit into Poetrie.

Kau and Rhamnusia Goddess of despyte
Micht be to me ane Mase richt conuenable:
Eif I desirit sic help for till Indyte
This murning mater, mad, and miserable:
I mon

THE PROLOG.

I must go seek a Muse moir comfortable,
And sic vaine superstition to refuse,
Beseking the greit God to be my Muse.

We quhais wisdomie all maner of thing bene Genē. 1.
(wrocht,

The hie heuins with all thair ornamentis:
And without mater maid all thing of norcht
Hell in myd Center of the Elementis,
That heuinlie muse to seek my hail intent is
The quhilk gaue sapience to King Salomō, Psal. 89.
To Dauid grace, strēth to f. strang Sampso. Reg. 13.

And of pure Peter maid ane prudent Preich:
And be the power of his Deite (our Matt. 4.
Of cruell Paul he maid ane cūning teichour Act. 9.
I mon besek richt lawlie on my kne
His heich superercellent Maiestie:
That with his heuinlie spreit he me Inspyre
To write nathing contrarie his desyre.

Beseikand als his sonerane Sone Iesew, Luc. 1.
Quhilk was consant of the halie Spreit,
Incarnat of the purifpit Virgine trew:
And in quhome the Prophecie was compleit.
That prince of peice, most hūbil & mansweir Mat. 27.
Quhilk vnder Pilate sufferit passioun, Luc. 24.
Vpon the Croce, for our Saluatioun. Ioan. 19

And be that cruell deith Intollerabil,
Lowsit we wer from bandis of Beliall,
And mairatour, it was sa profitabill:
That to this hour, come neuer man, nor fall,
To the triumphant Iop Imperiall: Heb. 2.
Of life, howbeit that thap wer neuer sa gude
Bot be the vertew of that precious blude.

Quhairfoir in steid of the mont Pernalso,
 Swiftilie I sall go seik my Souerane,
 To mot Caluaris the straicht way mō I go:
 To get ane taist of the most fresche fontaine,
 That sois to seik, my hart may not restraine:
 Of Helicon, quhilk was baith deip & wyde,
 Ioan. 19. That Longinus did graue into his syde.

Frō þ fresche fontane sprang a famous flude
 Quhilk redolent riuer, throw þ world rinnis:
 As chriskall cleir, and mixit bene wich blude:
 Quhais soūd abuse the hiest heuinis dinnis:
 All faithful pepil purging from thair sinnis:
 Quhairfoir I sall beseik his excellence,
 To grant me grace, wildome & Eloquence,

And bath me w thap dulce & balmy strandis:
 Quhilk on the Croce, did spedelie out spring:
 From his most tender feit, & hewinlie handis:
 And grant me grace to write nor dyte nathing:
 Bot till his heich honour and loude louing:
 But quhais support pair may na gude be

(wrocht,

Till his plesure, gude warkis, word, nor

(thocht.

Thairfoir (O Lord) I pray thy Maiestie
 As thow did schaw thy heich power diuine:
 Ioan. 2. First planelie in the Cane of Galile:
 Quhair thow conuertit cald water in wyne,
 Conuoy my mater to ane fructeous syne:
 And saue my sapingis baith frō schame & sin:
 Tak tent, for now I purpos to begin.





Ane Dialog of the

Miserabill estait of this warld,
betuix Experience andane Courteour:

INTO that Park I saw appeir,
Ane agit man quhilk drew me neir
Quhais beird was weill thre quarter lang,
His hair down ouir his schulders hang:
The quhilk as ony snaw was quhyre,
Quhome to behald, I thocht delyte:
His habit Angellike of hew,
Of colour like the Saphyre blew:
Onder ane Holyne he reposit,
Of quhose presence I was reiosit.
I did him salute reuerentlie,
So did he me, richt courteslie:
To sit down he requestit me,
Onder the schaddow of that tre:
To saif me from the Sonnes heit,
Amongis the flouris soft and sweit.
For I was weirie for walking,
Than we began to fall in talking:

C. I speirit his name wiche reuerence?

E. I am (said he) Experience.

C. Than Schir (said I) ze can nocht faill.

To geue ane desolate man counsaill:

Ze do appeir ane man of fame,

And sen Experience bene your name:

I pray you father Venerabill,

Geue me sum counsaill confortabill?

E. Quhat bene (quod he) thy vocatioun

Makand sic supplicatioun?

B. iiii.

C. I haue (quod I) bene to this hour,
 Sen I culd ryde, ane Courteour:
 Bot now Father, I think it best,
 With your counsall to leif in rest:
 And from thine furth to tak mine eis:
 And qupetly my God to pleis,
 And renounce Curiositie,
 Leuing the Court, and lerne to die.
 Oft haue I saillit ouir the strandis,
 And trauellit thzow diuers landis:
 Baith South and North, East and West,
 Zit can I neuer find quhair rest:
 Dois mak his habitatioun,
 Without your supportatioun.
 Quhen I beleue to be best eisit,
 Maist suddandlie I am displeisit:
 From troubill quhen I fastest fle,
 Than find I maist aduersitie.
 Schaw me I pray zow hartfullie;
 How I may leue maist plesandlie:
 To serue my God of Kingis King:
 Sen I am tyrit of traouelling,
 And leirne me for to be content
 Of qupet life, and sober rent:
 That I may thank the King of gloir;
 As thocht I had ane Billioun moir:
 Sen euerie Court bene variant,
 Full of Inup, and Inconstant.
 Nicht I but troubill leif in rest,
 Now in my age, I think it best.

E. Thow art ane greit fule, Sone (said he)
 Thing to desire, quhilk may not be:
 Earning to haue Prerogatiue
 Aboue all Creature on lue:
 Sen Father Adam creat bene,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

89

Into the Campe of Damascene:
 Nicht na man say, vnto this hour,
 That euer he fand perfite plesour:
 Noz neuer sall till that he se,
 Go in his diuine Maiestie:
 Quhairfoir prepar the for trauell,
 Sen mennis life bene bot p'atcell.
 All men beynnis for till die,
 The day of thair Natuinitie:
 And Journellie thap do proceid,
 Till Atropus cut the fatell threid.
 And in the breue time that thap haue,
 Betuir thair birch vnto thair graue:
 Thow seis quhat mutabilitieis,
 Quhat miserabill Calamiteis:
 Quhat troubill, trauell, and debait,
 Seis thow in euerie mortall stait.
 Begin at pure law Creaturis,
 Ascending syne to Senatouris:
 To greit Princes and Potestatis,
 Thow sall not find in nane estaitis:
 Sen the beginning generallie,
 Noz in our time now speciallie:
 Bot tedious restless busines,
 But ony maner of sickernes.

Iob. 8.

C. Prudent Father (quod I) allace,
 Ze tell to me ane cairfull cace:
 Ze say that na man to to this hour,
 Hes found in eirth perfite plesour:
 Withouth Infortunate variance,
 Sen we bene th'zall to sic mischance:
 Quhy do we set so our Intentis,
 On riches, dignitis, and rentis:
 Sen in the eirth bene na man sure
 One day, but troubill to Indure?

And werst of all, quhen we leist wene,
 The cruell deith, we mon sustene.
 Gif I your fatherhede durst demand,
 The cause I wald fane vnderstand:
 And als father, I zow imploze,
 Schaw me sum troubill gone afoze:
 That heiring vtheris indigence,
 I may the moze haue pacience:
 Harrowis in tribulacioun,
 Bene wretchis Consolacioun.

E. (Quod he) efter my small cumpnyng,
 To the I sall make answerpnyng:
 Bot ordourlie for to begin,
 This Miserie proceidis of Sin:
 Bot it war lang, to be desynit,
 How all men ar to Sin inclpnit:
 Quhen Sin aboundantlie doith ring
 Justlie God makith punisching.
 Quhairfor greit God into his handis
 To dant the warld, hes diuers wandis:
 Efter our euill conditioun,
 He makis on vs punitioun:
 With Hounger, Deth, and Indigence,
 Sum tyme greit Plaisgis, and Pestilence:
 And sum tyme with his bludy wand,
 Throw cruell Weir, be Sep, and Land:
 Concluding all our miserie,
 Proceidis of Sin alluterlie.

C. father (quod I) declar t me,
 The caus of this Fragillitie:
 That we bene all to sin Inclinde,
 In werk, in word, and in our minde:
 I wald the veritie wer schawin,
 Quha hes this seid amang vs sawin:
 And quhy we ar condampnit to deid,

And how that we may get remeid,

E. (Quod he) the Scripture hes concludit,

Men from Felicitie wer denudit,

Be Adam our Progenitour,

Unquhile of Paradice possessour:

Gen. 3.

Be quhais maist wilfull arrogance,

Was mankinde brocht to this mischance:

Quhen he was Inobedient,

In breking Goddis Commandement:

Be solistatioun of his wife,

Rom. 5.

He lost that heuinlie plesant life:

Eiting of the forbyddin trie,

Thair began all our Miserie:

So Adam was rays Radicall,

That we bene fragill sinners all,

Adam brocht in this Natioun,

Sin, Deith, and als Dampnatioun:

Quha will say, he is na sinner,

Christ sapis he is ane greit Fear.

Mankinde sprang furth of Adamis loynis,

And tuik of him flesche, blude, and bonis: I. Ioan. 3.

And sa efter his qualite,

All ar Inclynit sinneris to be.

(Bot zit my Sone, dispair thow nocht,

For God, that all the world hes wrocht:

Hes maid ane Souerane remeid,

To saik vs baith from sin and deid,

And from eterne Dampnatioun:

Thairfoir tak Consolatioun,

For God, as Scripture dois record

Hauing of man Misericord,

Send down his onlie Sone Iesew,

Quhilk lichtit in ane Virgine trew,

And cled his heich Diuinitie

With our pure vile Humanitie.

Sine from our sinnis to conclude,
 Apo. 2. He welsche vs with his precious blude
 Rom. 5. Howbeit throw Adam we mon de:
 Heb. 10. Throw that Lord we sall raise be,

And euerilk man he sall releue,
 Quhilk in his blude dois firme beleue
 And bring vs all vnto his gloir,
 The quhilk throw Adam bene forloir
 Without that we throw laik of faith
 Of his Godheid Incur the wraith:

Ioan. 3. Bot quha in Christ firmilie beleuis,
 Salbe releuit from all mischeuis.

C. Quhat faith is that, that ze call firme
 Schir gar me vnderstand that terme?

Heb. 11. E. Faith without hope and cheritie,
 Auailis nocht my Sone (said he.)

C. Quhat Cheritie bene, I wald I know

E. Quod he, my Sone, that sall I schaw:

First lufe thy God aboue all thing,
 I. Co. 13. And thy Nichtbour but fenzing
 Do na Iniure, nor vilanie,

Bot as thow wald war done to the.

Iac. 2. Quick faith but Cheritabill werkis,
 Can neuer be, as wryptis Clerkis:

Mair than the fyre intill his micht,

Can be but heit, nor Sume but licht.

Giue Cheritie into the faillis,

Thy faith nor hope nathing auailis:

The Deuil hes faith, and trimblis for dreid

Bot he wantis hope and lufe in deid.

Do all the gude that may be wrought,

But Cheritie all auailis nocht:

Quhairfoir pray to the Trinitie,

For to support thy Cheritie.

Now haue I schawin the as I can,

Now

OF THE MONARCHIE.

How Father Adam the first man,
 Brocht in the world baith sin and deid,
 And how Christ Iesus maid remeid:
 Quhilk on the day of Iudgement,
 Sall vs delpuer from torment:
 And bring vs to his lesting gloir,
 Quhilk sall Indure for euer moir.
 Bot in this world thow gettis na rest,
 I mak it to the manifest:
 Thairfor my Sone vs diligent,
 And leirne for to be pacient:
 And into God set all thy rest,
 All thing sall than cum for the best.

C. Father I thank zow hartfullie,
 Of zour comfort and companie:
 And heuinlie consolatioun,
 Makand zow supplicatioun:
 Gif I durst put zow to sic pyne,
 That ze wald pleis for to despyne:
 And gar me cleirly vnderstand,
 How Adam brak the Lordis command:
 And how throw his Transgressioun,
 Was punest his Successioun?

E. My Sone (quod he) wald thow tak cure
 To luke on the diuine Scripture:
 Into the buik of Genesis,
 That Historie thair thow sall nocht mis:
 And allwa sindrie running Clerkis,
 Hes done reheirs into thair werkis:
 Of Adamis fall, full ornatly,
 Ane thousand times better nor I:
 Can write of that unhappie man,
 Bot I sall do the best I can:
 Schoztly to schaw that cairfull care,
 With the support of Goddis grace.

Gen. 22.

JANE EXCLAMATIOVN TO
the Reidar, ruitching the wryting of
vulgare and Maternall
language.

GENTILL reidar haue at me na dispite
I Thinkand that I presūptuouslȝ preted,
In vulgar tounge so hie ane mater to write:
Bot quhair I mis, I pray the til amend,
Til vnlearnit, I wald the caus wer kend,
Of our most miserabill trauell and tozment.
And how in earth na place be permanent,

Howbeit that diuers denot cūning Clerkis
In Latyne tounge hes witten sindrie buikis,
Our vnlearnit knawis litle of thir werkis:
More than thap do, the raving of the ruiakis:
Quhairfoir to Colzearis, carters, & to ruiakis
To Jok and Thome, my ryme salbe directie
With cunning men, howbeit it wilbe lackit.

Thocht euerie cōmoun may not be a clerk
Nor hes na leid, except thair tosig maternall
Quhysuld of God, & meruellus heuine werk
Be hid from them, I think it not fraternall:
The father of heuin quhilk wes, & is eternal
Exo. 20. To Moles gaue the Law, on Mont Sinay,
Nocht into Greik nor Latine, I heir say.

He wraie the Law, in Tablis hard of stone
In thair awin vulgare language of Hebreu
That all the barvis of Israell euerie one
Nicht kuaw the Law, & so the same ensaw.
Had he done wryte, in Latine or in Greu,
It had to thame bene bot ane sauirles Jest.
Ze may weil wit, God wzocht all all for the
(best.

Aristotell, nor Plato, I heir sane,
 Wait nocht thair hie Philosophie naturall
 In Duche nor Dence, nor tounge Italiane:
 Bot in thair most ornate tounge Maternall,
 Quhais fame & name dois reigne perpetuall
 Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie:
 Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratorie.

Wait not in Caldie lāguage, nor in Syew
 Nor zit into the language Saracene,
 Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew:
 Bot in the Romane tounge as may be sene,
 Quhilk was pair proper lāguage as I went
 Quhē Romanis rang dominatouris in deid
 The ornate Latine wes thair proper Leid.

In the mein time, quhē þ thir bald Romāce
 Quer all the world had the dominion,
 Maid Latine sculis, thair gloir for to auāce:
 That thair lāguage micht be ouer al cōmoit
 To that Intent, be my opinioun:
 Craisting that thair Impyre suld ap indure
 Bot of Fortoun, alway thap wer not sure.

Of languagis, the first diuersitie,
 Was maid be Goddis maledictioun,
 Quhen Bablon was buyldit in Caldie:
 Thap buyldaris gat nane vther afflictioun,
 Afor the time of that punitioun:
 Was bot ane toung, quhilk Adā spak him self
 Quhair now of toungis, thair bene thre scor
 (and twelf.

Notwithstanding, I think it greit plesour
 Quhair cunning men hes languages anew,
 That in thair youth, be diligent laubour,

Hes leirnit Latine, Greik, and auld Hebrew
 That I am not of that sort, soir I rew:
 Quhairfoir I wald all buikis necessare,
 For our faith, wer intill our tounge bulgare.

Act. 2. Christ efter his glorious Ascencioun,
 Till his discipulis send his halie Spreit,
 In toungeis of fyre, to that Intentioun:
 Thap beand all of languagis repleit,
 Throw all the world w wordis fair & sweit:
 To euerie man & faith thap suld furth schaw
 In thair awin leid, delpuerad the the Law.

Thairfoir I think ane greit derisioun,
 To heir Nunnis, and sisteris, nicht and day
 Singand and sapand Psalmes & Orisoun:
 Nocht vnderstanding quhat thap sing or sap
 Bot like ane stirling and ane Dapingay:
 Quhilk leirnit ar to speik, be lang vlsage,
 Thame I compar to birdis in ane Cage.

Richt sa childzen and Ladvys of honouris
 Drapis in Latine, to them ane vncouth leid,
 Mumland thair matynis, ruinsang & thair
 Thair pater noster. Ave & pair creid. houris
 It wer als plesand to thair Spreit in deid:
 God haue mercie on me, for to say thus,
 As to say, Miserere mei Deus.

Sanct Jerome in his proper toung Romane
 The Law of God trewlie he did translait,
 Out of Hebrew, and Greik in Latine plane
 Quhilk hes bene hid fro vs lang time God
 Vnto this time, bot efter my consair: (wait
 Had Sanct Jerome bene borne into Argyle,
 Into Irische tounge his buikis had done rō:
 (pple.

Prudent S. Paul dois mak narration,
 Tutching the diuers Leid of euerie land, 1.Co.14
 Sapard thair bene mair edificatioun:
 In fine wordis that folk dois vnderstand,
 Nor to pronounce of wordis ten thousand:
 In sträge lāgage sine wait not quhat it menis
 I think sic patterning is not worth twa pennis

Unleirnit pepill on the halie day,
 Solempniclie thap heir the Euangell souning
 Not knowing quhat þe Priest dois sing or say
 Bot as ane bell quhē that thap heir it rouning
 Sit wald the Priestis in thair mother touning
 Pas to the Pulpite, and that doctrine declare
 Till lawit pepill it war mair necessair.

I wald Prelatis & doctouris of the Law
 With vs lawit pepill, wer not discontent,
 Thocht we in our vulgare touning did knaw:
 Of Christ Iesus, the life and Testament,
 And how that we suld keip commandement
 Bot in our language, lat vs pray and reid,
 Our Pater noster, Ave, and our Creid.

I wald sum Prince of greit discretioun,
 In vulgar language, planelie gart translait
 The neidfull Lawis of this Region:
 Than wald thair not be half sa greit debait,
 Among vs pepill of the law Estair:
 Gif euerie man the veritie did knaw,
 We neidit not to treit thir men of Law.

To do our nichtbour wrag we wald be war
 Gif we did seir the Lawis punischement,
 Thair wald not be sic brawling at the Bar
 Nor men of Law loup to sic Ropall hent,

To keip the Law, gif all men wer content:
 And Ilk man do, as he wald be done to,
 The Judges wald get lytill thing ado.

The Propheir David King of Isræll,
 Cōpyld the plesand Psalmes of the Psaltair
 In his awin proper tounge as I heir tell:
 And Salomon quhilk was his Sone & Air
 Did mak his buik into his tounge vulgare:
 Onhy suld not pair saying be til vs schawin
 In our lāgage, I wald the caus wer knawin.

Lat doctouris write pair curious questionis
 And argumentis sawin full of Sophistrie:
 Thair Logick, and thair heich opiniounis,
 Thair dark Judgementis of Astronomie,
 Thair Medicine, and thair Philosophie:
 Lat Poetis schaw thair glorious Ingyne,
 As ever thap pleis, in Greik or in Latyne.

Bot lat vs haue the buikis necessare,
 To commoun weill and our Saluatioun,
 Justlie translatit in our tounge vulgare:
 And als I mak the Supplicatioun,
 O gentill Reidar, haue na Indignatioun:
 Thinkand I mell me with sa hie matair,
 Now to my purpos fordwart will I fair.

¶ The Creatioun of Adam and Eue.

QWHEN God had maid the heuis bricht
 The Sun and Mone for to gif licht:
 The sterrie heuin and Christalline,
 And be his sapience diuine:
 The Planetis in thair circles round,
 Quhirling about with merie sound:
 Of quhome

Of quhome Phebus was principall,
 Just in his lyne Eclipticall,
 And gaue be diuine Sapience,
 Till euerie ster thair Influent:
 With motion continuall,
 Quhilk dois Indure perpetuall:
 And farrest from the heuin Emppre,
 The Eirth, the Watter, Air, and fyre.
 He cled the Eirth with Herbis and Treis,
 All kinde of Fisches in the Seis:
 All kinde of beist he did prepar,
 With fowlis fleing in the Air.
 Thus be his word all thing was wrought,
 Withouth materiall maid of nocht:
 Sa by his wisdom Infinite,
 All was maid plesand and perfite.

Quhē heuin and eirth, and thair contentis
 Wer endit with thair Ornamentis
 Than last of all the Lord began,
 Of maist vile eirth to mak the man.
 Nocht of the Lillie, nor of the Rose,
 Nor Cpper tre, as I suppose:
 Nouthir of gold, nor precious stanis,
 Of eirth he maid flesche, blude and banis.
 To that Intent GOD maid him thus,
 That man suld not be glorious:
 Nor in him self nathing suld se,
 Bot mater of humilitie.

Quhen man was maid, as I haue tauld,
 God in his face did him behauld:
 Breithand in him ane liuelie Speit,
 Quhen all thir warkis wer compleit:
 He maid man to his similitude,
 Precelland into Pulchretude.
 Dotit with giftis of Nature,

Gene.2.

Abuse all eirthlie Creature:
 Sine plesandlie did him conuyn,
 To ane Region repleit with Joy:
 Of all plesure quhilk buir th: price
 And callit eirthlie Paradise.
 And brocht be diuine prouidence
 All beistis and birdis to his presence:
 Adam did craftelie Impone,
 Ane speciall name to euerie one.
 And to all thingis materiall,
 He namit thame in speciall:
 How he thame namit zit bene kend,
 And salbe to the warldis end.
 Into that garding of plesance;
 Twa treis grew maist to auance:
 Abuse all vther; quhilk bair the price;
 In middis of that Paradise.
 The ane was callit the tre of life;
 The vther tre began our strife:
 The tre to knaw baith gude and euill;
 Quhilk be perswasoun of the Deuill;
 Began our Miserie and wo,
 Bot lat vs to our purpois go.
 How God gaue Adam strait command;
 That tre to nitche nocht with his hand:
 All vther frutes of Paradise;
 He bad him eit at his device.
 Sayand, gif thow eit of this tre;
 With dowbill deith than sall thow die:
 Thairfor I the command be war,
 And from this tre thow stand a far.
 Zit fater Adam was alone,
 But companie of ony one:
 Than thoche the Lord it necessar,
 Till him to creat ane helpar.

God pat in Adame sic Sapour,
 That for to sleip he tuik plesour:
 And laid him down vpon the ground,
 And quhen Adam was sleipand sound:
 He tuik ane rib furth of his syde,
 Sine fillit vp with flesche and hyde.
 And maid ane woman of that bone,
 Fairar of forme was neuer none.
 Than till Adam Incontinent,
 That fair Lady he did present:
 Quhilk schoztie said, for to conclud,
 Thow art my flesche, my banis, and blude:
 And Virago he callit hir than,
 Quhilk is Interpret, maid of Man:
 Quhilk Eva efterwart was namit,
 Quhen for hir fault scho was defamit.
 Than did the Lord thame sanctifie,
 Saying, Incres and multiplie:
 Be this men suld leif all thair kinne,
 And with thair wifis mak dwellinne:
 And for thair saik leif Father and Mothir
 And lufe thame best abuse all vther:
 For GOD hes ozdanit thame trewlie,
 To be twa Saullis in ane bodie.

My wit is waik for till Indyte,
 Thair heuinlie plesure Infynite:
 Was neuer na eirthlie Creature,
 Sen sine had sic perfite plesure.
 Thap had puissance Imperiall,
 Abuse all thing materiall:
 Als cunning Clerkis dois conclud,
 Adam precellit in Pulchretude:
 Maist naturall, and the fairest man;
 That euer was sen the world began:
 Except Christ Jesus, Goddis Sone,

To quhome was na comparisone.
 And Eva the fairest Creature,
 That ever was formit be Nature,
 Thocht thap wer nakit as thap wer maid,
 Na schame ather of vther had.
 Quhat plesure micht ane man haue moir,
 Nor haue his Lady him befor:
 Sa lustie, plesand, and perfite,
 Reddy to serue his appetite.
 Thap had nane vther cure I wis,
 Bot past thair time with Jop and blis:
 Wylde beistis did to thame repair,
 Sa did the Fowlis of the Air:
 With noppis maist Angelicall,
 Makand thame mirthis Musicall,
 The Fischis swemand in the strandis,
 Wer halelie at thair commandis.
 All Creatures with ane accord,
 Obeyit him as thair Souerane Lord:
 Thap sufferit nouthet heit nor cold,
 With euerie plesure that thap wald.
 Als to the deith thap wer not thzall,
 And richt so suld we haue bene all:
 For he and all his Successouris,
 Suld haue possessit those plesouris:
 Sine from that Jop materiall,
 Gone to the gloir Impertall.
 Thap had gif I can richt descriue,
 Greit Jop in all thair wittis fiv:
 In heiring, seing, gusting, smeking,
 Induring thair delytekum dwelling.
 Heiring the birdis harmonies,
 Taiking the fittes of diuers treis:
 Smelling the balsum dulce odouris,
 Quhilk did proceid from fragrant flouris.
 Sing

Seing sa moup heuinlie hetwis,
 Of blomes bzeiking on the bewis:
 Of twitching als thap had desypte,
 Of vtheris bodpis soft and quhypte:
 But dout Induring that plesour,
 Thap lusie vther Paramour:
 Na marwell chocht sa suld be,
 Considering thair greit bewtie:
 Als GOD gaif thame command expres,
 To multiplie, and till Incres
 That thair leid and successioun,
 Nicht pleneis everie Natioun.
 I list not tarp to declair,
 All properteis of that place preclair:
 How herbis and treis grew ay grene,
 Noz of the temperat air serene.
 How frutes Indeficient,
 Ap alike rypp and redolent:
 Noz of the fontaine, noz the fludis,
 Noz of the flouris pulchretudis.
 That mater Clerkis dois declair,
 Quhairfoir of thame I speik na mair:
 The Scripture makis na mentioun,
 How lang thap rang in that Regioun:
 Bot I beleue the time was schozt,
 As diuers Dortouris dois report.

¶ Of the Miserabill transgressioun of Adam.

FATHER, how hapnit that mischance?
 (Quod I) Ichaw me the circumstance:
 Declair to me that cairfull care,
 How Adam lost that plesand place
 From him, and his successioun,
 How did proceid that transgressioun?

E. (Quod he efter my rude Ingpne,
I sall rehers the that rewine:

Quhen God the Psalmatour of all,
Into the heuin Emperiall:

Did creat all the Angellis brycht,
He maid ane Angell maist of micht.

To quhome he gaue preeminence,
Abuse thame all in Sapience:

Becaus all vther he did prefer,
Nanut he was brycht Lucifer.

He was sa plesand and sa fair,

He thoche him self without compair:

And grew sa gay and glorious,

He gan to be presumptuous

And thoche that he wald set his lait,

Into the North, and mak debait:

Againe the Maicstie diuine,

Quhilk was the caus of this rewine:

For he Incurret Goddis Ire,

And banest from the heuin Empire:

With Angellis mony ane Legioun,

Quhilkis wer of his opinioun.

Innumerabill with him thair fell,

Sum lichtit in the lawest hell:

Sum in the sen did mak repair,

Sum in the Erth, sum in the Air,

That maist unhappie company,

At Father Adam had Inup:

Perfauing Adam and his seid,

Into thair places to succeid.

Gene.3 The Serpent was the subtelst,

Above all beistis and craftiest:

Chan Sathan with aue fals Intent,

Did enter into that serpent:

Imagening sum craftie wyle,

How he might Adam best begyle:
And gar him brek commandement,
Bot to the Woman first he went:
Traisting the better to preuail,
Full subcellie did hir assaill:
With sacund wordis fals and fair,
He grew with hir familiar:
That he his purpois might auance,
Beleuand in hir Inconstance.
Ouhat is the caus Madame (said he)
That ze forbeir zone plesand tre:
Ouhilk bene but peir maist precious,
Ouhais frute bene maist delicious?
I Apill (quod scho) thairto accord.
We ar forbidin be the Lord:
The quhilk hes geuin vs libertie,
Till eit of euerie frute and tre:
Ouhilk growis into Paradise,
Brek we command; we ar not wise.
He gaue till vs a strait command.
That tre to tuitche not with our hande:
Eit we of it, without remeid.
He said but dout we suld be deid.
Beleif nocht that (said the Serpent)
Eit ze of it Incontinent:
Repleit ze salbe with Science,
And haue perfite Intelligence.
Like God him self of euill and gude.
Than haistelic for to conchide:
Heiring of this Perrogative,
Scho pullit down the frute belpue:
Throw counsall of this fals Serpent,
And eit of it, to that Intent.
And pat hir housband in beleue,
That plesant frute gif he wald prue:

That he suld be als Sapient,
 As the greit God Omnipotent:
 Think ze not that ane plesand thing
 That we like God suld run ring.
 He heirand this narratioun,
 And be hir solistatioun:
 Mouit be pyydefull ambition,
 He eit on that conditioun.
 The principall pointis of this offence,
 Was pyyde and Inobedience:
 Despying for to be equall,
 To God, the Creator of all.
 Allace Adam, quhy did thow so?
 Quhy causit thow this mortall wo?
 Had thow bene constant, firme and stabill,
 Thy gloir had bene Incomparabill.
 Quhair was thy consideratioun,
 Quhilk had the dominatioun:
 Of euerie leuand Creature,
 That God had formit be Nature.
 Till vñe thame at thy awin deuisse,
 Was thow not Prince of Paradise?
 Was neuer man, sen sine on lyue,
 That G O D gaue sic prerogatiue:
 He gaue the strength about Sampson,
 And sapience maner than Salomon.
 Young Absolon in his time maist fair,
 To thy bewtie was no compar:
 Aristocell thow did precell,
 Into Philosophie naturell.
 Virgill in all his Poetrie,
 Nor Cicero in all Oratorie:
 War neuer half sa eloquent,
 Quhy brak thow Goddis commandement?
 Quhair was thy wit that wald not fle,

Far from the presence of that tree
 Gaue nocht thy Maker the free will,
 To tak the gude, and leif the euill?
 Now might thy forsait be excusit,
 That Goddis commandementi refusit?
 Throw thy wpsis perswasoun,
 Quhilk hes bene the occasioun:
 Sen sine that mony Nobill men,
 Be the euill counsall of women:
 Allutterlie destropit bene,
 As in the Historpis may be sene.
 Quhilk now we neid not to declair
 Bot fordwart to our purpos fair:
 Quhen thay had eitir of the frute,
 Of Joy than war thay destitute.
 Than gan thay baith for to think schame,
 And to be naskit thocht defame.
 And maid thame breikis of lewis grene
 That thair secreitis suld not be sene,
 Bot in the stait of Innocence,
 Thay had none sic experience:
 Bot quhen thay war to sin subiectit,
 To schame and deid thay war coactit:
 And in ane bus thay hid thame clois,
 Eschamit of the Lordis voice.
 Quhilk callit Adam be his name,
 (Quod he) my Lord, I think greit schame:
 Naskit to cum to thy presence,
 Thow had na sic experience.
 (Quod God) quhen thow was Innocent,
 Quhy brak thow my commandement?
 Allace, quod Adam to the Lord,
 The verite I sall record:
 This woman that thow gaue to me,
 Gart me eit of zone pleasant tre.

Richt so the woman hir excusie,
 And said the Serpent me abusie.
 Than to the Serpent God said thus,
 O thou dissauer venemous:
 Becaus the woman thou begylie,
 From thine furth sall thou be exylie.
 Curst and warpit sall thou be,
 So sall thy seid be efter the:
 Could irth sall be thy fude also,
 And creipand on thy bzeist sall go:
 Als I sall put Enemitie,
 Betwix the woman euer and the.
 Betwix thy seid and womans seid,
 Salbe continuall mortall seid.
 Howbeit thou hes wrocht thir mischeuis,
 It sall not be as thou beleuis:
 Sic seid salbe in woman sawin,
 That thy power salbe down thrawn:
 Credding thy heid, that thou may feill,
 And thou sall tred him on the heill.
 This was his promeis and mening,
 That the Immaculate Virging:
 Suld be the Prince Omnipotent,
 Quhilk suld tred down that fals Serpent:
 Sathan and all his companie,
 And thame confound allutterlie.
 C. Quod I gif Sathan Prince of Hell,
 Spak in the Serpent, as ze tell:
 And beistis can na way sinne at all,
 Quhy was the Serpent maid sa thall?
 I heir men say afor that hour,
 The Serpent had ane fair figour:
 And zeid straucht vp vpon his feet,
 And had his memberis all complet:
 As vtheris beistis vpon the bent.

He (Quod he) for he was Instrument,
 To Sathan in his miserie,
 Punest he was, as ze may se:
 As be Experience thow may knaw,
 Express into the common Law:
 Ane man convicted of Bugre,
 The beist is brint asweill as he,
 Howbeit the beist be Innocent,
 And so befell of the Serpent.
 It was the feind full of despyte,
 Of Adamis fall quhilk had the wyte:
 As he hes had of mony mo,
 But till our purpose let vs go.

Than to the woman, for hir offence,
 God did pronounce this soze sentence:
 All plesour that thow had a forrow,
 Shall chaunge be, in tresting sorrow.
 Quhair that thow suld with mirth and Joy
 Haue borne thy birth but pane or noy:
 Now all thy bairnis sall thow bair,
 With dolour and continuall cair:
 And thow sal be for oncht thow can,
 Ever subiect to the man.

Be this sentence God did conclude,
 Women from libertie denude:
 Quhilk be experience ze may se,
 Quhow Quenis of most hie degre;
 Ar vnder most subiectioun,
 And sufferis most correctioun.
 For thay lyke birdis in till ane cage,
 Ar keptit ap vnder thirlage.
 So all women in thair degre,
 Suld to thair men subiect be:
 Howbeit sum zit will stryue for stait,
 And for the maistrie mak debait.

16 THE FIRST BVIK.

Onhilk gif thay wāt, baith ruin & morrow,
Thair men will suffer mekill sorrow.
Of Eue thay tak that qualitie,
To desire Soueranitie.

And than till Adam said the Lord,
Becaus that thow hes done accord
Thy will, and harknit to thy wife,
Now sall thow loise this pleisand life:
Thow was till hir obedient,
Bot thow brak my Commandement.
Cursit and barren the eirth salbe,
Quhair euer thow gois, till that thow die.
But laubour it sall beir na corne,
Bot thristill, Nettill, Bzeir and Thorne.
For fude thow gettis nane vther beild,
Bot eit the herbis vpon the feild:
Sair laubouring till thy browis sweit,
From thine furth sall thow win thy meit.
I maid the of the eirth certaine,
And thow in eirth sall turne againe.
Than maid he thame abilzement,
Of skinnis ane raggit rapment:
Thame to pzeserue from heit and cauld
Than grew thair dolour monyfauld.
Now Adam ze ar like to vs,
With your gap garment glozious.
To thame thir wordis said the Lord,
Than crpit thay baith Misericozd,
Quhen from that Earth with hartis soir,
Vanischit thay wer for euer moze,
Into this wretchit baill of sorrow,
With daplie laubour, ruin and morrow,
Efter quhais dolorous departing,
The Lord gaue Paradice in keping,
Till ane Angell of Cherubin,

That

That nane suld haue entres thairin.
At the quhilk entres he did stand,
With flammmand fyre sword in hand:

To keip that Adam and his wife,
Suld nocht tast of the tre of life.
For gif thay of that tre had preuit,
Perpetuallie thay micht haue leuit.

So Adam and his successioun,
Of Paradise tyme possessioun,
And be this sin originall,

War men to miserie maid thzall.
My Sone, now map thow cleirly se,

This world began with miserie:

With miserie it dois proceid,
Quhais fyne fall dolour be and dreid

C. Father (quod I) quhat kinde of life,

Led Adam with his lustie wife,

Efter thair bailfull banisching?

E. (Quod he) continuall womenting:

My hart hes zit compassioun,

How thay went wandring vp and down:

Weiping with mony loude allace,

That thay had loist that plesand place:

In wildernes to be exilde

Quhair thay fand nocht bot beistis wylde:

Hanassing thame for till deuoit.

Quhilkis all obedient wer befoir.

C. Father (quod I) in quhat countrie,

Did leif Adam, efter that he

Was banischit from that delite?

E. Clerkis (quod he) hes put in writte,

How Adam dwelt wich mekill baill,

In Hamber, in that lustie baill:

Quhilk efter was the Iowis land,

Quhair zit his Sepulture dois stand.

I list nocht sayr till descryue,
 The wo of Adam nor his wyuet
 Nor tell quhen thay had Sonnis two,
 Cain, and Abel, and no mo.
 Nor how cursit Cain, for Inuy,
 Did slay his brother cruelly:
 Nor of thair mutring, nor of thair mone,
 Quhen thay but Sonnes wer left allone.
 Abel lay slane vpon the ground
 Cursit Cain flemit, and vabound:
 Nor how God of his speciall grace,
 Send thame the thrid sone fair of face:
 Most lyke Adam of flesche and blude,
 Seth, was his name, gracious and gude.
 Nor how blind Lamerth, rakleslie,
 Did slay Cain vnhappelie.
 Adam, as Clerkis dois descryue,
 Begat with Eue his wofull wyue:
 Of Men, Chyldren, threttie and two.
 And of Dochteris alpeke also.
 Be this thow may weill vnderstand,
 That Adam saw mony ane thousand:
 That of his boddy did descend,
 Or he out of the world did wend.
 Adam leuit in eirth but weir,
 Gene.5. Compleit, nyne hundreth and threttie zeir.
 And all his davis war bot sorow,
 Remembring baith enii and morow:
 Of Paradyce the prosperitie,
 And syne of his greit miserie.
 His hart nicht neuer be reiosit,
 Remembring how the heuin was closit.
 From him, and his successioun,
 And that be his transgressioun.
 Efter his deith as I heir tell,

OF THE MONARCHIE. 77

His Saull descendit to the Hell:
 And thair remanie presoneir,
 In that dungeoun thre thousand zeir.
 And mair, sa did baith euill and gude,
 Till Christ for thame had sched his blude:
 Than be that maist precious Ransoun,
 Thap wer delpuerit of presoun.
 I haue declarit now as I can,
 The Miserie of the first man.

¶ How God destroyit all leuing

Creatures in cirth for sin, and drownit
 thame be ane terribill flude in
 the tyme of Noe.

PRUDENT father Experience,
 Declair to me or ze go hence,
 Ouhat was the caus God did destroy,
 All Creature in the time of Noe?

E. (Quod he) I trimbill for to tell,
 That Infortune how it befell:
 The caus bene sa abhominabill,
 And the mater sa miserabill.
 Bot for to schaw the Circumstance,
 Manifestlie of that mischance:
 First I mon gar the vnderstand,
 How Adam gaue expres command,
 That those quhilks cum of Sethis blude, Gene.6.
 Becaus thap wer gracious and gude,
 Suld not contract with Capnis kin
 Quhilks wer Inclynit all to sin:
 Till obserue that commandement,
 Capn pass into the Orient,
 With his wpe callit Calmana,
 Quhilk was his awin sister als wa.

D. j.

Quhare his offspring did lang remane,
 Besyde the montane of Carbane.
 And Seth did lang tyme lede his lyfe,
 With Delbora. his prudent wyfe:
 Quhilk was his Sister gude and fair,
 In Damascene maid thair repair:
 In that countrie of Sethis clan,
 Discendit mony holp man,
 So lang as Adam was leuand,
 The pepill did obserue command,
 Quhen he was dede, and laid in ground,
 And pepill greitlie did abound:
 And Capn Clane, as I haue schatwin,
 And Sethis dayis all ouer blawin.

Gene. 6. The sonnys than of Sethis blude,
 Srand the plesand pulchritude:
 Of the Ladyis of Capnis kin,
 Howbeit thap knew weill it was sin:
 Opprest with sensuall lustis rage,
 Did tak thame into Mariage.
 And so corruptit was that blude,
 The gude with euill and euill with gude:
 Than as the pepill did Inccres
 Thap did abound in wickitnes:
 As holie Scripture dois reheirs,
 Quhilk I abhor to put in beirs.
 Or tell with tounng I am not abill.
 The synnys bene sa abhominabill:
 How men and women schamefullie,
 Abusit thame selfis vnnaturallie,
 Quhais foull abhominatioun,
 And vnconth fornicatioun,
 I think greit schame to put in write,
 All that Paull Orole dois Iudice.
 Quhilk gif I wald at lenth declair,

It wer

It wer aneuch to fple the air.
 Greit Clerkis of antiquiteis,
 Hes writtin mony trew stozeis:
 Quhilks ar worthie to be commendit,
 Howbeit thap be not comprehendit:
 At lenth in the diuine Scripture,
 Bot I sall do my bestie cure:
 To tak the best (as I suppois)
 That maist pertenis to my purpois.
 And with support of Christ our king,
 I purpois to confirme na thing:
 Of the auld Historiciene,
 Contrariouns till his Excellence.
 Howbeit that sum mennis traditionis
 Be contrair Christis Institutionis:
 Of thame thocht sum thing I declair,
 Now lat vs proceed farther maist,
 And with ane language lamentabill,
 Declair this mater miserabill.

C. Father the causis wald I know,
 Quhy thap of Nature brak the Law?

E. I traist (quod he) that wickednes,
 Generit throw sleuthfull Idilnes.
 The Deuill with all the craft he can,
 Quhen he persauis ane Idill man:
 O; woman gevin till Idilnes,
 He gettis eslie entres.
 And sa be this occasioun,
 And be the feindis perswasoun:
 The haill world vniuersallie,
 Corrupt was alluterlie.

C. Quhat was the caus thap Idill wair?
 That race (quod I) to me declair.

E. (Quod he) be my Imaginatioun,
 For lack of vertuous occupatioun.

Foz of crafteris thap had small blage,
Of Merchandice. or lauborage:

The eirth than was sa plenteous,

Of frute and sppre delicious.

The herbis wer sa comfortabill,

Delptesam and Medicinabill:

The fontanis fresche and redolent.

To lauboring thap tuik lptill tent:

All maner of beistis at thair plesour.

Did mulieplie withour laubour.

The time betuix Adam and Noe,

To se the eirth it was greit Joy:

Plantit with pzeious treis of price,

Four famous Fludis of Paradise,

Ran throu the eirth in sundrie partis,

Spreading thair branches in all artis.

The watter was sa strang and spne,

Thap wald not lanbour to mak wpne.

The frute and herbis wer sa gude,

Thap maid na cair foz vther fude.

And sa the pepill tuik na cure,

Bot past the time at thair plesure:

An findand new Inuentiounis,

To fullill thair Intentiounis:

So that the Lord Omnipotent,

That he maid man, did him repent.

And schew vnto his seruand Noe,

That he wald all the world destroy:

Except him self, and his Menze.

(Allace (quod Noe) quhen sall that be?

Than said the Lord sen thow sa speiris,

I sall prolong ser scoir of zeiris:

Tarping vpon thair repentance,

O? I fullill my Just sentence.

In the meime time sall thow to wark

Incontinent,

Incontinent, and beild ane Ark:
 Quhilk Noe began obediencie,
 And wrocht on it continuallie:
 And to the pepill daplie preichit,
 To cry for grace he to thame teichit.
 And to thame planelie did declair,
 That God his wand na mair wald spair:
 Bot on thame he wald wirk vengeance,
 To Noe zit gais thay na credence:
 And sathay wer Incomsolabill,
 Wling thair lust abhominabill:
 And tuik his preiching in despyte,
 Ap following thair foull delieite:
 Hair and mair, till that dulefull day,
 Quhilk all the world put in effray,

C. Father ze gart me vnderstand,
 Quhen Adam brak the Lordis command:
 Till augment his affliction,
 God gaue his malediction,
 Vnto the irth, quhilk was sa fair,
 That it suld barran be ald hair:
 And without labour heir na corne,
 Nor frute, bot Thristill, Brier, and Thorne:
 Now say ze in the time of Noe,
 To se the irth it was greit Joye:
 Plantit with frutes gude and fair,
 The suith of this to me declair:
 Thir sayings is twa, gar me considder,
 How ze mak thame agre togidder.

E. God maid that promise sickelie,
 Howbeit it come not Instantlie:
 (Quod he) as Clerkis dois conclude,
 Bot efter quhen the furious flude,
 Distroyit the irth alluterlie,
 Than come that promise sickelie.

Quin sic like as God gaue command;
Adam to tuitche nocht with his hand;
Nor eit of the forbyddin tre,

Gif he did so; that he suld be.

Howbeit he deit nocht but weir;

Efter that day, nyne hundred zettir.

Right sa the Propheet Elapas,

Elai. 9. Speikhand of Christ the greit Bellapas:

Saping the borne is till vs borne;

To saif mankinde, quhilk is forlozme,

As he had bene borne Instantlie.

Zit was he nor borne verelie.

Efter that saping mony ane zettir,

As in the Scripture thow may heir:

2. Pet. 3. Anethousand zettir quha rekis richt,

Is bot ane haw in Goddis sicke.

Exampelis mony I nicht tell;

Wer it not tedious for to dwell:

Till our purpos lat vs proceed.

Schawand the hicht, the leuch, and bryde:

And qualite of Noe's Ark.

Quhilk was ane richt excellent work.

Of yone cre maid bound weil about,

Laid our with yik, within and out:

Junit full clois with naillis strang.

And was thr hundred Cubits lang.

Fyrie in bryd, threie in hicht,

Thre Chaldris Junit weil and wicht:

And euerill last abate ane ither.

Withouit Anker, Air, or Rafter.

Ane richt Cubite as I heir toll,

Of measure now nicht bene ane ell:

In the mid spide ane dure thair wes,

For beistis ane elie entres.

This Ark quhilk was bairh lang and large

Maid

Maide in the boddum like a Barge:
 Coverit wíth buirdis weill abuse,
 Maide like ane hous wíth set on ruse:
 Quhair rigging was ane Cubite brard,
 Quhairin thair was ane windo maid.
 Sum sayis weill closit wíth Chryskall cleir
 Quhairthow the day licht nicht appeir,
 This wark the mair was to be pyphit,
 Becaus be GOD it was deuphit.
 The making of this Ark but weir,
 Indurit weill ane hundreth zeir.

Gene. 7

Quhen Noe had done copleit this wark
 God did him clois wíthin the Ark,
 Wíth him his wife, and sonnys thre,
 Wíth thair thre wpsis, but ma menze.
 And of all Foullis of the Air,
 Of everilk kinde enterit ane pair.
 Nicht sa twa bristis of everik kinde,
 For quhy it was the Lordis kinde:
 That generatioun suld nocht faill,
 Quhairfoir of femell and of Maill.
 Of everilk kinde wer keipit two,
 Bot to reheirg mine hart is wo:
 The dolent lamentatioun,
 That time of everilk Natioun.
 Saying allace ane thousand spys,
 Quhen wind and rane began to ryis,
 The Rokis wíth reird began to ryue,
 Quhen bogie cluddis did ouerdyue:
 And darknit sa the heuins brycht,
 That Sone nor Mone nicht schaw na licht
 The terribill crimbling of eirth quak,
 Gart Biggingis bow, and Cieris schak.
 The thunder raif the cluddis sabill,
 Wíth horribill sound espourit abill.

The fyreflanchris flew ouirthort the fellis;
 Than was thair nocht bot zowris and zellis.
 Quhen thap perlaime without remeid,
 All Creatur to suffer deid:
 All Fontaines from the irth vpsprang;
 And from the heuin the raine down dang.
 Fourtis dapis and fourtie nichtis,
 Than ran the pepill to the hichtis.
 Sum clam in craigis sum in treis,
 And sum to the heichest Montanis fleis.
 With maie terror noz I can tell,
 Bot all for nocht the fludis fell:
 And wind did rour with sic ane reid
 That euerie wicht watpit his weid.
 Cryand allae that thap wer boie,
 Into that Flude to be forloie.
 Men nucht na help mak to thair topis,
 Nor zit support thair harmis lpsis.
 The fludis rais with sa greit mightis,
 That thap ouirouerit all the hichtis:
 Thap nucht na maie thair lpsis lench,
 Bot swame sa lang as thap had strench.
 And sa with cryis lamentabill
 Endit thair houis miserabill.
 Aboue Montanis that war maist hie,
 Spytie Cubitis rais the sie.
 Men may Imagine in thair minde;
 All Creatur into thair kinde.
 Baith beistis and foulis in the air;
 In thair maner maid mekill car:
 The Fisches chocht thame Ill begulde,
 Quhen thap swame throu the woddis wold;
 Onhailis rumband among the treis,
 Wplde beistis swomand in the seis:
 Birdis with mony piteous piew,

Effertlie in the air thap flew:
 Sa lang as thap had strenth to flee,
 Sine swatterit down into the see.
 Na thing on irth was left on lyfe,
 Beistis nor foulis, Man, nor Wyfe:
 God haillie did thame destroy,
 Except thame in the Ark with Noe,
 The quhilk lay fterand on the flode,
 Welsterand amang the strenus wode:
 With mony terribill effrapis,
 Remanit ane hundreth and fyftie dayis:
 In greit langour and heuines,
 O wind o; rane began to reis.
 Sum time efferteouslie prayand,
 Sum time the beistis veseand:
 For be the Lordis commandement,
 He maid promisioun sufficient.
 For Noe dwelt in the Ark but dout,
 Ane zeir compleit, o; he come out,
 How at mair lenth in halie wyte,
 This dulefull hystorie bene Indite:
 And how that Noe gan to reiois.
 Quhen Conductis of the hevin did clois:
 Sa that the raine na mair descendit,
 Nor the flude na mair ascendit.
 Quhen he persauit the hevin cleir,
 He send furth Corbie Messinger,
 Into the air for to espy,
 Gif he saw ony Montanis dry.
 Sum sayis the Ramin did furth remane,
 And come nocht to the Ark agane.
 Furth flew the Dow at Noes command,
 And quhen scho did persauie dry land:
 Of ane Olpue scho brak ane branche,
 That Noe might knaw the watter stanche,

Gene. 8.

And thair na mair scho did soiozne,
 Bot wiche the branche scho did retorne,
 That Noe nicht cleirly vnderstand,
 That felloun flude was deirssand:
 And sa it did, till at the last,
 The Ark vpon the ground stak fast:
 On the top of ane Mountane hie,
 Into the land of Armenie.
 And quhen that Noe had done espy,
 How that the irth began to dry:
 Than dang he down the durris all,
 And lowsit thame the quhilk was thrall.
 The foulis flew furth in the air,
 And all the beistis pair and pair:
 Past furth to seik thair pasturages,
 Thair was than bot aucht personages,
 Noe, his thre sonnys, and thair wyfis,
 On irth, that left was with thair lyfis:

Gene. 9. Quhome GOD did blis and sanctifie,

Sayand Inccres and multrie.
 God wait gif Noe was blyth and glaid;
 Quhen of that plesour he was fraid.

(Quhen Noe had maid his Sacrifice,
 Thankand God of his Benefice:
 He standing on Mount Armenie,
 Quhair he the countrie might espie.
 Ze may beleue his hart was soir,
 Seing the irth, quhilk was befoir
 The flude, sa plesand and perfite,
 Quhilk to behald was greit delite:
 That now was barren maid and bair,
 Befoir quhilk fructeous was and fair.
 The plesand treis beiring frutes,
 Wer lhand rewin vp be the ruitis:

The haillsum herbis and fragrant flouris;

Had tyme baich vertew and colouris;
The feildis grene, and floureist meidis,
Wer spulzeit of thair plesand weidis.
The erth quhilk first was sa fair formit,
Was be that furious Flude deformit;
Quhair vniquhile wer the plesand planis,
Wer holkit Glennis, and hie Montanis;
From clastring craiggis greit and grap,
The erth was welchin qupte away.

Bot Noe had greitest displeasures,
Behaldand the deid Creatures:
Quhilk was ane sicht riche lamentabill,
Men, wemen, beistis Innumerabill;
Seing thame ly vpon the landis,
And sum wer fletand on the strandis;
Quhailis and Houshousis of the seis,
Strickit on stobbis amang the treis.
And quhen the Flude was decressand,
Thay wer left weltering on the land.
Befoir the Flude, duryng that space,
The Sey was all into ane place.
Right so the erth, as bene deuydit,
In sundrie partis was noch deuydit:
As bene Europe and Asia,
Deuydit ar from Africa.
Ze se now diuers famous Illis,
Stand from the mane land monp myllis.
All thir greit Illis I understand,
Wer than equall with the firme land.
Thair was na sep Mediterrane,
Bot only the greit Ocean
Quhilk did not spreid sic bullering strandis,
As it dois now onirthort the landis.
Than by the raiging of that Flude,
The erth of vertew wes denude:

The quhilk afore was to be pyssit,
 Quhais betwrie than wec disagysit.
 Than was the Maledictionn knawin,
 Quhilk was be God to Adam schawin.
 I reid how Clerkis dois conclude,
 Induring that mast furious flude:
 With quhilk the erth was so supprest,
 The wind blew furth of the Southwest
 As may be sene be Experience,
 How throw the watteris violence,
 The heich Montanis in everie art,
 Ar bair forgane the Southwest part:
 As the Montanis of Pyrenis,
 The Alpes and Roches in the seig:
 Richt so the Rochis greit and gray,
 Quhilk standis into Norroway.
 The heichell hillis in euerie art,
 And in Scotland for the mast part:
 Throw weltering of that furious flude,
 The craiges of erth wet maid denude,
 Travelling men may considder best,
 The Montanis bair nirt the Southwest.
 C. Declair (quod I) be ze conclude,
 How lang leuit Noe efter the flude.

E. (Quod he) in Genesis thow may heir,
 How that Noe was set hundreth zeir,
 The time of his greit punischaunt,
 And ap to GOD obedient:
 And was the best of Seithis blude,
 And als he leuit efter the flude,
 Thre hundreth and fiftie zeiris,
 As the samin Scripture winess beiris.
 And was oz he randerit the Spreit,
 Nynne hundreth and fiftie zeiris compleit.
 To schaw this histozie miserabill,

OF THE MONARCHIE.

At lenth my wittis ar not abill:
And als my Sone (as I suppois)
He langis nocht to our purpois:
To schaw how Noe's sonnis thre,
Can to Inccres and multiplie.
No: how that Noe plantit the wyne,
And drank till he was drimkin spne:
And sleipit wih his meimberis bair,
And how Can maid for him na cair,
Bot leuch to se his ffather so,
Howbeit his bresher wer richt wo.
No: how Noe put restrictioun,
Gave Cham his maledictioun:
And put him vnder seruitude,
To Sem and Japhet that wer guide.
No: how God maid one couenent,
Wih Noe, to mak na punisshement:
No: be na flude the pepill droun,
In signe of that conditioun,
His Kane Bow set into the Air,
Of diuers heuinlie colouris fair,
For to be ane perpetuall ling,
Be flude to mak na punisshung:
This hystorie gif thow list to knaw,
At lenth the Spbill sall the schaw.



¶ The secund Buik:

Contenting the building of Babilō

be Nimrod. And how King Ninus began the
first Monarchie of thair Idolatrie. And how

Semiramis gouernit the Impyre efter
hir housband King Ninus.

The quhilk afore was to be ppsit,
 Quhais betwrie than wer disagpsit.
 Than was the Maledictionn knowin,
 Quhilk was be God to Adam schawin.
 I reid how Clerkis dois conclude,
 Induring that maist furious flude:
 With quhilk the eirth was so suppress,
 The wind blew furth of the Southwest
 As may be sene be Experience,
 How throw the watteris violence,
 The heich Montanis in euerie art,
 Ar bair forgane the Southwest part:
 As the Montanis of Pyrenis,
 The Alpes and Roches in the seig:
 Richt so the Rochis greit and gray,
 Quhilk standis into Norroway.
 The heichest hillis in euerie art,
 And in Scotland for the maist part:
 Throw weltering of that furious flude,
 The craigis of eirth wer maid denude,
 Travelling men may consider best,
 The Montanis bair nirt the Southwest.

C. Declair (quod I) be ze conclude,
 How lang lenit Noe efter the flude.

E. (Quod he) in Genelis thow may heir,
 Now that Noe was sex hundreth zeir,
 The time of his greit punisshment,
 And ap to GOD obedient:
 And was the best of Sethis blide,
 And als he lenit efter the flude,
 Thre hundreth and fyftie zeiris,
 As the samin Scripture wiines beiris.
 And was oz he randerit the Spreit,
 Nyne hundreth and fyftie zeiris compleit.
 To schaw this historie miserabill,

At lenth

OF THE MONARCHIE.

At lenth my wittis ar not abill:
And als my Sone (as I suppois)
It langis nocht to our purpois:
To schaw how Noe's sonnis thre,
Gan to Inccres and multiplie.
No: how that Noe plantit the wyne,
And drank till he was drunkein syne:
And sleipit with his memberis bair,
And how Capn maid for him na cair,
Bot leuch to se his ffather so,
Howbeit his brether wer richt wo.
No: how Noe but restrictioun,
Gave Cham his maledictioun:
And put him vnder seruitude,
To Sem and Japhet that wer gude.
No: how God maid ane couenent,
With Noe, to mak na punischement:
No: be na flude the pepill doun,
In signe of that conditioun,
His Rane Bow set into the Air,
Of diuers heuinlie colouris fair,
For to be ane perpetuall sing,
Be flude to mak na punisching:
This Historie gif thow list to knaw,
At lenth the Vpbill sall the schaw.



¶ The secund Buik:

Contenting the building of Babilō

be Nimrod. And how King Ninns began the
first Monarchie of thair Idolatrie. And how

Semiramis gouernit the Inpyre efter
hir housband King Ninus.

48 THE SECVND BVIK,

FATHER I pray you to me tell,
The first Infortune that befell,
Immediatlie after the flude,
And quha did first schew sailles blude:
And how Idolatrie began?

E. (Quod he) I sall do as I can:
Efter the flude I find na historie
Worthie to put in mentione:

Till Nimrod began to King,
Gene. 9. Abuse the pepill as ane king:
Quhilk was the principall man of ony,
That beildar was of Babylon.

C. That historie Maister wald I know,
(Quod I) gif ze the suith wald schaw:
Quhy, and for quhat occasioun,
Thay beildit sic ane strang building?

E. Than said to me Experience,
I sall declair with diligence,
Those questionnis at thy command,
Bot first Sone, thow men vnderstand
Of Nimrod the Gentilologie,
His strength, curage and quantitie:
Howbeit Moles in his fist buik,
That historie lichelie did our lulk.
Of him na mair he dois declair,
Except he was a strang huntair:
Bot wheris Clerkis curious
As Glose dois, and Iosephus:
Discripis Nimrod at mair lenth,
Baith of his stature and his strength.
This Nimrod was the fourt persoun
From Noe be hys descending down.
Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, the suith bene thus.
This Nimrod grew ane man of micht,
That

That time in irth was nane sa wicht;
 He was ane Spand stout and strang,
 Perforce wyld beasts he down thrang.
 The pepill of that hail Region,
 Come vnder his dominion.

Na man thair was in all that land,
 His stalwartnes that durst gane stand,
 Na marnell was thocht he was wicht.
 Ten cubitis large he was of hicht.

Proportionat in lenth and breid,
 Effairand to his hicht we reid.

He grew sa greit and glorious,
 Sa prydefull and presumptuous:

That he come Inobedient,
 To the greit God Omnipotent,
 This Ninrod was the principall man
 That first Idolatrie began

¶ Than gart he all the pepill call,
 To his presence baith greit and small:

And in that greit Conuention,
 Did propone his Intencion.

Gen. 11.

My freindis (said he) I mak it knawit,
 The greit vengeance that God hes schawit

In time of our foir father Noy,

Quhen he did all the world destroy.

And drownit thame in ane furious flude,

Quhairfoir I think we suld conclude:

How we may mak ane strang defence,

Aganis sic watteris violence.

Foz to resist his furious Ire,

Contrair baith to flude and fyre.

Wat vs ga spy sum plesand feild,

Quhair ane strang bigging we may beild;

Ane Cietie with ane strang dingcoun,

That na Ingynne may ding it down.

So heich, so thich, so large and lang,
 That God till vs fall do na wrang:
 It sall surmount the Planettis seuin,
 That we from God may win the heuin.
 Those pepill with ane firme Intent,
 All till his counsell did consent:
 And did espy ane plesand place,
 Hard on the Flude of Euphrates.
 The pepill thair did thame repair,
 Into the plane feild of Sincar:
 Quhilk now of Chalde beiris the name,
 Quhilk did lang time flureis in fame.
 Thair greit Fortres than did thap solid
 And kest till thap gat souer ground.
 All fell to wark, baith man and chylde,
 Sum holkit clay, sum byint the tyld,
 Nimrod that curious Campioun,
 Decylar was of that dungeoun.
 Na thing thap spairit thair laubouris,
 Like besie beis vpon the flouris:
 Or Emmettis travelling into Jume,
 Sum vnder wrocht, and sum abune:
 With strang Ingenious Masonrie,
 Upwart thair wark did fortifie,
 With byint tyld stanis large and wicht,
 That Towre thap raisit to sic hicht,
 Abuse the Airis Region,
 And Junit of sa strang falloun:
 With Spment maid of Vik and Ter,
 Thap vsit na vther Porter.
 Thocht fyre or watter it assailit,
 Contrair that dungeoun noch availit.
 The land about was fair and plane,
 And it rais like ane heich Montane:
 Those fulsche pepill did Intend,

That

That to the heuin it suld ascend:
 So greit ane strength was neuer sene,
 Into the world with mennis ene.
 The wallis of that wark thap maid,
 Twa and fyftie faddome braid:
 Ane faldome than, as sum men sayis,
 Nicht bene twa faldome in our dayis.
 Ane man was than of mair stature.
 Noz twa be now, thairof be sure.

Josephus haldis opinioun,
 Sayand the hicht of this dungeoun,
 Of large pavis of measure bene,
 Fyue thousand, aucht scoir and fourtene.
 Be this rakning it is full rich,
 Fyue mylis and ane half in hicht:
 Ane thousand pavis, tak for ane myle,
 And thow sall find it neir that stile:
 This Towre in compas round about,
 Wer mylis ten, withoutrin dout:
 About the Cierie of Straidis,
 Four hundreth and four scoir I wis:
 And be this number in compas,
 About thre scoir of mylis it was.
 And as Orosius reportis,
 Chair was fyue scoir of brasin portis.

The Translatour of Orosius
 Intill his Chronickle wrytis thus,
 That quhen the Sunne is at the hicht
 At none, quhen it dois schine maist brycht:
 The schaddow of that hiddeous strength,
 Ber myle and mair it is of lenth.
 Thus may ze Judge into your thocht,
 Of Babilon be heich or nocht.

50
How God maid the diuersitie
of Languagis, and maid Impediment
to the Buildaris of Babylon.

THAN the greit God Omnipotent,
To quhome all thingis bene present.
That was, and is, and euer salbe,
At present till his Maiestie:
The hid secreitis of mannis hart,
From his presence may nocht depart:
He seand the ambition,
And the prydefull presumption:
How thir proude pepill did pretend;
By throw the heuimis till ascend:
Quhilk was greit folie to deuise,
Sic ane presumptuous Interprize:
For quhen thap wer maist diligent,
God maid thame sic Impediment:
Thap wer constrainit with hartis soir
From thine depart and beild no moir.
Sic languagis on thame he laid,
That nane wist quhat ane vther said.
Quhair was bot ane language afoir,
God send thame languagis thre scoir.

At that time all spak Hebrew,
Than sum began for to speik Grew:
Sum Dutche, sum language Saraspne;
And sum began to speik Larpne.
The Maister men gan to ga wylde,
Erpand for treis thap brocht thame tyled;
Sum said bring Mortar heir atanis,
Than brocht thap to thame stakis & stanis,
And Nimrod thair greit Campioun,
Ran rageand like ane wylde Epoun,
Manassing thame with wordis rude:

Bot neuer ane word thap vnderstude.
 Afoir thap fand him gude and kinde,
 Bot than thap thocht him by his minde.
 Quhen he sa furiouslye did flite,
 Than turnit his pryde into despit.
 Sa dark Eclipsit was his gloir,
 Quhen thap wald wrk for him no moir.
 Behald how GOD was sa gracious,
 To thame quhilk wer sa outragious,
 He nouthet brak thair leggis nor armis,
 Nor zit did thame na vicher harmis:
 Except of toungis diuision,
 And for finall conclusioun,
 Constraint thap wer for till depart,
 Ilk companie in ane sundrie art,
 Sum past into the Orient,
 And sum into the Occident.
 Sum south, sum north, as thap thocht best,
 And sa thair policie left waist.
 Bot how that Cietie was repairit,
 Heirefter it salbe declairit.

¶ Of the first Inuentioun of Idolatrie. How Nimrod compellit the people till adorne the fyre in Chaldea.

NOW Schir (said I) schaw me the man
 Quhilk first Idolatrie began.

E. That sall I do with all my hart
 My Sone (said he) or we depart.

Quhen Nimrod saw his purpois failit,
 And his greit laubour nocht auailit:
 In maner of contemptioun,
 Departit furth of that Region,
 And as Orosius dois reherse:

E. ij.

He past into the land of Perse:
 And mony ane zeir did thair remane,
 And sine to Babylon come agane,
 And fand hudge pepill of Chaldie,
 Remanand in that greit Cietie,
 That wer glaid of his returning,
 And did obep him as thair King.
 Nimrod his name for till auance,
 Among thame maid new ordinance:
 Sayand I think ze ar not wise,
 That to na God makis Sacrifice.

[Than to fulfill his fals desyre,
 He gart be maid ane flammend fyre,
 And maid it of sic bzeid and hicht,
 He gart it birne baith day and nicht,
 Than all the pepill of that land,
 Adoꝛit the fyre at his command,
 Prostrernit on kneis and faces,
 Beseking thair new God of graces,
 To giue thame mair occasioun,
 He maid thame greit perswasoun.
 This God (said he) is maist of miche,
 Schawand his bemis on the nicht:
 Quhen Sone and Mone ar baith obscure,
 His heuinitie brychtnes dois Indure.
 Quhen mennis memberis sufferis cald,
 Fyre warmis thame euin as thap wald.
 Than erpit the pepill at his desyre,
 Thair is na God except the fyre.

[Or thair was ony Imagerie,
 Began this first Idolatrie.
 At that time thair was na vsage,
 To carue, nor for to paint Image.
 Than maid he Proclamatioun,
 Quha maid noch adoꝛatioun,

To that

To that new God, without remeid,
Into that fyre suld suffer deid.

I find na man into that land,

His tyrannie that durst ganestand,
Bot Abraham, and Aram his brother,
That disobeyit, I find na vther:

Quhilk dwelland wer in that countrie
With thair Father callit Tharie

Thir brether Nimrod did reprene,
Saying to him: Lord with your leue

This fyre is bot an Element,
Pray ze to GOD Omnipotent:

Quhilk maid the heuins be his micht,
Sone, Mone, and starris to giue licht.

He maid the fischis in the seis,
The eirth, with beistis, herbis, and treis:

And last of all, for to conclude,
He maid man to his similitude.

To that greit God giue praise and gloir,
Quhais King Induris euermoir.

¶ Than Nimrod in his furious Ire,
Thir brether bairn kest in the fyre:

Abraham be God he was preservit,
Bot Aram in the fyre he steruit.

Quhen Thare hard his Sone was deid
He did depart out of that steid,

With Abraham, Nachor and thair wyuis
As the Scripture at leuch discryuis.

And left the land of Chaldea,
And past to Mesopotamia:

And dwelt in Charan all his dayis,
And deit thair, as the storie sayis.

The life of Abraham I suppois,
Na thing langis till our purpois.

¶ Into the Bybill show may reid,
L. iij.

His vertuous life in word and deid.

Now to the I haue schawin the man
That first Idolatrie began.

Of the greit Miserie and Skaithis
that cuminis of Weiris : And how King Ni-
nus began the first Weiris, and straik
the first Battell.

FATHER I pray zow, with my hart,
Declare to me oz we depart:
Quha first began thir moztall weiris,
Quhilk everilk saichfull hart esseiris:
And euery policie down thrawis,
Erpres aganis the Lordis lawis?
Sen Christ our King Omnipotent,
Left Pece in till his Testament,
How dois proceid this crueltie,
Aganis Justice and Equitie?
In land quhair ony weiris bene,
Greit Miserie thair may be sene.
All thing on eirth that God hes wrought
Weir, dois destrop, and puttis at nocht
Cities, with mony strang doungeoun,
Ar bzint, and to the eirth dung down.
Virginis and matronis ar deflozit,
Templis, that epchellie bene decozit,
Ar bzint, and all thair Priestis spulzeit,
Pure Ophelnis vnder seit ar fulzeit.
Mony auld men maid Childerles,
And mony Childer fatherles,
Of famous Scoles the Doctryne,
Baith Naturall Science and Deupne,
And euerie vertew trampit down,
Na reuerence done to Religoun.
Strenthis destropit alluterlie,
Fair Ladyis

Fair Ladpis forsit schamefullie.

Young wedowis spulzeit of thair sponsis:

Pure lauboraris houndit from thair housis,

Thair dar no marchant tak on hand,

To trauell nouthir be sep nor land:

For boucheouris quhilk dois thame confoit

Sum murtheris bene and sum ar drownd.

Craftismen of Curious Ingpne,

Alluterlie put to retpne.

The bestial rest, the commonis slane.

The land but labouring dois remane.

Of Policie the perspte warkis,

Beildingis Gardingis, plesant parkis:

Alluterlie destrout bene,

Greit graingis bypnt, thair map be seke.

Ryches bene turnit to pouertie,

Plentie in till penurie:

Deith, Hunger, Deirth, it is weil kend,

Of weir, this is the farall end.

Justice turnit in tyrannie,

All plesour in aduersitie.

The weir alluterlie down thrawis.

Baith the Cuill, and Cannon lawis,

Weir generis murther and mischeif,

Soze lamenting without releif.

Weir dois destrou Realmes & Kingis,

Greit Princis weir to presoun bringis.

Weir scheddis mekill sailles blude:

Sen I can say of Weir na gude.

C. Declare to me Schir, gif ze can,

Quha first this miserie began.

¶ Ane schort Descriptioun of the

Four Monarcheis. And how King Ninus
began the First Monarchie.

E. iij.

OF Weiris (said he) the greit outrage
Began into the secund age:

Be cruell, pyrdesfull couetous Kingis
Renaris but richt of vtheris Kingis.

Howbeit Capn, afoir the Flude,
Was first schedder of saikles blude.

Ninus was first and principall man,
Quhilk wvangous conquessing began
And was the man withouthin fail,
In circh that straik the first battail:
And first Inuentit Imagerie,
Quhairthrow come greit Idolatrie.

We must knaw or we farther wend,
Of quhome king Ninus did discend.

Ninus, gif I can richt desyne,

He was from Noe the fyft be lyne.

Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus.

And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus:

And Belus Ninus but lesing.

Of Assyria the secund king.

And beildar of that greit Cietie.

The quhilk was callit Ninuie:

And was the first and principall man.

Quhilk the first Monarchie began.

C. Father (quod I) declair to me.

Quhat signifyis ane Monarchie?

E. The suich (said he) sone, gif thow knest

Monarchie bene ane terme of Grew:

As quhen ane Prouince principall,

Had hail power Imperiall:

During thair dominationis,

Abuse all Kingis and nationis.

Ane Monarchie that men dois call,

Of quhome I find four principall:

Quhilk hes rung sen the warld began.

C. Cham

C. Chan (said I) Father, gif ze can,
 Quhilk four bene pat, schaw me, I pray you.

E. My Sone (said he) that sall I say you:
 First rang the kingis of Assyrians:

Secundlie rang the Persians.

The Grekis thridlie, with sword and spe,

Perforce obtein the thrid Emppre,

The fourt Monarchie as I heir.

The Romanis brukit mony ane zeir.

Lat vs first speik of Ninus king

How he began his conquessing.

¶ The auld Grek historiciane,

Diadorus he wytes plane,

At richt greit lenth of Ninus king,

Of his Emppre and Conquessing,

And of Semiramis his wyfe,

That tyme the lustiest on lyfe:

It war so lang to put in wyte,

Quhilk Diadoze hes done indyte.

Bot I sall schaw, as I suppois,

Quhilk maist belangis thy purpois.

Quhen Nimrod Prince of Babylons,

Out of this wretchit warld was gone

And his Sone Belus deid alwa,

The first king of Assyria,

This Ninus, quhilk was secund king,

Tryumphantly began to ring,

And wes nocht satisfit nor content,

Of his awin Regioun, nor his rent:

Thinkand his gloze for til aduance,

By his greit pepill and puissance:

Throuch pryde, couetyse, and vaine gloze,

Did him prepare to conqueis more:

And gatherit furth ane greit armie,

Contrait Babilon and Chaldie:

Quhair of he had ardent desyre,
 Till inne that land till his Imppre,
 Howbeit he had thairto na richt,
 Bot be his tyrannie and micht:
 Withouthin feir of God or man
 His conquelling thus he began,
 This pepill beand in array,
 To Chaldea tuik the reddy way:
 Quhen that the Babilonianis,
 Together with the Chaldeanis,
 Hard tell king Ninus was cummand,
 Maid proclamationis throuch the land;
 That ilk man efter thair degre,
 Suld cum, & saif thair awin countre.
 Howbeit thap had na vse of Weir,
 Thap past fordwart withouttin feir:
 And put them selues in gude ordour,
 To meit king Ninus on the bordour,
 In that tyme, ze sall vnderstand,
 Thair was na harness in the land,
 For till defend, nor till inuaid,
 Quhairthow mair slaughter pair was maid
 Thap faucht thow strenth of thair bodies,
 With gaddis of Jene with stanis and treis.
 With sound of home, and hiddeous cry,
 Thap ruschit together richt rudely:
 With hardy hart and strenth of handis.
 Till thousandis deid lay on the landis.
 Quhair men in battell naikit bene,
 Greit slaughter sone thair may be sene,
 Thap faucht sa lang and cruellie,
 And with vncertam victorie,
 Na man micht iudge that stode on far.
 Quha gat the better nor the war.
 Bot when it did approche the night,

The Chaldeanis thap tuke the flicht:
 Than the king and his companie,
 Wer richt glade of that victorie,
 Because he wan the first battell,
 That strikken was in cirth but faill:
 And peceable of that Rigidoun,
 Did take the haill dominion.
 Than was the king of Chaldea,
 Allweill as of Assyria:
 As for the king of Arabie,
 In his conquest maid him supplie.
 Of this zit was he nocht content,
 Bot to the realme of Hede he wnt:
 Quhair Sarnus king of that countrie,
 Did meet him with an greit armie:
 Bot king Ninus the battell wan,
 Quhair slaine war mony nobill man:
 And to that king wald giue na grace,
 Bot planelie in an public place,
 With his seven sonnys and his Ladie,
 Cruelle did thame crucifie.
 Of that triumphhe he did reiois,
 Synne forwart to the feild he gois,
 Than conquest he Armenia,
 Perse, Egypt, and Demphylia,
 Cappadoc, Lide, and Mauritanie,
 Caspia, Phrygia, and Hyrcanie,
 All Africa and Asia,
 Except greit Inde, and Bactria.
 Quhilk he did conqueis efterwart,
 As ze sall heir or we depart.
 Now wald I or we further wend,
 That his Idolatrie war kend.
 Synne efter that without sudiois,
 Till our purpose we sall retoisne,

How King Ninus inuentit the
first Idolatrie of Imagis

NINVS ane Image he gart make,
For king Belus his fatheris sake:
Hast lyke his father of figour,
Of quantitie and portratour.
Of fyne golde was that figour maid,
Ane craftie Crown vpon his haid,
With precious stonis in tokning,
His father Belus was ane king,
In Babilon he ane tempill maid,
Of craftie work baith heich and braid:
Quharein that Image gloriouslie,
Wes thronit vp triumphantlie.
Than Ninus gaf ane strait command,
Till all the peple of that land:
As weill in till Assyria,
As in Sinear and Chaldia,
Vnder his dominatioun,
Thay sulde make adozatioun,
Vpon thair kneis to that figour,
Vnder the pain of forfaltour,
Thair was na Lord in all that land,
His summonding that durst ganestand,
Than young and auld, baith greit & small,
Till that Image thay prayit all:
And chaungit his name, as I here tell,
From Belus to thair greit God Well,
In that Temple he did deuise,
Priestis for till mak Sacrifice.
Be consweturde than come ane Law,
None vther God that thay wald knaw:
And als he gaf to that Image,
Of Sanctuarie the Priuilege,

For quhar

For quhat sum ener transgressour,
 Ane homicide, or Oppressour,
 Seand that Image in the face,
 Of thair guilt gat the kingis grace.

C. Declair to me sweet Schir (said I)
 Was thair na mair Idolatrie?
 Efter that this fals Idole Bell,
 Was thronit vp, as ze me tell.

E. My Sone (said he) Incontinent,
 The nouellis throw the world thap went:
 How King Minus, as I haue said,
 Ane curious Image he had maid:
 To the quhilk all his Racioun,
 Maid deuote adozatioun.
 Than euerie countrie tunk consait,
 Thap wald King Minus counterfaite:
 Quhen oup famous man was deid,
 Set vp ane Image in his steid,
 Quhilk thap did honour from the splene,
 As it Immortall GOD had bene:
 Imagis sum maid for the nanis,
 Of fyne gold, sum of storkis and stauis:
 Of siluer sum, and Euer bane,
 With diuers nanis till euerie ane.
 For sum thap callit Saturnus,
 Sum Iuppiter, sum Neptunus,
 And sum thap called Cupido.
 Thair God of lufe, and sum Pluto.
 Thap callit sum Mercurius,
 And sum the windie Colus:
 Sum Mars maid like ane man of weir.
 Enarmit weill with sword and speir.
 Sum Bacchus, and sum Appollo,
 Of names thap had ane hundreth mo.
 Quhen ane Lady, of greit fame,

Was deid, for till exalt hir Name,
 Ane Image of hir portraiture,
 Wald set vp in ane Orature,
 The quhilk thap callit thair Goddess,
 As Venus, Juno, and Pallas.
 Sum Cleo, sum Proserpina,
 Sum Ceres, Vesta, and Diana:
 And sum the greit goddess Minerve,
 With curious colouris thap wald carue.
 Among the Poetis thow may se,
 Of fals goddess the Genealogie.

¶ Sa this abhominatiounis,
 Did spreid ouirthor all Natiounis:
 Except gude Abraham as we reid,
 Quhilk honourit God in word and deid.
 For Abraham had his beginning,
 Into the time of Ninus King.
 Ninus began with tyrannie,
 And Abraham with humilitie.
 Ninus began the first Impyre,
 Abraham of weir had na despyre.
 Ninus began Idolatrie,
 Abraham in spreit and veritie;
 He prayit to the Lord alone,
 Fals Imagerie he wald haue none.
 Of him descendit I heritell,
 The twelf Tribes of Israhell,
 This pepill maid adoratioun,
 With humbill applicatioun.
 To him quhilk was of kungis King,
 That heuyn and erth maid of na thing:
 Deid Imagis thap held at nocht,
 That wer with mennis handis wrocht
 Bot the Almightie GOD of life,
 By Sone, now haue I dare describe

Thir

Thir questionis at thy command,
The quibiks thow did at me demand.

What was the caus (Schir mak me
Idolatrie did sa lang Indure, (sure
Out throw the warld sa generallie,
And with the Gentiles speciallie?

E. (Quod he) sum causis principall,
I find in my memoziall:
First was throw Princes commandement,
Quhilk did Idolatrie Inuent,
Sine singular profite of the Preistis,
Paintouris, goldsmithis, masons, wrightis.
Thir men of craft full curiouselie,
Maid Imagis sa plesandlie:
And sauld thame for ane sumptuous price,
To be thair craftie Merchandice,
Thap wer maid riche abone measure,
As for the Preistis I the assure:
Large profite gat ouirthort all landis,
Throw Sacrifice and offerandis,
And be thair fapned sanctitude,
Abusit mony ane man of gude:
As in the time of Daniell,
The Preistis of this Doll Bell,
Quhen Nabuchodonosor King,
In Babylon Royallie did King.
Thir Preistis the King gart understand,
That Image maid with mennis hand,
He was ane glorious God of Ipe,
And had sic ane prerogatyfe,
That be his greit power drayne,
Wald eit Beif, Mutton, breid and wyne.
And sa the King gart euerie day
Besoir Bell on his Altar lay,
Fourtie fresche wedderis fat and fyne,

Dani. v.

And ser greit Rowbouris of wicht wpne:
 Twelf greit Lavis of bowtir flour,
 Suhilk was all eittin in ane hour.
 Nocht be that Image deif and dum,
 Bot be the Prestis all and sum:
 As in the Bybill thow may ken,
 Suhais number wer thze scoir and ten,
 Chap and chair wpfis everilk day,
 Eit all that on the Alter lay,
 Than Daniell in conclusioun,
 Schew the king chair abusioun,
 And of chair subtelte maid him sure,
 How vnderneath the Temple flure,
 Thro ane passage chap come be nicht,
 And eit that meit wih candill licht.

¶ The king quhen he the matter knew,
 Thir Prestis wih all chair wpfis he slew.
 Thus subtellie the king was split,
 And all the pepill wer begplit.
 My Sone (said he) now may thow ken
 How be the Prestis and craftsmen:
 And be chair craftines and cure,
 Idolatrie did sa lang Indure.

Behald how Johne Voccatus,
 Hes wittin warkis wounderous,
 Of Gentilis supersticioun,
 And of chair greit abusioun:
 As in his greit buik thow may se,
 Of fals Goddis the Genealogie.
 Of Demogorgen in speciall,
 For Grandeschir till the Goddis all:
 Honouir amang Archadianis,
 And of the fals Philistianis:
 Wih chair greit deuillische God Dagon,
 Wih vtheris Idoles mome one:

Bot I abhor the treuth to tell,
 Of the Princis of Israell,
 Thesin be God Omnipotent,
 How thap brak his commandement,
 King Salomon, as the Scripture sais,
 He doric in his latter dayis:
 His wantoun wyffis to compleis,
 He curit nocht GOD till displeis.
 And did commit Idolatrie,
 Worschipping caruit Imagerie:
 As Moloch God of Ammonites,
 And Chamos, God of Moabites,
 Astaroth, God of Sydomens,
 Sa for his Inobediens
 And foull abhominatioun,
 Wer punisht his successioun.
 His Sone Roboam, I heire tell,
 Eint the ten Tribes of Israell,
 For his Fatheris Idolatrie,
 As in the Scripture thow may se.

¶ Of Imagis vsit amang Chri-
 stiane men.

FATHER, zit one thing I wald speir,
 Behald in euerie kirk and Queir:
 Throw Christindome in Burgh and land,
 Imagis maid with mannis hand:
 To quhome bene geuin diuers names,
 Sum Peter and Paull, sum Johne & James
 Sanct Peter caruit with his kepis,
 Sanct Michael with his wingis and wepis
 Sanct Katherine with hir sword and quheil
 Ane Hyde set vp besyde Sanct Geill.
 It war to lang for till descriue,
 Sanct Frances with his woundis spue:

Sanct Tredwall als thair may be sene,
 Quhilk on ane prick hes baith hir ene.
 Sanct Paull weill paintit with ane sword.
 As he wald fecht at the first word,
 Sanct Appolline on an alter standis,
 With all hir teich intill hir handis,
 Sanct Roche weill seist men map se,
 Ane Byle new brokin on his thie.
 Sanct Elop he dois staitlie stand.
 Ane new hors scho into his hand.
 Sanct Niniane of ane rotten stok:
 Sanct Ducho bozit out of a blok.
 Sanct Andro with his Croce in hand
 Sanct George vpon ane hors ryndand
 Sanct Anthonie set vp with ane sow.
 Sanct Byrde weill caruit with ane row:
 With coistlie colouris fyne and fair,
 Ane thousand ma I nicht declair.
 As Sanct Cosme and Damiane,
 The Sowearis Sanct Crispiane:
 All this on Altar staitlie standis,
 Preistis cryand for thair offerandis.
 To quhome we commounis on our kneis
 Dois worschip all thir Imagereis:
 In Kirk, in Queir, and in the Closter,
 Prayand to thame our Pater noster.
 In Pilgramage from toun to toun,
 With offerand and with Orisoun:
 To thame ap babland on our beidis;
 That than may help vs in our neidis:
 Quhat differis this declair to me,
 From the Gentiles Idolatrie?

E. Oif that be trew that thow reportis
 It gais richt neir thir samin sortis:
 Bot we be counsall of Clargie,

Hes licence to mak Imagerie:
 Quhilk of vnleirmit bene the buikis,
 For quhen lawit folk vpon thame luitis
 It bringis to remembrance
 Of Sanctis Iouis the circumstance,
 How the Faith for to fortifie,
 Thap sufferit pame richt pacienclie,
 Seand the Image of the Rude,
 Men suld remember on the blude:
 Quhilk Christ intill his passioun,
 Did sched for our Saluatioun:
 Or quhen thow seis ane portrature,
 Of blyssit Marie Virgine pure,
 Ane bonp Babe vpon hir knee,
 Than in thy minde remember thee.
 The wordis quhilkis the Propheit said,
 How scho suld be baith Mother and Maid.
 Bot quha that sittis down on thair kneis
 Prapand till ony Imagereis:
 With Orisone or offerand
 Kneland with rap into thair hand.
 Na difference bene I say to thee,
 From the Gentilis Idolatrie.
 Richt so of diuers nationis,
 I reid the abhominacionis,
 How Greikis maid thair deuotioun haill,
 To Mars, to laif thame in battaill.
 Till Iuppiter, sum tuke thair vantage,
 To saue thame from the stormis rage,
 Sum prapit to Venus from the spiene
 That thap thair luitis micht obrene:
 And sum to Juno for ryches,
 Thair Pilgramage thap wald addres.
 So dois our commoun populare,

Quhillk war to lang for till declare,
 Thair superstitious pilgramagis:
 To mony dyuers Imagis,
 Sum to sanct Roche with diligence,
 To saif thame from the pestilence:
 For thair teith to sanct Apolline;
 To sanct Credwell to mend thair ene.
 Sum makis offerand to sanct Cloy,
 That he thair horse may well conuoy.
 Thap ryn quhen thap haue Iowellis tyme,
 To seik sanct Spith or euer thap styme.
 And to sanct Germane to get remeid,
 For maladies into thair heid.
 Thap bring mad men on fute and hors,
 And byndis thame to sanct Hongois Cros.
 To sanct Barbara thap cry full fast,
 To saif thame from the thonder blast,
 For gude nouellis as I heir tell,
 Sum takis thair gart to Gabiell.
 Sum wiues sanct Margaret dois exhort,
 Into thair birch thame to support,
 To sanct Athony to saif the sow.
 To sanct Bryde to keip Calfe and kow.
 To sanct Sebastiane thap ryn and ryde,
 That from the schot he saif thair spide:
 And sum in hope to get thair heill,
 Runnis to the auld Rude of Kerreill.
 Howbeit this simpill pepill rude,
 Think thair intencion be bot gude.
 Wo be to Preistis I say for me,
 Quhillk sulde schaw thame the verite.
 Prelatis quhillkis hes of thame the cure,
 Shall mak answeir thair of be sure,
 On the greit day of Iudgement.
 Quhen na time beis for to repent,

Quhair manifest Idolatrie,
 Shall punish be perpetuallie,

¶ Ane exclamatioun aganis
 Idolatrie.

IMPROVDENT pepill, Ignorant and blind
 Be quhair resson, law or authoritie
 Or quhair autentick scripture can ye find,
 Lesum for till commit Idolatrie.
 Quhilk bene to how your bodie or your kinie:
 With deuote humbill adozatioun,
 Till ony Idol maid of stane or trie,
 Seruand to thame offerand or oblatioun.

Quhy do ye giue the honour, laud and gloir
 Pertening to God, quhilk maid all thing of
 Quhilk was & is, and sal be euer moir, (nocht
 Till Images be mennis handis wrought:
 O fulsche folk, quhy haue ye succour socht,
 Of thame quhilk can not help zow in distress
 Zit ressonable reuelke into your thocht,
 In stork nor stane can be na halpnes.

In the desert the pepill of Israell,
 Moles remaning in the Mont Sinay, Exo. 32.
 Chap maid ane moltin Calf of fyne mettell
 Quhilk pai did honour as thair God verray
 Bot quhen Moles descendit I heir say,
 And did consider thair Idolatrie,
 Of that pepill thre thousand gart he slay.
 As the Scripture at lenth dois testifie.

Becaus the halie Propheet Daniell, Dani. 14
 In Babylon Idolatrie repreuit,
 And wald not worship thair fals Idol Well
 The haill pepill at him wer sa aggrent,

To that effect that he suld be mischeuit;
 Delivered him to rampand Tyonis sein.
 Out of that dangerous den, he was releuit,
 Throuch miracle of þe greit GOD of Heuin.

Behauld how Nabuchodonosor king,
 Into the baill of Durau did prepair,
 Ane Image of fyne gold, a marvellous thng,
 Thre score of cubitis heich and ser in squair,
 As moxe cleirlye the Scripture dois declair:
 Dani. 3. To quhome all pepill be proclamatioun,
 With bodypis bowit, and on thair kneis baie,
 Richt humble thap maid adoratioun.

Ane greit wonder, that dap was sene also
 How Nabuchodonosor in his Ire:
 Tuke Sidrach, Misach, and Abednago,
 Quhilk wald not bow thair kne at his desyre
 Till that Ivol, gart cast thame in the fyre,
 For to be burnt, or he steir of that steid,
 Quha he beleuit, thap wer burnt bone & lyre,
 Was nocht consumit a smal hair of pair heid.

The Angell of the Lord was w pame sene
 In that het Furneis passing vp and down,
 In till ane Rosie Gairth as thap had bene:
 None spot of fyre, distaining coit nor gown,
 Of victorie thap did obtene the Crown:
 And war to thame thap maid adoratioun,
 To that Idoll or bowit thair body down,
 Ane witnessing of thair dampnatioun.

Quhat was the cause, at me þe may demaund,
 That Salomon vsit none Imagerie,
 In his triumphant Tempill for till stande
 Of Abraham Isaac, Jacob, nor Jesse,

OF THE MONARCHIE. 71

Noz of Moles thair saifgaird throw the see: Exo. 16
 Noz Josue, thair vailzdand Campioun: Deut. 5
 Becaus God did command the contrarie,
 Chap suld not vse sic supersticioun.

Behald how the greit God Omnipotent,
 To preserue Israell from Idolatrie,
 Directit thame ane strait commandement,
 Chap suld nochte mak nane caruit Imagerie
 Rourther of gold, of silver, stane nor trie:
 Noz giue worschip till ony similitude,
 Seand in heuin, in eirth, nor in the see,
 Bot onlie till his Souerane Celestide.

The Propheet Dauid planelie did reprene
 Idolatrie to thair confusioun, Barn. 6.
 In grauin stok, or stane that did beleue, Psal. 115
 Declaring thame thair greit abusoun,
 Sperkand in maner of derisioun,
 How deid Idolis be meunis handis wrocht,
 Quhome thap honourit with humbill orisoun
 War in the merkat daplie sauld and bocht.

The Denillis seand the cuill conditioun,
 Of the Gentiles, and thair vnfaithfulness,
 For till augment thair supersticioun,
 In those Idoles, thap maid thair entres,
 And in thame spak, as storpis dois expres:
 Than men beleuit of thame to get releif,
 Askand thame help in all thair besines.
 Bot finallie that turnit to thair mischeif.

Traist weill in thame, is nane diuinitie,
 Quhen reik & roust pair fair colour dois said
 Choche thap haue feit on futepai can not fle
 Howbeit the Temple birn abuse thair heid,

In thame is nouthir freindschip nor reueid,
 In sic figuris quhat sauour can ze find?
 With mouth & eiris, & ene thocht pai be maid
 All men may see, thap ar dum, deif & blind.

Howbeit thap fall doñ flatlingis on y flure
 Thap haue no strêth thair selfe to rais agane
 Thocht rattôis ouer pame ri, pai tak na cure,
 Howbeit pai bzek thair nek pai feil na pane,
 Quhp suld me psalmis to pame sing oz sane:
 Sen growand treis, pat zeir lie beiris frute,
 Ar mair to praise, I mak it to the plane,
 Nor cuttie stockis, wanting baith crop & rute

Of Edinburgh, the greit Idolatrie,
 And manifest abhominatioun,
 On thair feist dap all Creature may sie,
 Thap beir an auld stok Image throw y toff,
 With talbone, trumpet, schalme & clarioun,
 Quhilk hes bene vñic monp ane zeir bygone,
 With preistis and freiris, into processioun,
 Siclpke as Bell was borne throuch Babilô,

Elsehome ze not ze secular preistis & freiris,
 Till sa greit superstitioun to consent?
 Idolateris ze haue bene monp zeiris,
 Expres aganis the Lordis commandement,
 Quhairfoir brether I counsall zow repent:
 Gue na honour, to caruit stok, nor stone,
 Gue laude and gloze to God Omnipotent,
 Allanerlie, as wiselie writtis Johne.

Ip on zow freiris, that vñis for to preiche,
 And dois assist to sic Idolatrie:
 Quhp do ze not the Ignorant pepill teiche,
 How ane deid Image caruit of anetre,

As it

As it wer halp suld not honourit be?
 Nor borne on Burges backis vp & down.
 Bot ze schaw planelie zour Hypocrisie,
 Quhen ze past forrest in processioun.

Is on zow fosteraris of Idolatrie.
 That till ane deid stok dois sic reuerence,
 In presence of the pepill publikelie.
 Feir ze nocht God to commit sic offence?
 I counsall zow do zit zour diligence,
 To gar suppressie sic greit abusoun.
 Do ze nocht so, I dreid zour recompence,
 Salbe nocht ellis bot elene confusioun.

Had S. frâces bene borne out throu þe town,
 O: Sâct Dominik chocht ze had not refusit
 With thame till haue past in Processioun:
 Intill that case, sum wald haue zow excusit.
 Now men may se how that ze haue abusit,
 That nobill town, throu zour hypocrisie,
 The pepill trowis þe par map richt weil blis
 Quhen ze pas with thame into companie.

Sum of zow hes bene qupet counsallouris,
 Prouokand Princes to sched saikles blude,
 Quhilk neuer did zour prudēt predecessouris
 Bot ze like furious Phariseis denude;
 Of Cheritie, quhilk rent Christ on the Rude
 For Christis flock, without malice o: Ire:
 Conuertit fragillfaltouris I conclude,
 Be Goddis word, without sword o: fire.

Reid ze not how þe Christ hes geuin cōmand,
 Gif thy brother dois ocht the to offend, Mat. 18
 Than secretlie correct him hand for hand,
 In feindlie maner, o: thow farther wend,

Gif he will nocht heir the, than mak it kend,
 Till ane or twa be trew narratioun.
 Gif he for thame will not his mis amend,
 Declare him to the Congregation,

And gif he zit remainis obstinate,
 And to the halp Kirk incounsolabill,
 Than lyk ane Turk hald him excommunicate
 And with all faithfull folke abhominabill,
 Banishing him that he be na mair abill,
 To dwell amang the faithfull companie:
 Quhen he repentis be nocht vnnmerciable,
 Bot him ressaue agane richt tenderlie.

Bot our dum Doctours of Diuinitie,
 And ze of the last fund Religion,
 Of pure Transgressouris ze haue na pitie:
 Bot cryis to put thame to confusioun,
 As cryit the Iowis, for the effusioun
 Of Christis blude into thair birnand Tre,
 Crucifige, sa ze with ane unioin,
 Cryis gar cast the saltour in the fyre.

Mat. 23. Vnnmercifull memberis of the Antechrist,
 Ephes. 6 Extolland your humane tradition,
 Contrair the Institutioun of Christ,
 Effeir ze nocht Deuine punitioun,
 Thocht sum of zow be gude of conditioun,
 Reddy for to ressaue new recent wine,
 I speik to zow auld Boissis of perdition,
 Returne in time or ze rpn to rewpyne.

As ran the peruerst Prophetis of Baall,
 Quhilkis did consent to the Idolatrie,
 Of wicked Achab king of Isræll:
 Quhole number war four hundred & syrtie,
 Quhilkis

Quhilkis honourit that Idoll opinlie,
 Bot quhen Elias did preue thair abusioun
 He gart the pepill slap thame cruellie,
 So at ane hour come thair confusioun.

I pray zow prent in zour remembrance,
 How the reid Freiris, for thair Idolatrie,
 In Scotlād Ingland, Spaine, Italy & France
 Upon ane day war, punisht pietuouſlie.
 Behald how zour awin brechren now laithly
 In Dutchelād, Inglād, Dēmark & Norrow:
 Ar trampit down with thair Hypocriſie, (ay,
 And as the ſnaw ar meltit clene away.

I maruell þ our Biſchopis thinks na ſchame
 To giue zow Freiris ſic preeminence,
 Till uſe thair office to thair greit defame,
 Preiching for thame in oppin audience.
 Bot micht ane Biſchop eik till his awin er:
 For ilk ſermō ten ducatis in his hād, (pence,
 He wald oz he did want that recompence,
 Ga preiche him ſelf, baith into burgh & land.

I traist to ſe gude Reformatioun,
 From time we get ane faithfull prudēt King
 Quhilk knawis the treuth and his vocation
 All publicanis, I traist he will doun thyring, Mat. 18
 And will not ſuffer in his Realme to King,
 Corruptit Scribes, nor fals Phariliſience,
 Aganis the treuth quhilk planelie dois ma:
 Till that King eñ, we man tak paciēce. (ling

Now fair weil freindis, becaus I cā not flie
 Howbeit I culd, ze man hald me excuſit,
 Thocht I aganis Idolatrie Indite,
 Oz thame deſpice, that will not zit reſuſit.

I pray to God, that it be na mair vlit,
 Among the Kewlaris of this Regioun,
 That commoun pepill be na mair abusit,
 Bot gif him gloir, that bure the cruell croun

Quhilk teichit vs be his deuine Scripture,
 Till richt prayer, the perfite reddy way,
 As writes Mathew in his sext Chapture,
 In quhat maner, & to quhome we suld pray,
 The schozt compendious Orisone euerie day
 Maist profitabill baith for bodie and saull,
 The quhilk is nochte directit I heir say,
 To Iohue nor James, to Peter nor to Paull

Nor to nane vther of the Apostlis twelf,
 Nor to na Sanct, nor Angell in the heuin,
 Bot onlie till our ffather GOD him self,
 Quhilk Orisone it dois contene full euin,
 Maist profitabill for vs peritiounis seuin,
 Quhilk we lawit folk the Pater noster call.
 Thocht we say Psalmes, nine ten oz elleuin,
 Of all prayer this bene the principall.

We resoun of the maker quhilk it maid,
 Quhilk was the Sone of God our Sauour
 We resoun als, to quhome it suld be said,
 Till the ffather of heuin our Creatour,
 Quhilk dwellis not in Temple nor in towre
 He cleirly seis our thocht, will, and Intent,
 Quhat neidis vs at vtheris seek succour,
 Quhen in all place his power bene present.

Ze Princes of the Preistis that suld preiche
 Quhy suffer ze sa greit abusoun?
 Quhy do ze not the simple pepill teiche,
 How, and to quhome, to dres thair Orisoun?
 Quhy

Quhy thole ye thame, to rpn frō toun to toun
In pilgramage, till ony Imagereis?
Hopand to get thair sum saluatioun,
Prayand thame deuotlie on thair kneis.

This was the prattik of sum Pilgramage,
Quhen Fillokis into spse began to son,
With Jok & thome, thā tunk pai pair bepage
In Angus to the feild Chapell of Dyon:
Than kytrok thair als cadp as ane Con,
Withour regard ourher to sin or schame,
Gaue Lawrie leif, at laser to leip on,
Far better had bene, till haue biddin at hame

I haue sene pas ane meruellous multitude
Young men and women slingand on thair
Under the forme of fenzeit sanctitude, (feit,
For till adorne ane Image in Rozeit,
Monp come with thair marrowis for to meis
Committing thair foull fornicatioun:
Sum kistit the claggit tail of the Armeit.
Quhy thoill ze this abhominatioun?

Of Fornicatioun and Idolatris,
Appeirandlie ze tak bot lytill cure,
Stand the meruellous infelicitie:
Quhilk hes so lang done in this land indure,
In your defalt quhilk hes the charge & cure,
This bene of treuth, my lordis, with your lene
Sic pilgrimage hes maid monp ane hure,
Quhilk, gif I plesit, planelie miche preue.

Quhy mak ze nochte the Scripture manifest
To pure pepill twitching Idolatrie?
In your preiching, quhy haue ze nochte exprest
How monp kingis of Israell cruelle,
War punischt be God sa rigorousslie?

As Ieroboam and many ma but dout,
 For wilschipping of carued Imagerie,
 3. Reg. War from thair Realmes rudlie rutit out.
 23.

Quhy thole ze vnder your dominioun,
 Ane craftie Priest, or seinzeit fals Armeit,
 Abuse the pepill of this Region,
 Onlie for thair particular profite?
 And speciallie that Armeit of Laureit:
 He pat the commoun pepill in beleue,
 That blind gat sight, & cruikit gat thair feit:
 The quhilk & Palzard na way can appeue.

Ze marpit men that hes trim wanton wylis
 And lustie douchteris of zounge & tender age
 Quhais honestie ze suld luse as your lylis:
 Pernit thame nocht to pas in pilgramage:
 To seik support at ony stock Image:
 For I haue wittin gude weni pas fra hame
 Quhilk hes bene trappit with sic lustis rage
 Hes done returne, baith w greit sin & schame.

Get vp, thow sleipis all to lang (O Lord)
 And mak ane haistie Reformatioun,
 On the quhik dois tramp don thp gracious
 And hes ane deidlie Indignatioun, (word)
 At thame quhilk makis trew narratioun,
 Of thp Gospell, schawing the veritie,
 O Lord I mak the supplicatioun,
 Support our faith, our hope and Cheritie.

How King Ninus beildit the
 the greit Cietie of Ninive. And how he
 vincust Zoroastes King of Bactria.

THIS Ninus of Assyria King,
 When he had maid his conquessing
 To beild ane Cietie he him drest,
 Chusing the place quhair he thocht best:
 Quhair he had first dominion,
 In Assyria his awin Regioun,
 Thocht Assyur, as the Scripture sayis,
 Quhilk come befor king Ninus davis,
 And foundit that famous Cietie,
 The quhilk was callit Nimue:
 Bot as reheris Diodore,
 Ninus that Cietie did decoze:
 Sa meruellous triumphantie,
 As ze fall heir Immediatie,
 Upon the flude of Euphrates,
 Quhilk to behald greit wonder wes,
 Ane hundreth and fiftie staigis,
 That Cietie was of lenth I wis:
 The wallis ane hundreth fute of hicht,
 Na wonder was thocht thap wer wiche
 Sic breid abuse the wallis thair was,
 Thre Cartis nicht spedingis on thame pag:
 Four hundreth staigis and four score,
 In circuite but myn or more.
 Of Towris about those wallis I wene
 Ane thousand and foue hundreth bene:
 Of hicht twa hundreth fute and moir,
 As writis famous Diodore.
 ¶ The Scripture makis mentioun,
 When God send Jonas to that toun:
 To schaw thame of his punischment,
 Out throw the Cietie when he went:
 Thre davis Jor nap till him it was.
 The Bpbill sayis it was na les.
 ¶ My Sone now haue I schawin to the

Gen. 10.

Joan. 3.

Of the buylding of Ninive:
 For the augmenting of his fame,
 Ninus gart call it efter his name.
 When he that greit Cite had endit,
 To conqueis more zit he intendit:
 And did depart from Ninue,
 And raisit vp ane greit armie,
 Of the maist stalwart men and stont,
 Of all his Regionis round about,
 In greit ordour tuke thair Jornay,
 Towart the Realme of Bactria.
 Of wichte futenen I vnderstand,
 He had seuintene hundzeth thousand,
 Without horsmen and weirlyke cartis,
 Whome he ordourit in syndry partis:
 Whilk till discriue I am nocht abill,
 Whose number bene so vntrowabill.
 Crozaestes, that nobill king,
 Whilk Bactria had in governing,
 That prudent Prince, as I heir tell,
 Did in Astronomie precell:
 And fand the Art of Magica,
 With naturall Science mony ma.
 Seand king Ninus on the feild,
 Fordwart he came with speir and scheild.
 Foure hundzeth thousand men he was,
 In his Armie thair was na les.
 And met king Ninus on the bordour,
 Richt bailzeantie, and in gude ordour,
 On the Vangarde of his Armie,
 On thame he ruschit richt rudelie:
 And of thame slew, as I heir say,
 Ane hundzeth thousand men that day.
 The rest that chaipit war vnslane,
 To Ninus greit oik fled agane.

Of that

Of that King Ninus was sa nopit,
 He restit neuer till he deströpit,
 All haill that Regionn vp and down,
 And from the King did reif the Crown:
 And maid the Realme of Bactria,
 Subiectit till Assyria.
 And in that samin land I wis,
 He tuik to wife Semiramis:
 Quha as mine Authoz dois descriue
 Was than the lustiest on lyue.
 That being done without sudgeorne,
 Till Ninue he did returne:
 With greit tryumphe of victorie.
 As mine Authoz dois specifie.
 Baith Occident and Orient,
 War all to him obedient.
 It wald abhor the till heir red,
 The sailles blude that he did sched,
 Quhen he had rounge as thow map heir
 The space of thre and fourtie zeir:
 Being in his excellent gloir,
 The dolent deith did him deuoir:
 In quhat sort I am nocht certane,
 Sum Authoz sapis that he was slane,
 And left till bruike his heritage,
 Ane lytill Babe of tender age.
 Young Ninus was the Chyldis Name,
 Quhilk efter flourishit in greit fame.
 Sum sapis that be his wiffis tresoun.
 King Ninus dyed in presoun:
 As I sall schawe or I hyne fair,
 How Diodore hes done declair.

Of the wonderfull deidis of
 the Quene Semiramis.

NINVS lufit fa ardentlie,
 Semiramis his fair Ladie,
 Thair was nathing scho wald command,
 Bot all obeit was fra hand.
 Scho seand him sa Amorous.
 Scho grew proude and presumptuous
 And at the king scho did desire,
 Fiue davis to gouerne his Impire:
 And he of his beneuolence,
 Did grant hir that preeminence:
 With Sceptour, Crown, and Rob Royall,
 And haill power Imperiall,
 Till fyue davis wer cum and gone,
 That scho as king suld ring allone.
 ¶ Than all the Princes of the land,
 During that time maid hir ane band,
 With banker Royall merilie,
 Scho treitit thame trypumphantlie.
 Sa the first day the pepill all,
 Come till hir seruice bound and thzall:
 Bot oꝝ the secund day was gane,
 Scho tuk sic gloir to reigne allane:
 Be ane decreit maid thame amang,
 The king scho put in prisone strang.
 I reid weill of his prelsoning,
 Bot nocht of his delpuering.
 How euer it was intill his flouris,
 He did of deith suffer the schouris,
 And nicht not lenth his life ane hour,
 Thocht he was the first Conquerour:
 Quhais conquessing foꝝ to conclude,
 Was nocht but greit schedding of blude.
 Now haue ze hard of Ninus King,
 How he began, and his ending:
 Howbeit mine Authoꝝ Diodoze,

Of him hes writtin mekill more.
 Princes for wrangous conquessing,
 Dois mak oft tymes ane euill ending
 Thocht he had lang prosperitie,
 He endit with greit miserie.

Of King Ninus Sepulture.

THE Quene ane Sepulture scho maid
 Quhair scho king Ninus bodie laid.
 Of curious craftie wark and wicht,
 The quhilk had staidis nine of hicht,
 And ten staidis of breid it wes,
 Diodore sapis it was na les.
 For aucht staidis ane myle thow tak,
 And thair efter thy number mak:
 So be this compt it was full richt,
 Ane myle, and als ane staid of hicht.
 Except the tour of Babilone,
 So hich ane werk, I reid of none.
 Semiramis this lustie Quene,
 Considering quhat danger bene:
 To haue ane king of tender age,
 Quhilk might not vse na Vassalage.
 Scho tuke ane courageous consait,
 Thinkand that scho wald mak debait:
 Gif ony maid rebellious,
 Contrait hir Sone, or his Regioun.
 Quhome scho did foster tenderlie,
 And keipit him full quyetlie:
 Scho laid apart hir awin clething,
 And tunk the rapment of ane king.
 Quhen scho was intill armour dight,
 Nicht na man knaw hir be ane knichte
 Scho bailzeandlie went to the weir,

And to giue battell tuik na feir:
 Wanting all Realmes round about,
 That all the world of hir had dout:
 Hair fortunate in hir conquessing,
 Nor was hir housband Ninus king.

¶ Babylon scho did fortifie,
 Temples and Towris trpumphantlie:
 Sa plesandlie did thame prepair,
 Quhilk in the eirth had na compair.
 Howbeit Nimrod of quhome I spak,
 The hiddeous dungeoun he gart mak
 And of the Cietie the foundment,
 To quhome God maid Impediment.
 Quhair Nimrod left, thair scho began
 And put to wark mony ane man.
 Of all the Realmes round about,
 Of maist Ingyne scho socht thame out,
 Scho had wirkand wich tre and stanis,
 Twelf hundreth thousand men atanis,
 Sa reid the buik of Diodore,
 And thow sall find the number more,
 On everilk syde of Euphrates,
 That Nobill Cietie beildit wes.
 And sa that Riuer of Renoun,
 Ran throw the midpart of the town.
 Querthort that flude scho briggis maid,
 Of marvellous strenth baith lang and braid.
 Thap wer fine staidis large of lenth.
 On everilk brig scho maid ane strenth.
 The circuite as I laid afoir,
 Four hundreth staidis and four scoir
 The wallis hicht, quha wald descriue,
 Thre hundreth fute, thre scoir and spue:
 Ser Cartis nicht pas richt eslie,
 Abuse the wallis of that Cietie,

Spdlingis

Spdlingis without Impediment.
 Consider be your Iudgement:
 Gif those wallis wer heich or nocht,
 And also curiouſlie wer wrocht:
 As Diodore hes done deſpne,
 Quhilk dois transcend my rude ingyne,
 Of Babilon the magnificence,
 To quhome ze wald geue na credence:
 Gif I at lenth wald put in wypte,
 Quhilk Diodore hes done Iudpte.
 Compare of Citeis find I none,
 Till Ninuie and Babilone,
 From Ninuie of Aſſyria,
 Till Babilon in Chaldea:
 Be briggis pleaſantlie ze map pas,
 Vpon the flude of Euphrates,
 Among the fludis of Paradyce,
 This Euphrates map beir the pyre.
 All warkis quhilkis the Quene began,
 Transcendit the ingyne of man.
 The proude Quene Pentheſilea,
 The Princeſſe of Amazona:
 With hir Ladpis tryumphandlie,
 At Troy quhilk faucht la vailzeandlie:
 Nor zit the fair Madam of France,
 Vanter of Inglis ordinance:
 To Semiramis in hir davis,
 Wer na compair as buikis ſapis.
 Except tryumphand Julius,
 Strang Hanniball or Pompeius
 Or Alexander the Conquerour,
 I find na greiter weiriour.
 Wald I reherſe as writes Clarkis,
 Hir wondrousfull & vailzeand warkis:
 It wer to me ane greit labour,

And to giue battell tuik na feir:
 Danting all Realmes round about,
 That all the world of hir had dour:
 Hair fortunate in hir conquesting,
 Nor was hir housband Ninus king.

Babylon scho did fortifie,
 Temples and Towris trpumpphantlie:
 Sa plesandlie did thame prepair,
 Cuhilk in the irth had na compair.
 Howbeit Nimrod of quhome I spak,
 The hiddeous dungeoun he gart mak
 And of the Cietie the foundment,
 To quhome God maid Impediment.
 Cuhair Nimrod left, thair scho began
 And put to wark mony ane man.
 Of all the Realmes round about,
 Of maist Ingone scho socht thame out,
 Scho had wirkand with tre and stanis,
 Twelf hundzeth thousand men atanis,
 Sa reid the buik of Diodore,
 And thow sall find the number more,
 On euerilk syde of Euphrates,
 That Nobill Cietie beildit wes.
 And sa that Riuer of Renoun,
 Ran thzow the midpart of the town.
 Quethort that flude scho briggis maid,
 Of maruellous strenth baith lang and braid:
 Thay wer five staidis large of lenth.
 On euerilk brig scho maid ane strenth.
 The circuite as I said afoir,
 Four hundzeth staidis and four scoir
 The wallis hicht, quha wald descriue,
 Thze hundzeth fute. thze scoir and spure:
 Set Cartis nicht pas richt esilie,
 Abuse the wallis of that Cietie,

Spdlings

Spdlingis without Impediment.
 Consider be your Iudgement:
 Gif those wallis wer heich or nocht,
 And also curiously wer wrocht:
 As Diodore hes done despyne,
 Quhilk dois transcend my rude ingyne,
 Of Babilon the magnificence,
 To quhome ze wald geue na credence:
 Gif I at lenth wald put in wypte,
 Quhilk Diodore hes done Indyte.
 Compare of Citeis find I none,
 Till Ninuie and Babilone,
 From Ninuie of Assyria,
 Till Babilon in Chaldea:
 Be briggis plesantlie ze mappas,
 Vpon the flude of Euphrates,
 Among the fludis of Paradyce,
 This Euphrates map beir the pyce.
 All warkis quhilkis the Quene began,
 Transcendit the ingyne of man.
 The proude Quene Penchesilea,
 The Princeesse of Amazona:
 With hir Ladyis tryumphandlie,
 At Troy quhilk faucht sa vailzeandlie:
 Nor zit the fair Madin of France,
 Vanter of Inglis ordinance:
 To Semiramis in hir dayis,
 Wer na compair as buikis sayis.
 Except tryumphand Julius,
 Strang Hanniball or Pompeius
 Or Alexander the Conquerour,
 I find na greiter weiriour.
 Wald I reherse as wrytes Clarkis,
 Hir wounderfull & vailzeand warkis:
 It wer to me ane greit labour,

And tedious to the Auditour:
 Quhat scho did in Ethiopia,
 And in the land of Media:
 Weildand Circeis, Castellis and Towris.
 Parkis and gardingis of plesouris:
 For the exalting of hir name,
 And Immortall to mak hir fame,
 Of Iarcius the heich mountanis.
 Scho gart rpeue down, & mak thame planis.
 Greit Quanties that Montane wicht,
 Twentie and fyue staidis of hicht:
 Till hir Palice to draw ane Loch,
 Be force of men scho rane it throuch.
 Had scho keipit hir chastitie:
 Scho nicht hane bene ane A. per se.
 Quhan scho had ordourit hir Impyre,
 Of Venus wark scho tuik despyre:
 Ane secreit Hansioun scho gart mak,
 Quhair scho plesantlie nicht tak,
 Young gentill men for hir plesour,
 The quhilk scho vsit aboue mesour:
 Ane man allane, nicht nocht be abill,
 To stanche hir lust insatiabill.
 Quhan scho was satisfpit of one,
 Scho gart ane vther come anone:
 The lustiest of all the land,
 Come quietlie at hir command:
 Quhan thap at lenth had lpin hir by,
 Scho slew thame all richt cruell.
 Quhan hir Sone come till age perfyte
 Of him scho tuke sa greit delyte:
 Scho causit him with hir to ly,
 Among the rest richt quietly.
 Sum sayis throuch sensuall lustis rage
 Scho band him into Mariage:

And

And held him vnder tutozie,
To vphald hir authoritie.

How the Quene Semirainis with

ane greit Armie past to Inde, and fauche
with the King Staurobates, And
of hir miserabill end.

QVHEN scho had lang time leuit in rest
To conquest mair scho hir addrest:
Because of diuers scho hard tell,
How that the Inde Orientell,
Precellit in greit commoditeis,
As bestiall cornis, and frutesfull treis.
All kind of Spyce delicious,
Gold, Spluer, stanis Precious,
And how that plenteous land did beir
Corne frute and wyne, twyse in the zeir:
With Oliphantis innumerabill,
In battell wounder terribill.
Scho heuand this and mekill moir,
Beleuand tull augment hir gloir,
Gart mak strait Proclamations,
In all and sundrie Nationis,
Schawand how it was hir desyre,
All Princis vnder hir Iuyppre:
In Egypt and Arabia,
In Perse, in Hede, and Chaldea,
In Grece in Calpia, and Hyrcane:
In Capadoce, Lidia and Mauricane.
In Armenie and Phrigia,
In Pamphylie, and Assyria,
That ilk land efter their degre,
Suld bring to hir ane greit Armie,
In all the gudely haist thay may,
G. iij.

And meit hir intill Bactria:
 Declaring thame that hir intent,
 Was till pas to the Oient:
 And mak weir on the King of Inde,
 From tyne thap knew quhat was hir mind
 Than be thair selfis ilk Regioun,
 Come fordwart with thair Garnisoun,
 Trpumphandlie in gude arrap,
 Till Bactria tuke the reddp way,
 And maid thair mustouris to the Quene.
 Bot sic ane sicht was neuer sene:
 In battell rap sa mony ane man,
 Attainis, sen God the world began.
 Bot Spanze, France, Scotland, Ingland,
 Dutche land, Denmark, nor zit Ireland,
 Wer nochte inhabite in those davis,
 Nor lang efter, myne Authoꝝ sapis.

Ethelias, he dois specific,
 The noumer of this greit Armie:
 Sapand thair come at hir command,
 Fute men, thzettie hundzeth thousand.
 Of hoꝝ men, montit galzeardlie;
 Spue hundzeth thousand verraplie.
 Ane hundzeth thousand Cameilis wichte
 On euerilk Cameill raid ane knicht:
 Prepairit till pas into all partis,
 Thair was ane hundzeth thousand Cartis.
 Twa thousand boitis with hir scho carpis,
 On hoꝝ Cameilis and Bromodarpis.
 Briggis for to mak scho did conclude,
 Quertthoꝝ Indus thar furious flude:
 Quhilk bene of Inde the outmaist bordour,
 On the quhilk flude wiche richt gude ordour
 Of hir bairgis, scho briggis maid,
 Onhair on hir greit Gilt saille raid.

C. Father, I wald men vnderstude,
 How sic ane maruellous multitude,
 Nicht be attainis brocht to the feild,
 Reddy to fecht, with speir and scheild.
 Sum men will iuge, this bene ane sabill,
 The mater bene so vntrowabill.

E. It may weill be, my Sone (said he)
 As be exempill we may se:
 How Dauid King of Israell,
 His pepill gart noumer and tell,
 Be Joab his cheif Capitane,
 As holy Scripture schawis plane,
 Of fechtand men, into that land,
 He fand threttene hundreth thousand.
 Sen Dauid in that small cuntrie,
 Nicht haue rasie sic ane Armie:
 To this Lady it was na wonder,
 The quhilk had greiter Realms ane hunder
 For Dauidis litill Regioun,
 Thocht scho had mony ane Legioun,
 Of men, ma noz I cauld befoir.
 Chairfoir, my Sone, maruell no moir.

(Staurobates the King of Inde,
 Greitlie perturbit in his mynde,
 Heiring of sic ane multitude,
 To mak defence he did conclude:
 And send ane Message to the Quene,
 Prapand hir Maiestie serene:
 That scho wald of hir speciall grace,
 Geue him licence to leue in pace:
 Failzeand of that, thocht he suld die,
 That he suld gar hir fecht or flie:
 And till his G O D ane vow he maid,
 Gif na peice might of hir be had:
 And gif he wan the victorie,

That he the Quene suld crucifie,
 At this boasting the Quene maid bourdis
 Sapand it sall nocht be na wourdis:
 Sall gar me pas fra my purpose,
 Bot michtie straikis, as I suppose,
 The Hellingier schew to the King,
 Of hir presumptuous answering.
 Than Straurobates wyle and wicht,
 Come fordwart lyke ane nobill knicht.
 With mony ane thousand, speir and scheild,
 Arrapit Kopallie on the feild:
 Thinkand he wald his land defend,
 O, in the battell mak ane end.

¶ The Quene vpon the vther syde,
 Full of presumptioun and of pryde,
 Hir Baneris plesandlie displaie,
 With hardy hart and vneffrayit:
 Apon Indus that famous flude,
 Thap met, quhair sched was mekill blude:
 In Bote, in Balingar, and Bargis,
 The twa Armeis on vtheiris chargis.
 Semiramis the battell wan,
 Quhair drownit & slane wer mony ane man
 So that the watter of the flude,
 Ran reid mixit with mennis blude.
 The King of Inde with all his micht,
 From Indus flude he toke the flicht:
 Till his cheif Cietie he receirit,
 Quhair in his presence thair appeirit,
 In battell rap ane new Armie,
 Of richt invincibill Cheualrie:
 With Elephantis, ane hidduous nummer,
 Quhilk efterwart maid mekill cummer.

Semiramis and hir companie,
 In the mene tyme full cruellie,

Distropit the Bordouris of that land,
 Tuke presonaris, ma than ten thousand;
 Scho tuke ane curageous consait,
 Greit Elephantis to counterfait.
 Scho had ten thousand Orin hydis,
 Weill sewit togidder bak and sydis;
 Wich mouth and nose, teith, eiris, and ene
 Quick Elephantis as thap had bene:
 Richt weill stuffit, full of strap and hap,
 Quhair of the Indianis tuke affrap;
 Apon Camelis and Dromodareis;
 Thole fals figuris wich hir scho careis.
 Sere Indianis, quhen thap saw that sicht,
 Efferitlie thap tuke the flicht.
 For sic ane sicht was neuer sene,
 Sif naturall beistis thap had bene.
 The king him self, was richt affeirit,
 Till he the veritie had speirit;
 And knew be his explozaturis,
 Thap war bot fenzeit fals figouris.
 Than manfullie lyke men of weir,
 Fordwart thap come withouttin feir.
 Richt sa Semiramis the Quene,
 Quhilk for ane man, was apfytene.
 Thir twa Kimpis full cruellie,
 Thap ruschit togidder sa rudelie,
 Wich hydduous cry and trumpettis sound,
 Till thousandis deid lay on the ground.
 Semiramis had sic aneummer,
 Till ordour thame, it was greit cummer.
 Than the greit Elephantis of Inde,
 Richt strang and hardy of chair kynde,
 Fordwart thap come, and wald nocht ceis;
 Till throuch the middis of the preis.
 Of the greit Oist than rudelie ruschit,

Chair men and hoys till eird thap duschit
 Those feinzzeit beistis withouttin spreit
 War fruschit and suilzeit vnder feir.
 The king of Inde with curage kene,
 Met with Semiramis the Quene,
 Herpband on ane Elephant,
 Bot scho with him faucht hand for hand,
 And gaue the king so greit assay,
 That he was neuer in sic affray:
 To stryke at him scho tuke na feir,
 So weill scho vsit was in weir:
 His strakis scho had bot lptill comptie,
 Wer noch the king was so weill montir,
 Alther at vther strak so fast,
 Till thap war tyrit at the last.
 The king he thocht him self elchamit,
 With ane woman to be defamit:
 And was determinit noch to fle,
 Thocht in that battell he suld die:
 As man the quhilk disparit bene,
 Herudelie ran vpon the Quene.
 And throuch the arme gais hir ane wound,
 Quhilk till hir hart gais sic ane stound:
 That scho constrainit was to fle,
 Than all the rest of hir Armie:
 Quhen thap perlaunt that scho was gane,
 Till Indus flude thap fled ilk ane.
 The Quene onirthort the flude scho raid,
 On briggis quhilks wer of botis maid,
 With hir ane sober companie,
 Quhilk with hir fled affrayickie.
 The Indians followit on the chais,
 Than on the briggis come sic ane prais,
 Of fleand folkis, quhilk was greit wonder,
 So that the Bairgis brak in sonder.

Sum sank, sum down the Riuer ran,
Than drownit thair mony ane nobill man:
Quhilk was greit pietie till deploze,
As wyrtis famous Diodore.
And finallie for till conclude,
Was neuer sched sa mekill blude,
At ane time, sen the world began,
For slane sa mony sailles man,
And all throw the occasioun,
And the prydefull perswasoun,
Of this ambitious wickit Quene,
Sic ane was neuer hard nor sene.
Staurobates the king of Inde,
Greitlie reioysit in his kinde,
Of this tryumphe and victorie,
Semiramis wich hart full sozie:
Seand sa mony tane and slane,
Till hir countrie returnit agane:
Lamenting fortounis variance,
Quhilk brocht hir to sa greit mischance
Befoir quhilk was sa fortunate,
And than of comfort desolate.

Our Sone, ane man of perfection,
Considering his subiectioun:
His libertie he did desire,
That he might gouerne his Empire:
Seand his Mother vicious,
And wich that sa ambitious:
As mine Authoz dois specifie,
He slew his Mother cruellie.
Quhat vther caus or Intentioun,
I find na speciall mentioun,
Sum sayis to be at libertie,
Sum sayis for hir Adulterie:
Nane vther caus I can define,

THE SECVND BVIK

Except punitioun deuine.
 Of this fair Ladie courageous,
 Behald the ending dolorous:
 Quhilk was bot twentie zeiris of age,
 Quhen scho began hir vassalage:
 And rang triumphantie but weir,
 The space of twa and fourtie zeir:
 Quhen scho was slane scho was thre score,
 With zeiris twa, scho was no more.
 As Diodoroe wyrtis in his brik,
 His Chronikill, quha list to lirk.

Of this Lady I mak ane end,
 Thinkand na way I can commend,
 Women for till be manlie,
 Nor men for till be womenlie.
 For quhy, it bene the Lordis minde,
 All creature till vse thair kinde.
 Men for till haue preeminence,
 And women vnder obedience:
 Thocht all women Inclpnit be,
 Till haue the soueranie.
 As this Lady, quhilk wald nocht rest,
 Till scho hir husband had suppress,
 Till that Intent that scho micht King,
 Allane to haue the gouerning.
 Ladyis na way I can commend,
 Presumptuouslie quhilk dois pretend,
 Till vse the offire of ane King,
 Or Realmes tak in gouerning.
 Howbeit thay bailzeand be and wicht,
 Going in battell like ane knight:
 As did proude Penthesilea,
 The Princes of Amazona,
 In mennis habite agane resoun,
 Siclike I think derisioun,

Ane Prince to be effeminate;
 Of knichtlie courage desolate:
 Neglecting his Authozitie,
 Thow beistlie sensualitie:
 Accompanie baith day and nichtis,
 With women mair than vauzeant knichtis
 Sic Kingis I discommend at all,
 Exempill of Sardanapall:

C. Father (said I) schaw me how lang,
 The successioun of Ninus rang.

E. That sall I do with diligence,
 My Sone (said he) or I ga hence.
 Sen I haue schawin at thy desire,
 Quhat man began the first Impire,
 Now wald I it wer to the kend,
 Of that Impire the fatall end.

¶ How King Sardanapalus for
 his vitious lyfe, maid ane miserabill end.

BETVIX this Conquerour Ninus,
 And sensuall Sardanapalus:
 I can not find na speciall storie,
 Worthie to put in memorie,
 Except quhilk I haue done discrise
 Of Semirame, King Ninus wife.
 Bot I can find na gude at all,
 To write of King Sardanapall.
 Quhilk was the ser and thzettie King,
 Be lyne from Ninus descending:
 At lenth his wife for to declair,
 I think it is nocht necessair:
 Becaus that mony cunning Clarkis,
 Hes him descriuit in thair warkis,
 How he was last of Assyriens,

Ouhilk had the haill preeminens,
 That time of the first Monarchie,
 In Chyonickles as thow may se.
 The last, and the maist vicious king,
 Ouhilk in that Monarchie did ring:
 That Prince was sa effeminate,
 With sensuall lust Intoricate:
 He did abhor the companie,
 Of his maist nobill Chualtrie,
 That he micht haue the mair delite,
 Till vñe his beistlie appetite:
 Conuerlit with women nicht and day,
 And clothit him in thair array:
 Sa that na man that him had sene,
 Culd Iudge ane man that he had bene:
 Sa in huredome and harlatrie,
 Did keep him self sa qupetlie.
 The Princes of Assyriens,
 Of him thap culd get na presens:
 Thus leuit he continuallie,
 Aganis nature Inordinatlie.
 Euen to the Persis and the Meidis,
 Reportit was his vicious deidis:
 With the Rewlaris of Babplone,
 Thap did conclude all into one:
 Thap wald nocht suffer for to ring
 Abuse thame sic ane vicious king:
 Bot Arbaces ane Duke of Mede,
 He derfkli tuk on hand that dede.
 Bot first he come to Ninuie,
 To se the Kingis Maiestie:
 And till ane of the Kingis gard,
 He gais ane secrett riche reward:
 Till put him in ane qupet place,
 Ouhair he micht se the Kingis grace:

And be vnſene with ony wichte,
 Bot he ſaw nother king nor knichte,
 Intill his Maſteris companie,
 Except women allanerlie:
 And as ane woman he was cled,
 With women counſalit and led.
 And ſhamefullie he was ſittand,
 With ſpindill and with rock ſpinnand.
 Quhen Arbaces that ſicht had ſene,
 His courage rais vp from the ſplene:
 And thocht it ſmall difficultie,
 For till depꝛue his Maieſtie.

¶ Than raiſed he the Perſianis,
 With Medis and Babilonianis:
 Ennarmit weil with ſpeir and ſcheildis,
 Trꝑumphandlie thap tuke the feildis.

¶ The king raiſit aſſyrianis,
 Together with the Chaldeanis:
 And thap reſpit, as thap micht:
 Bot finallie he tuik the flicht,
 To ſaue him ſelfe in Ninuie,
 Than ſeigit thap that greit Citie,
 Continuallie twa zeir and moze,
 As writis famous Diodore,
 Till that the flude of Euphrates,
 Brais with ſic ane furioulnes,
 Ouhairthꝛouch ane greit part of the towne,
 Be violence was doungin down.
 Than quhen the king ſaw na remeid,
 Bot to be /akin, or to be deid,
 As man diſpairit full of Ire,
 Gart mak ane furious flamm and fyre,
 And tuik his Golde and Jewellis all,
 With Sceptour, Crown & Rob royall:
 With all his tender Seruituris,

96 THE SECVND BVIK

That of the corpes had greitest curis,
 Togidder with his lustie Queenis,
 And all his wantoun Concubenis:
 And in that fire he did thame cast,
 Spne lap him self in at the last:
 Quhair all wer byrnt in poulder small.
 Thus endit king Sardanapall:
 Withouthin oap repentence,
 As may be sene be this sentence,
 Heir following quhilk he did indite,
 Befoir his deith in greit despite:
 Quhilk is ane richt vngodlie thing,
 As ze mayse, be his dpyting.

¶ Epitaphium Sardanapali.

CVM te mortalem noris, presentibus exple
 Delitijs animum, post mortē nulla voluptas.
 Et Venere, & cænis, & plumis Sardanapali.

¶ Now haue I schawin with diligence,
 The Monarchie of Assyrience:
 The quhilk that king Ninus began,
 And endit at this myscheant man:
 And did indure withouthin weir,
 Ane thousand, twa hundreth, and fourty zeir:
 As dois Indite Eusebius,
 Reid him, and thou sall find it thus.



¶ The Thrid Buik:

Of the miserabill destruction of
 the five Cieteis, callit Sodome, Gomorre,
 Seboim, Segor, and Adama, with
 thair hail Region. &c.

FATHER

FATHER I pray you, to me tell,
 What Notabill thingis that befell,
 During the regne of Assyrience,
 Whilk had sa lang preeminence:
 I mene of vther Nationis,
 Under thair Dominationis?

E. That may be done in termis schozt,
 (Said he) as storyis dois report:
 Induring this first Monarchie,
 Become that wofull Miserie: Gen. 19.
 Of Sodome, Gomorre, and thair Region,
 As Scripture makis mentoun:
 Whais pepill wer sa sensuall,
 In fylthie spynis vnnaturall:
 The quhilk into my vulgar beirs,
 Wh tounge abhorris to reherrs,
 Lyke byrall beistis by thair myndis,
 Vnnaturallly abuse thair kyndis,
 Be fylthie stinkand Lecherie,
 And most abhominabill Sodomie.
 As holp Scripture dois descriue,
 In that Cuntre wer Cicreis fyue:
 Whilk wer Sodome, and Gomorre,
 Seboim, Segor, and Adama.
 Among thame all, fund was thair name
 Vndefylt, bot Loth allane.
 Holp Abraham dwelt neir hand by,
 Whilk prayit for Loth effectuouslie,
 For God maid him aduertisment,
 That he wald mak sic punischement,
 To Loth twa Angellis God did send,
 Him from that furie till defend.
 When the pepill of that Region,
 Saw the Angellis cum to the town,
 Transfozm it into fair young men,

Chap purposit thame for to ken,
 And abuse thame vnnaturallie;
 With thair foule stinkand Sodomie,
 Of that gude Loth was wounder wo,
 And offerit thame his douchteris two,
 Thame at thair plesour for till vse:
 Bot thap his Doughters did refuse.
 And than the Angellis be thair micht:
 Those men depzruit of thair sight:
 And sa perforce leit thame allane.
 To Lothis lugeing quhen thap wer gane.
 Thap him commandit haistellie.
 For till depart of that Cietie.
 That foule vnnaturall Lecherp,
 Ane vengeance to the heuin did cry:
 The quhilk did moue GOD till sic Ire,
 That from the heuin byrnsome and fyre
 With aufull thoundring ranit down,
 And did consume that hail Region.
 Of all that land chaipit no mo,
 Except Loth and his douchteris two:
 His wyfe was turnit in ane stane,
 Sa wyfeles wes he left allane.
 For scho wes inobedient;
 And keipit na commandement,
 Quhen the Angell gaue thame command,
 Sone till depart out of that land:
 He monischit thame vnder greit pane,
 Neuer to luke bakwart agane.
 Quhen Lothis wyfe hard the thundring,
 Of flammand fyre and lichtning:
 The vgly cryis lamentabill,
 Of pepill maist Espouentabill,
 For nane of thame had force to fle,
 Scho zarnit that sorowfull sight to se:

And

And as scho turnit hir anone,
 Scho was transformit in ane stone:
 Quhair scho remains till this day,
 Of hir I haue na mair to say.
 To schaw at lenth, I am nocht abill,
 That pietreous proces lamentabill.
 How Citeis, Castellis, Townis, & Towris,
 Villagis, Bastailzeis, and Bowris:
 Thap war all into poulder dreuin,
 Forrestis be the ruitis vpreuin:
 Thair King thair Quene and pepill all,
 Young and auld, bynt in poulder small:
 Na Creature was left on lyfe,
 Foulis, Beistis, Man nor Wyfe:
 The eirth, the corne, herbe, feute and tre,
 The Babbis vpon the Pureis kue:
 Richt suddandlie in ane instant,
 Unwarlie come thair Iugement:
 As it come in the time of Noy,
 Quhen God did all the world destroy.
 For that self Sin of Sodomie,
 And maist abhominabill Bowgrie:
 That vyce at lenth for to declair,
 I think it is nocht necessair.
 Quhen al was bynt, flesche, blude and banis
 Hillis, vallepis, stockis and stamis:
 The Cuntre sank for to conclude,
 Quhair now standis ane vglie flude:
 The quhilk is callit the deid Sep,
 Nirt to the Cuntre of Iudey.
 Quhais stinkand strandis blak as tar,
 The flewour of it, men feilis on far:
 In till Orontius thow may reid,
 Of that Cuntre the lenth and breid,
 Of lenth syrie mylis and two.

99 THE THRID BVIK

And fourtene mple in bzaid also.
 Loth of his wpfe was sa agast,
 That he till ane wplde montane pass:
 Of companie he had na ma,
 Except his lustie douchteris twa.
 And be thair prouocatioun,

Gen. 19. As Moses makis narratioun:
 Allane into that Montane wplde,
 His douchteris baith he gat with chplde
 For thap beleuit in thair chocht,
 That all the world was gane to nocht.
 As it become of that Natioun,
 Thinkand that Generatioun,
 Wald faill, without thap craftelp,
 For thair Father with thame to ly:
 And sa thap fand ane craftie wple,
 How thap thair father nicht begple,
 And causit him to drink wicht wpne,
 Quhilk men to lytcherie dois inclyne.
 Quhen he was full, and fallin on sleip,
 His douchteris qupeclie did creip.
 In till his bed, full secreitly,
 Prouokand him with thame to ly.
 And knew nocht how he was begpld,
 Till baith his douchteris war with chpld:
 And buir twa Sonnis in certane,
 Thap beand in that wpld Montane:
 Of quhome twa Nationis did proceid,
 As in the Scripture thow map reid:
 In the quhilk Scripture thow map se,
 At lenth this wofull miserie.
 This miserie become but weir;
 From Noeis Flude thze hundreth zeir,
 Togidder with four scoze and elleuin,
 As comptit Carion full ruin.

And

And efter Noe's deith I ges.
 Ane and fourtie zeir thair was:
 Quhen Abraham was of age I wene,
 Four score of zeiris, and nyntene:
 Quhen this foull Sin of Sodomie,
 Was punischt sa rigorouslye.
 Greit GOD preserve vs in our tyme,
 That we commit nocht sic ane cryme.
 Tedious it war for me to tell,
 This Monarchie during quhat befell:
 And wonderis that in eirth war wrocht,
 Quhilk to thy purpois langis nocht,
 As how the pepill of Israell,
 Did lang tyme into Egypt dwell:
 And of thair greit punition,
 Throw Pharaos persecutioun,
 And how Moses did thame conuop,
 Throw the reid sep, with mekill Joy,
 Quhair King Pharao richt miserablie,
 Was drownit with all his huge armie.
 And how that pepill wanderand was,
 Fourtie zeiris in wildernes.
 Moses that tyme, as I heir say,
 Kelsnit the Law on Mount Sinay.
 That tyme Josue throw Jordan,
 Led those pepill to Canaan:
 Quhair Saull, Dauid, and Salomone,
 With Hebrew kingis mony one:
 Did rychelie regne in that Cuntre,
 Induring this first Monarchie.
 The seige of Thebes miserabill,
 Quhair blude was sched incomparabill
 Of nobill men, into these dayis,
 With vtheris terribill affrayis.
 As how the Greikis wrocht vengeance

Exod. 1.

Exo. 14.

Exo. 20.

Iosue. 3.

Upon the nobill Troiance:
 Becaus that Paris did conuoy,
 Perforce fair Helena to Troy:
 Quhilk was king Menelaus wyfe,
 Quhair mony ane thousand lost thair lyfe.
 That time the bailzeant Hercules,
 Outthrow the world did him addres:
 Quhair he did mony ane douchtyr deid.
 As in his storie thow may reid,
 And how throw Dianira his wyfe,
 That Campioun did loise his lyfe,
 In flammand fyre full furiouslye,
 The deith he sufferit cruellie.
 That tyme Remus and Romulus,
 Did found that ciitie maist famous,
 Of Rome standing in Italie,
 As in thair storie thow may se,
 Wald thow reid Titus Linius,
 Thow suld find warkis wonderous,
 Quhair douchtyr deidis ar weill kend,
 And salbe to the worldis end:
 Thocht thay began with crueltie,
 And endit with greit miserie:
 As bene, the mater to conclude,
 Of all schedderis of sailles blude.
 In Grece the ornate Poetrie,
 Medecine, Musike, Astronomie:
 During this first Monarchie began,
 Be Homerus, that famous man:
 Togidder with Hesiodus,
 As diuers Authouris schawis vs:
 It war to lang to put in Ryme.
 The buikis that thay wait in thair tyme:
 Thir war the actis principell,
 That Monarchie during quhilk befell:

As for gude Abraham and his seid,
 Into the Bybill thow may reid,
 How in this time, as I heir tell,
 Began the Kingdome Spirituall:
 As I haue schawin to thee befor,
 Quhairfor I speik of thame no moir.

Gen. 17.

Ane schort description of the
 Secund, Thrid, and Fourt Monarchie.

FATHER (said I) quhilk was the man
 That the nixt Monarchie began?

E. Cyrus (said he) the King of Perse
 As Cronickis hes done reherse,
 Prudent, and full of Policie,
 Began the secund Monarchie:

For he was the maist godlie King,
 That euer in Perse or Mede did ring:

For he of his benignitie,
 Deluierit from captiuitie,
 The haill pepill of Israell,
 Into the tyme of Daniell:

1. Para.

36.

The quhilkis had bene presoneiris,
 In Babilone seuen scoze of zeiris:
 Thairfor GOD of his grace beving,
 Gaue him ane Deupne knowledging,
 During his tyme, as I heir tell,
 He vsit counsaill of Daniell.

Carion at lenth dois specifie,
 Of his maruellous natiuitie:
 And of his vertuous vpbrynging,
 And how he vincust Cressus King:
 With mony uther vailzeand deid,
 As into Carion thow may reid:
 Quhais successioun did indure,

Till the tent king, thair of be sure,
 Bot efter his greit conquesing,
 Riche miserabill was his ending:
 As Herodorus dois discryue,
 In Scythia he lost his lyfe:
 Quhair the vndantit Scythianis,
 Vincust these nobill Persianis:
 And efter that Cyrys was deid,
 Quene Compze hakkie of his heid,
 Quhilk was the Quene of Scythianis
 In the dyspyte of Persianis:
 Scho kest his heid, for to conclude,
 In till ane Vessell full of blude:
 And said thir wordis cruelly,
 Drink now thy fill, gif thow be dry:
 For thow did ap blude schedding thyrt.
 Now drink at lapsour, gif thow list.
 Efter that Cyrys succession,
 Of all the warld had possession,
 Till Alexander with sword and fyre,
 Obteinit perforce the Thrid Emppre.
 Quhilk was the king of Macedone,
 With bailzeand Grekis mony one,
 In battell fell and furious,
 Vincust the mightie Darius:
 Quhilk was the tent, and the last king,
 Quhilk did efter king Cyrys ring:
 As for this potent Emprour,
 Alexander the Conquerour,
 Gif thow at lenth wald reid his ring,
 And of his cruell conquesing,
 In Inglishe toung, in his greit Buik,
 At lenth his lyfe, thair thow may luke:
 How Alexander that potent king,
 Was twelf zeiris in his Conquesing:

And how for all his greit conquest,
He leuit bot ane zeir in rest:
Quhen be his Seruand secreitlie,
He popsonit was full pietrouslie.
Lucane dois Alexander compare,
Till thounder or fyreflaucht in the air:
Ane cruell Planeit, ane mortall weird,
Doun thringand pepill with his sweird.
Ganges that maist famous flude,
He mirit with the Indianis blude.
And Euphrates with the blude of Perse,
Quhais crueltie for to reheirs:
And saikles blude quihilk he did sched,
War richt abhominabill to be red.
Efter his schozt prosperitie,
He deit with greit miserie.
It war to lang for to decyde it,
How all his Realms wer dypdit.
An quhill that Cesar Julius,
Quhen he had vincust Pompeius,
Was chosin Emprour and king,
Abuse the Romanis for till ring.
That potent Prince was the first man,
Quhilk the fourt Monarchie began:
And had the haill Dominoun,
Of euerilk land and Regioun:
Quhais successouris did regne but weir,
ouer the world mony ane hundzeth zeir:
Bot gentill Julius allace,
Kang Emprour bot lptill space:
Quhilk I think pietie till deplore,
In spue Moneth, and lptill moze,
Be fals erorbitant tresoun,
That prudent Prince was trampit down,
And murtherit in his counsell hous,

Be cruell Brutus, and Cassius.
 Efter that Julius was slane,
 Did regne the greit Octauiane:
 Of Emprouris ane of the best.
 During his time, was peace and rest,
 ouer all the ward, in ilk Region,
 As scorpis makis mentioun:
 And als I mak it to the plane,
 During the time of Octauiane:
 The sone of GOD, our Lord Iesu,
 Tuke mankynd of the Virgin cru:
 And was that tyme in Bethleem bozne,
 Mat. 2. To sail mankynd, quhilk was forlorne:
 As Scripture makis narratioun,
 Of his blissit Incarnatioun:

Now haue I tauld the, as I can,
 How the foure Monarcheis began.
 Bot in thy mynd thow may consider,
 How wardlie power bene bot slider.
 For all thir greit Innyppis ar gane,
 Thow seis thair is na Prince allane,
 Quhilk hes the haill dominion,
 This tyme of euery Region.

C. Father quhat resoun had these Kingis,
 Rewaris to be of vtheris ringis,
 But ony richt or Iuste querrell,
 Quhairthow that thap micht mak battell,
 And commoun pepill to dounthring?
 To this (said I) mak answering.

E. My Sone (said he) that sall be done,
 As I best can, and that richt sone.
 Thir Monarcheis, I vnderstand,
 Preordinat war be the command,
 Of God, the Plasmator of all,
 For to dounthring, and to mak thzall.

Vndantit pepill bitious,
 And als for to be gracious,
 To thame quhilk vertuous wer, and gude,
 As Daniell hes done conclude,
 At lenth in till Prophereis,
 How thair suld be four Monarchieis:
 His secund Chapture thow may se,
 How efter the first Monarchie:
 Quhen Nabuchodonosor King,
 Ane Image saw in his sleiping:
 With austere luke, in hicht and breid,
 And of fyne pure gold was his heid:
 His breist and armis of siluer brycht,
 His wame of copper hard and wicht:
 His lopnis and lymmis of Irne richt strang,
 His feit of clay, Irne mixt amang.
 From the Montane thair come allane,
 But hand of man, ane mekill stane:
 Quhilk on that Figouris feit did fall,
 And dang all down in poulder small.
 Of quhais Interpretatioun,
 Doctouris dois mak narratioun:
 The heid of gold did signifie,
 First of Assyrianis Monarchie:
 The siluer breist, that did apply,
 To Persianis quhilk rang secundly.
 The wame of copper, or of bras,
 Thridlie of Greikis compairit was:
 His lopnis, and lymmis, of Irne and steill,
 Clarkis hes thame compairit weill,
 To Romanis, throuch thair diligence,
 To haue the fourt preeminence:
 Abuse all vther Natioun,
 Be this Interpretatioun,
 The mixt feit, with Irne and clay,

Did signifie the latter day:
 Quhen that the world suld be deupdit,
 As efterwartt sall be derpdit.
 So Christ is signyfyt the stane,
 Quhose Monarchie sall neuer be gane,
 For vnder his dominion,
 All Princis sal be strampit down.
 Quhen that greit King Omnipotent,
 Commis to his generall Iugement:
 His Monarchie than sal be knawin,
 As efter sal be to the schawin.
 And als the Scripture sall the tell,
 How in the aucht of Daniell:
 He saw into his visioun,
 Be ane plane erpositioun,
 How that the Greikis suld wirk bengenes,
 Vpon the Medis and Persience:
 Comparand Greikis till ane Gait,
 With ane horne, feirs, furious and haite:
 Quhilk slew the Ram, with hornis two,
 Compairit till Perse, and Mede also:
 And sa be Daniellis Prophecieis,
 All thair greit michtie Monarchieis:
 The quhilkis all vthers Realms supplie,
 Be the greit God thap wer deuplit,
 As he of Citrus the Romane,
 Bore and air to Vespasiane:
 Maid him ane furious Instrument.
 To put the Iowis to greit toiment:
 Quhilk I purposis or I hyne fair
 Schoortlie that proces till declair.

Of the most miserabill, and most
 terribill Destruction of Ierusalem.

FATHER (said I) declair to me,
 Induring this fourt Monarchie,
 The maist Infortune that befell,

E. My Sone (said he) that sall I tell
 The maist and Manifest miserie,
 Become vpon the greit Cietie,
 Jerusalem, quhen it was suppress,
 As storpis makis manifest.

Barn. 6.

Not as the Scripture dois deupis,
 Jerusalem was distropit twpis.
 First for the greit Idolatrie,
 Quhilk thap committit in Iowrie:
 The honour aucht to God allane,
 Thap gaue to figouris of stork and stane.
 Befoir Chyristis Incarnatioun,
 Come this first desolatioun.

fyne hundzethzeiris, foure scoir and ten.
 In Cronickles as thow may ken,
 How Nabuchodonosor king,
 That famous Cietie did down thzing,
 Thair king with pepill mony one,
 Brocht thame all bound to Babilone:
 Enhair thap remainit prersoneris,
 The space of thze scoir, and ten zeiris.
 And that first desolatioun,
 Was callit the Transmigration:
 Was na man left in all thair landis,
 Bot Durellis laborand with thair handis,
 Till michtie Cyrus king of Perse,
 As Daniell hes done rherse:

Was mouit be God, for till ressoir,
 The Jowis, quhair that thap war befoir,
 Gif I neglect, I war to blame,
 The last seize of Jerusalem,
 Quhais rewyn was maist miserabill,

And for to tell richt terribill.

Was neuer in irth, cietie, nor town,

Was sic extreme destruction:

The townis of Tyre, Thebes, nor Trop

Thap sufferit neuer halfe sic nop.

The Empziour Vespasiane,

He did deuise that sege certane.

Luc. 19. Thair wer the Prophecie compleit,

& 21. Quhilk Christ spak on the mont Olpueit:

Marc. 13. Quhen he Jerusalem beheld,

The teiris from his ene disteld:

Seand be Deupne pzescience,

The greit destruction and vengeance,

Quhilk wes to come on that Cietie,

His hart peirisit with pietie:

Sapand Jerusalem, and thow knew,

Thy greit rewpne, sair wald thow rew,

For nathing I can to the schaw

The veritie thow will nocht know.

Nor hes in consideration

Thy halie visitacioun

Mat. 23. Thy pepill will na way consider

Quhome gatherit I wald haue togidder

As errand scheip bene with thair hirdis

Or as the Hen gadderis hir birdis

Vnder hir wingis tenderlie,

Quhilk thap refusit dispitrefullie.

Onhairfor sall cum that dulefull day

That na remedie mak thow may.

Thy dungeounis salbe dung in sonder,

So that the world sall on the wonder.

Thy Temple now maist triumphant

Mat. 24. Sall be tred downe among the sand.

And as he said, sa it befell,

As heirefter I sall the tell.

OF THE MONARCHIE. 177

C. Schaw me (said I) with circumstance,
The speciall caus of that mischance.

E. (Quod he) as Scripture dois conclude,
For scheddung of the sarkles blude,
Of Prophetis quhilk God to thame send,
And als becaus that thay miskend,
Jesu the Sone of God Souerane,
Euen he amang thame did remane:
For all the miraklis that he schew,
Maliciouſlie thay him misknew.
Thorht be his great power Deupne,
The watter cleit he turnit in wyne.
And be that self power and nicht,
To the blind borne he gaue the sight:
And gaue the crukit men thair feit,
And maid the Lipper haill compleit:
He haillit all, and raisit the deid,
Zit held thay him at mortall feid:
Becaus he schew the veritie.
Thay did conclude that he suld die.

Ioan. 21.

Mat. 21.

Mat. 27.

¶ The Bischoppis, Princes of the Preistis,
Thay grew sa boldin in thair breistis:
The Scribis, and Doctouris of the Law,
Of GOD, nor man, quhilk stude name aw:
On Christ Jesus to wrik vengeance,
Nicht sa the fals Phariseance.
Ane Sect of fenzeit Religioun,
Deupst his confusioun:
And send thair seruandis at the last,
And with strang cordis thay band him fast:
Synne scurgit him baith bak and syde,
That nane for blude nicht se his hyde.
Thair was noch left ane pennyp breid,
Unwoundit from his feit till heid,
In maner of derisioun,

Ioan. 20

THE THRID BVIK

Chap let for him ane cruell Crown,
 Of prynze and thornis scharp and lang.
 Quhilk on his heuinlie hede thap thrang.
 Spne gart him for the greiter lack,
 Beir his awin Gallous on his back:
 Till the uple place of Caluarie,
 Quhair mony ane thousand man might se.
 That Innocent thap tike perforce;
 And plac him backward to the Crore.
 Throw feit & handis greit naillis thap thryd
 Till blude abundantlie out byst:
 Without grunsching, clamour or cry.
 That pane he sufferit patiently.
 And for augmenting of his greuis,
 Thap hangit him betwix twa thewis:
 Quhair men might se the bludie strandis
 Quhilkis sprang forth of his feit and handis
 From thornis thrustit on his heid,
 Ran down bullering strems reid,
 In the presence of mony ane man,
 That blude Kopall on roches ran.
 Schortlie to say, that heuinlie King,
 In extreme dolour thair did hing,
 Till he said *Consummatum est*,
 With ane loud cry, he gaue the gair.
 Quhen he was deid, thap tike ane dart,
 And persit that Prince outhrow the hart,
 Fra quhome thair ran water and blude,
 The irth than trowit to conclude.
 Phebus did hyde his beinis bricht,
 That throw the world thair was na licht.
 The greit Deill of the tempill rane,
 The deid men rais out of thair graue:
 And in the Cierie did appeir,
 As in the Scripture thow may heir:

Than

Than Ioseph of Arimathie,
 Did bury him, right honestlie,
 Bot zit he rose full gloriouslie,
 On the thrid day triumphandlie, Joan. 10
 With his Discipulis in certane,
 Fourty dayis he did remane. Ac. 1.
 Efter that to the heuyn ascendit,
 Ther Iowis na thing thair lyfe amendit,
 Nor gaue na credence till his lawis,
 As at maier lenth the Roie schawis:
 Bot cruellie thap did oppres,
 All men, thae Christis name did profes:
 And persecutit mony one,
 Thap presouir baich Peter and Ihone: Ac. 5.
 And Steven thap stant to the deid. Ac. 7.
 From James the les, thap straik the heid,
 This was the raus in conclusioun,
 Of thair cruell confusioun,
 The prudent Iow Iosephus sapis,
 That he was present in these dayis,
 And in his buke makis mentioun,
 How efter Christis Ascensioun,
 The space of twa and fourtie zeiris,
 Began these cruell moztall weiris.
 The secund zeir of Vespasiane,
 Onhair mony talin wer and slane.
 Iosephus planelie dois conclude,
 Was neuer sene sic ane multitude,
 Besoir the tyme into the Court,
 Onhilk come for thair confusioun:
 Thair greit Infortune sa befell,
 That all the Princes of Israell,
 Conuenit aganis the tyme of pace,
 Bot till retorne thap had na grace,
 The bald Romanis with thair Chistane,

114 THE THRID BVIK

Citus the sone of Despasiane,
 Thair Armie ouer Judea lpyed,
 Than all men to the Cietie fled,
 Beleuand thair to geit releif,
 Bot all that turnit to thair mischeif,
 The Romanis lappis thame about,
 That be na way thap micht win out.
 Sae Moneth did that seige indure,
 Quhair lost war mony ane Creature:
 Quhilk thair in miserie did remane,
 Till thap war takin all, and slane.
 During the tyme of this assailze,
 Thair meit, and drynk, and all did failze.
 For thair was sic ane multitude.
 That thousandis deit, for salt of fude:
 Necessitis gart thame eit perforce,
 Dog, Cat, and Ratton, Ass and Hoirs:
 Ryche men behuffit to eit thair golde,
 Spine deit of hunger mony folde.
 Sic hunger was without remeid,
 The quick behuffit to eit the deid.
 The filth of Closetis mony eit,
 To lenth thair lyfe, thap thocht it sweit.
 The famous Labyris of the toun,
 For salt of fude thap fell in swoun:
 Quhen that thap micht get nane ither meit,
 Thap slew thair proper barnis to eit.
 Bot all for nocht dysprefful he,
 Thair awin soldidownis full gredith.
 Rest thame that flesche maist miserabill
 And thap with murning lamentabill:
 For extreme hounger zeid the spreit,
 Thair was the Prophecie compleit.
 As Christ befor maid narratioun,
 The day of his geym Passioun:

Luce. 24.

Quhen

Quhen that the Laddis for him murnit:
Full pietouslie he to thame turnit:
And said, Douchteris murne nocht for me,
Murne on your atwin posterite:
Within schozt tyme sall cum that day,
That men of this Cietie sall say:
Quhen thay ar trappit in the snair,
Blyst be the woppe, that neuer bair,
The barren papis than thay sall blis,
That dulefull day ze sall nocht mis.
This Prophecie it come to pas,
That thay with mony lowde allas:
Sic sorowfull lamentatioun,
Was neuer hard in that Ratioun:
Seand these lustie Laddis sweit,
Deand for houniger in the streit.
Thair husbandis, nor thair childring,
Nicht geue to thame na conforing:
Nor zit releif thame of thair harmis,
Bot atheris deand in vthers armis.
Efter this wofull indigence,
Amang thame rais sic Pestilence,
Quhairin thair deit mony hunder,
Quhilk till declair, it war greit wounder.
And for finall conclusioun,
These weirlpke wallis thay dang down,
Prince Titus, with his Cheualrie,
With sound of trompe triumphandlie:
He enterit in that great Cietie:
Bot till declair I think pietie:
The panefull clamour horribill,
Of woundit folk maist miserabill:
Thair was nocht ellis, bot tak and slay,
For thair nicht na man win away.
The strandis of blude, ran throw the streit,

Of deid folk, trampit vnder feir:
 Huld Wedowis in the preis war smozit.
 Young Virginis schamefullie deflozit.
 The greit Tempill of Salomone,
 With mony ane curious caruit ston:
 With perfpie pinnacelis on hicht,
 Cuhilkis war richt bewrifull and wiche:
 Cuhairin riche Jowellis did abound,
 Thap ruschit ruidlie to the ground:
 And set in till thair furious Ire,
 Sancta Sanctorum into fire:
 And with extreme confusioun.
 All thair greit dungeonnis thap dang down.
 Thair bursin war the boldin breistis,
 Of Bischoppis, Princes, of the Preistis,
 Thair takin was the greit vengeance,
 On fals Scribis, and Phariseance:
 All thair papntit Ipocricie,
 That time nicht mak thame na supplier:
 That day thap dulefullie repentir,
 That to the deith of Christ consentir,
 Thocht it was our Saluatioun,
 It was to thair Dampnatioun.
 The vengeance of the blude saikles,
 From Abell till Zacharies:
 That day vpon Ierusalem fell,
 Bot tedious it war to tell,
 The greit extreme confusioun,
 And of blude sic effusioun:
 Was neuer slane sa mony ane man,
 At ane time sen the world began.
 The Iowis that day gat thair desire,
 Cuhilk thau did ask into thair Ire:
 As bene in Scripture specifit,
 The day quhen Christ was crucifpit,

Quhen Ponce Pilat the President,
 Said to chame, I am Innocent.
 Of the Just blude of Christ Iesus,
 Chap crit, his blude licht vpon vs.
 And on our Generatioun,
 Chap gat thair Supplicatioun,
 That thap with mony cairfull cry,
 Thair blude was sched abundantlie,
 Iosephus writes in his buke,
 His Cronicle quha list to luke:
 During that cruell seige certane,
 Wer elleuin hundzeth thousand slane:
 Of prelonaris, weill tauld and sene,
 Foure scoir of thousandis and seuintene.
 Out of the land thap did expell,
 All the pepill of Israell:
 And for thair greit Ingratitude,
 Thap leue zit vnder Seruitude.
 Thair is na Iow in na Cuntre,
 Quhill hes ane fute of propertie:
 Nor neuer had withoutrin weir,
 Sen this day spfene hundzeth zeir:
 Nor neuer fall, I to the schaw,
 Till that thap turne till Christis Law,
 Sum sayis that Iowes mony sald,
 Wer thzettie for ane pennyp sald:
 As Judas sauld the King of gloir,
 For thzettie pennypis, and no moir,
 Efter that mony war mischeuit,
 Quhen nouellis past, how lang thap leuit,
 Vpon thair golde, withoutrin dout,
 Thap slit thair bellpis, to serche it out,
 The rest in Egypt, thap did send,
 Pregonaris to thair liues end.
 Citus tuke in his cumpanie,

Greit number of the maist worthe:
 With him to Rome he led thame bound,
 Synne cruellie did thame confound:
 His victorie for till decoir,
 And for augmenting of his gloir,
 Gatt put thame into publick places,
 Quhair all folk might behauld thair faces:
 Synne with wylde Lyonis cruellie,
 He gatt deuore thame dulefullie.
 This hie trpumphand mightie Toun,
 At Pasche, was put to confusion,
 Becaus that in the time of pace,
 Thap Crucifit the King of grace.
 Sum hes this mater done indyte,
 Hair Ornacie than I can wyte,
 Quhairfor I speik of it no moir,
 Onelp to God be laude and gloir.

¶ Of the

¶ Of the miserabil end of certane
tyrannous Princes. And speciallie
the begynnaris of the four
Monarcheis.

NOW haue I done declaire at thy desyres
As thou demandit into termes schozt
And quha began the principall Impyris,
As Cronikle and Scripture dois report,
Quhairfor, my Sone, I hartlie the exhort:
Perswete pypnt in thy remembrance,
Of this inconstant world the variance.

The Princes of thir four greit Monarcheis
In thair maist hiest pomp Imperialis,
Craisting to be maist sure set in thair seis,
The fraudful world gaif to the mortal falis
For thair rewaird bot dark memorialis:
Thocht our the world thap had preeminere
Of it thap gat nane vther recompence.

For siclike as the snaw dois melt in May,
Thow the reflex of Phebus beinis bricht,
Thir greit Impyris, richt sa ar wte awap he
Sane bene pair gloir pair power & pair mie:
Becaus than wer Rewaris withoutin richt
And blude scheddaris, full cruell to conclude,
Richt cruellie thairfor, was sched pair blude

Behald how God, an sen the world began
Hes maid of thyme Kingis Instrumentis,
To scourge pepill and to knill mony ane man,
Quhilkis to his law wer Inobedientis,

Quhen thap had done perfurneis his intetis
In danting wrangous pepill schamefullie,
He sufferit thame be scurgit cruellie.

Quin as f Scule maister dois mak ane wad,
To dant and ding scolaris of rude Ingpne,
The quhilkis wil noch study at his comand
He scurgis thame, and onely to that spne,
That thap suld to his trew counsell Inclpne
Quhen thap obey, and meisit bene his Tre,
He takis the wand, and castis into the Fre.

God of King Pharao maid ane Instrument
Exod. 7. Quhilk was the greit King of Egyptience:
His awin peculiar pepill to torment.
Exo. 13. That brand done, he wzocht on him vengence
And leit him fall throw Inobedience:
And finallie, he with his great Armie,
In the reid Sep thame drownit dulefullie.

Richt sa of Nabuchodonosor King,
God maid of him ane furious Instrument,
Dani. 4. Jerusalem and the Towis, to down thring,
Quhen thap to GOD wer Inobedient,
Spne rest him from his riches and his rent,
And him transformit in ane beist brutell,
Beuin zeiris and mair as wypttis Daniell,

Alexander throw pyydefull tyrannie,
In zeiris twelf did mak his greit Conquest,
Ap schede

Ap scheddand saikles blude full cruellie:
 Till he was king of kingis, he tuke na rest,
 In all the world, quhen he was full posselt,
 In Babilon thronit trypumphandlie,
 Throw poppon strang, decessit dulesullie.

Duke Hanniball the strang Chartagiane
 The dauter of the Romanis pomp and gloir
 Be his power war mony thousand slane,
 As may be red at lenth in till his storie,
 At Cannas, quhair he wan the victorie,
 On Romanis hâdis the deid lap on ground
 Thre heipit Buschellis war of ringis found.

Into that mortell battell I heir sane,
 Of the Romanis maist worthie weirouris,
 By prissonaris war fourty thousand slane:
 Of quhō thair was thretty wise Senatouris
 And xx. Lordis, quhilkis had bene Pretouris
 That deit to, in defence of thair Cuntrie,
 And for till hald thair land at libertie,

Quhat reward gat this cruell Campioun,
 Quhen he had slane sa greit ane multitude,
 And quhen the glas of his gloir was run?
 Ane schamefull deith, & schozlie to conclude,
 This bene reward of all scheddavis of blude.
 For he gat sic extreme confusioun,
 He slew him self in drinking strang poppon
 Behald

Behald the twa maist famous Campiouis
 (That is to say) Julius and Pompey,
 Quhilkis did conqueis all eirdlie Regiouis,
 Allweill main land, as Ilis in the Sey,
 And to the Coun of Rome gart thanie obey:
 For Pompeius subdewit the Orient,
 And Julius Cesar all the Occident.

Bot finallie thir twa did strpue for stait,
 Quhair throw thre hūdzertȝ M. mē wer slane
 Bot Pompeius efter that greit debait,
 He murdzeit was, the storie tellis plane,
 Than Julius was Prince and Souerane,
 Abuse the haill world, Empriour and King,
 Bot into rest, schozt time indurit his ring.

For within fyue Monethis, and lptill mair
 Ampd his Lordis in the counsell hous,
 He murdzeit was, quhat neidis proces mair
 As I haue said, be Brute and Cassius.
 Gif thow wald knaw thair, deidis dolorous
 Thow must at lenth ga reid f̄ Romane storie
 Quhilk hes this matir put in memorie.

Gane is the goldin warld of Assyrianis,
 Of quhome King Ninus was first a princi:
 Gane is the siluer warld of Persianis: (pall
 The copper warld of Greikis now is thrall,
 The warld of Irne, quhilk was f̄ last of all
 Comparit to the Romanis in thair gloir,
 At gane richt sa, I heir of thame no moir,

Now is the warld of Irne mixit with clay
 As Daniel at lenth hes done Indite:

The

The greit Impppris ar meltit elene away.
 Now is the world of dolour and dysppte:
 I se noch ellis, bot troubill infynpte,
 Quhairfor, my Sone. I mak it to the kend,
 This world I wait, is drawand to ane end.

Toknings of derty, hounger and pestilence
 With cruell weiris, baith be sep and land,
 Realme aganis realme, with mortal violence
 Quhilk signyfys the last day eum at hand,
 Quhairfor, my Sone, be in thy faith constand
 Raising thy hart to God, and cry for grace,
 And mend thy lpe, quhill ʒ hes time ʒ space



¶ The first Spirituall and Papall
 Monarchie.

FATHER, is thair na Prince regnand,
 Quhilk hes the world now at command.
 As had the kingis of Assyrianis,
 The Persis Grekis or the Romanis,
 Quha hes now maist dominion,
 Of euerylk land and Region?

E. Thair is na Prince, my Sone (said he)
 That hes the principall Monarchie,
 Abuse the world vniuersall,
 With haill power Imperiall:
 As Alexander or Darius,
 Or as had Cesar Julius,
 For Orient and Occident,
 To thame wer all obedient.
 Nochtwithstanding, I find ane King,
 Quhilk intill Europe dois ring:
 That is the potent Pope of Rome,
 Impprand ouir all Chrystindome.

To quhome na prince may be compar,
 As Cannon Lawis can declair.
 All Princis of the Occident,
 At till his grace obedient.
 For he hes haill power compleit,
 Baith of the body and the spreit.
 Quhilk neuer had na Prince befor,
 Except the mightie King of gloir.
 To Christ he is greit Lewtenuand,
 In halp Peteris lait sittand.
 Sa he is of all kings King,
 Quhilkis into Europe now dois ring.
 And as the Romane Empriouris,
 Hauing the world vnder thair curis,
 Had Princis, knichtis, and Campiounis,
 Rewlaris into all Regionis:
 Uphalding thair authoritie.
 Using Justice and policie.
 Kiche so this potent pope of Rome,
 The Souerane King of Christindome,
 He hes in till ilk Countrie,
 His Princis of greit grauitie:
 In sum countreis his Cardinalis,
 In thair most precious apparailis:
 Archibischoppis, Bischoppis thow map se,
 Descending his auctoritie:
 With vther potent Patriarchis,
 Collegis full of cunning Clarkis,
 Abbotis and Priouris, as ze ken,
 Disreularis of Religious men.
 Officialis, with thair Procuratouris,
 Quhais langsum law, spulzeis the puris.
 Archedenis and Denis of Dignitie,
 Greit Doctouris of Deuinitie.
 Thair Chantouris and thair Sacristanis
 Thair

Chair Tresoureiris and thair Subdenis
 Regionis of Preistis Secleris,
 Personis, Vicaris, Monkis, and Freiris,
 Of diueris Ordouris mony one,
 Quhill langlum war for till expone:
 In findyng habytis, as ze ken,
 Differene from vther Christin men.
 Fair Ladpis of Religion.
 Professit in euerp Region.
 Fals Heremitis, fassionit lyke the Freiris,
 Proud parische Clarkis and Pardoneiris,
 Chair Gyntaris and thair Chamberlanis,
 With thair Tempozall Courtissanis.
 Thus all the world, be land and Sep
 His Sanctitude thap do obey,
 Nocht onely his Spirituall Kingdome
 Bot the greit Emprour of Rome,
 And kyngis of euerilk Region,
 That day quhen thap resauue thair Croun.
 Thap mak aith of Fidelitie,
 Till defend his auctoritie.
 Hairouer with humbill reuerence,
 Thap mak till him obedience:
 Be thair selfis, or Ambassadouris,
 Or vtheris ornate Oratouris.
 Quha did gane stand his Maiestie.
 His Lawis or his lybertie:
 Or haldis ony Opinioun,
 Contrair his greit dominion,
 Outher be way of deid or wordis,
 Ar put to deith, be fyre or swordis,
 Sanct Peter stylit was Sanctus,
 Bot he is callit Sanctissimus.
 His stile at lench, gif thow wald knaw,
 Thow must ga luke the Cannon law:

Baith in the Sirte and Clementene,
 His staitlie style thair map be sene,
 Thair sall thow find, reid, gif thow can,
 How he is nother God nor man.

C. Quhat is he than, be your Jugement,
 Quod I, me think him different,
 Far from our Souerane Lord Iesus;
 And till his kynd contrarious?

Ioan. 1. For Christ was G O D, and naturall man,
 Gif he be nother, quhat is he than?

E. The Common Law, my sone (said he)
 That questioun will declair to the,
 It dois transcend my rude Ingyne,
 His Sanctitude for till despyne,
 Or to schaw the auctoritie,
 Pertaining to his Maestie,
 Sa greit ane Prince, quhair sall thow find,
 That Spirituallie map lousis and bind,
 Nor be quhome sinnis are forgeuin,
 Be thap with his Discipulis schreuin:
 Quhome euer he bindis be his micht,
 Thap boundin ar in Goddis sight:
 Quhome euer he lousis in earth heir down
 Ar lousit be God in his Region.
 Als he is Prince of Purgatorie,
 Delpuering saulis from pane to glorie:
 Of that dirk Dungeoun but dout,
 Quhome euer he plesis he takis thame out
 Our secret spines every zeir,
 We mon schaw to sum Priest or Freir.
 And tak thair Absolutioun,
 Or ellis we get na remissioun.
 Sa be this wap, thap cleirlic ken,
 The secretis of all secular men.
 Thair secretis we knaw nocht at all,

Thus

Thus ar we to thame bound and thrall.

Quhat euer thair Ministers commandis
Must be obeyit without demandis.

Quhairfor (my Sone) I say to thee,

This is ane maruellous Monarchie,

Quhilk hes power Imperiall.

Barth of the bodie and the Soull:

C. Father (quod I) declair to me,

Quha did begin this Monarchie?

E. (Quod he) Christ Iesus God and man,

That Imppre graciousslie began,

Nocht be the spere, nor be the sword,

Bot be the vertew of his word.

And left intill his Testament,

Bony ane deuout document:

With his successouris to be vsit,

Thocht mony of thame be now abusit:

For Peter and Paull with all the rest,

Of thair brethren maist manifest,

The Law of GOD with trew Intent,

Preiching the auld and new Testament.

Thay led thair life in pouertie,

Deuotium and humilitie,

As did thair Maister Christ Iesus,

And wer not half sa glorious:

As thair successouris now in Rome,

Impprand our all Christindome.

Efter the deith of Peter and Paull,

And Christis trew Discipulis all,

Thair successouris wichin few zeiris

As at mair lenth thair storie beiris,

Full craftelie clam to the hicht,

From spirituall life to Temporall micht.

C. Father or we pas farthermoir,

Quhen did begin thair Temporall gloir?

K. j.

Eph. 1;
Luc. 9.

E. Sone (said he) thou sall vnderstand,
 Or euer ane Pape gat onp land:
 Twa & threttie gude Paipis of Rome,
 Resauit the Crown of Martirdome:
 Bot nocht the Thyrinfald Diadame;
 To weir thze Crownis pai thocht greit schame
 Till Siluester the Confessour,
 From Constantine the Emprour,
 Resauit the Realme of Italie,
 Richt sa of Rome the greit Cite.
 That was the rute of thair ryches,
 Than sprang the well of welthines.
 Quhen that the Pape was maid ane king,
 All Princes bowit at his bidding.
 This Act was done withoutrin weir,
 From Christis deith thze hundreth zeir.
 Than Lady Sensualitie,
 Tuke lugeing in that greit Cietie.
 Quhair scho sensine hes done remane,
 As thair awin lady Souerane.
 Than kingis in till all Nationis,
 Maid Preistis greit foundationis:
 Thap thocht greit merite and honour,
 To counterfait the Emprour,
 As did Dauid of Scotland king,
 The quhilk did found during his ring,
 Fyftene Abbapis with temporall landis,
 Withoutrin teindis and offerandis,
 Be quhais halp simplicite,
 He left the Crown in pouertie,
 Now haue I schawin the, as I can,
 How thair tempe all Imppre began,
 Ascending by ar gre be gre,
 Abuse the Emprouris Maicstie,
 Sa quhen thap gat amang thair handis.

Of Italie all the Emprours landis:
 Efter that in ilk Countrie,
 Sprang vp thair Temporalitie,
 With sa greit riches and sic rent,
 That thap gan to be negligent,
 In making Administratioun,
 To Christs trew Congregatioun:
 And tuke na mair pane in thair preching,
 And far les trauell in thair teching:
 Changeing thair Spiritualitie,
 In temporall Sensualitie.

C. Father, think ze, that thap ar sure,
 That thair Impyre sall lang indure?

E. Apperandlie, it may be kend,
 (Quod he) thair gloir sall haue ane end.
 I mene thair temporall Monarchie,
 Sall turne in till humilitie.
 Throw Goddis word without debait,
 Thap sall turne to thair first estat:
 As Danielis Prophecie appeiris,
 Thairto sall nocht be mony zeiris:
 Howbeit Christs faith sall neuer fall:
 Bot mair and mair it sall preuail.
 Thocht Christs trew Congregatioun,
 Suffer greit tribulatioun.

C. Father (said I) be quhat resoun,
 Think ze thair impyre may cum downe?

E. Considering thair preeminence,
 (Quod he) for inobedience,
 Abusing the Commandement,
 Quhilk Christ left in his Testament:
 Using thair awin traditioun,
 Mair than his Institutioun.
 For Christ in his last Conuentioun,
 The day of his Ascensioun:

Mat. 23.

Mat. 18. Till his Discipulis gaue command,

Ioan. 15. That thay suld pas in eneris land:

Act. 1. To teiche and preiche with trew Intent,

His Law and his commandement.

Nane vther office he to thame gaue,

He did not bid thame seik nor craue,

Cors presentis nor offerandis,

Nor get Lordschipis of Tempozall landis

Bot now it may be hard and sene,

Barth with thine eiris and thine ene,

How Prelatis now in euerie land,

Takis yptill cure of Christis command,

Southen into thair deidis nor sawis,

Neglecting thair awin Cannon lawis.

Ding thame selfis contrarious,

For the maist part to Christ Iesus.

Mat. 4. Christ thocht na schame to be ane Preichour,

And till all people of treuth ane teicheour:

Ane Paip, Bischop, or Cardinal,

To teiche nor preiche will nocht be thrall.

Thay send furth freiris to preiche for thame

Quhilk garris the pepil mak them w schame,

Ioan. 6. Christ wald nocht be ane Tempozall King.

Richelie into na Realme to King:

Bot fied Tempozall Authoritie,

As in the Scripture thow may se,

All men may know how Papis Kingis,

In dignitie abuse all Kingis,

As weill in Tempozalitie,

As into Spiritualitie.

Thow may se be experience,

The Papis princelie preeminence.

In Chronick his gif thow list to luke,

How Carion wrentis in his buke,

Ane notabill narratioun,

The zeir of our Saluatioun,
 Eleuen hundredeth, and six and fiftie,
 Pape Alexander presumptionlic:
 Quhill wes the thrid Pape of that name,
 To Frederik Emperour did defame:
 In Veneis that triumphand Town,
 That nobill Emperour gart ly down,
 Vpon his wame with schame and lack,
 Spine tred his feit vpon his back,
 In talkin of Obedience,
 Thair he schew his preeminence,
 And causit his Clergie for to sing,
 Thir wordis efter following.

Psal. 91.

¶ Super Aspidem & Basiliscum ambulabis,
 Et conculcabis leonem & Draconem. That is,
 ¶ Thow sal gang vpon redde & the cokatrice
 And thow sal tred down & lyoun & the dragon
 ¶ Than said this humbill Emperour,
 I do to Peter this honour:

The Pope answerit with wordis wraith,
 Thow sall me honour and Peter baith.

Christ for to schaw his humbill spreit,
 Did wasche his pure Discipulis feit:
 The Popis halynes I wis,
 Will suffer kingis his feit to kis:
 Birdis had thair nestis, and toddis thair den, Luc. 9.
 Bot Christ Iesus, Saiffer of men,
 In irth had nocht ane pryncy breid,
 Quhair on he nicht repois his heid,
 Howbeit the Popis Excellence,
 Hes Castellis of Magnificence:
 Abbottis, Bischoppis and Cardinallis,
 Hes plesand Palices Royallis:
 Lyke Paradyse ar these Prelatis places,
 Wanting na plesour of fair faces.

Act. 4. Iohne, Androw, James, Peter, nor Paul,
 Had few housis amang thame all:
 From time thap knew the veritie,
 Thap did contempne all propertie:
 And war richt hartfullie content,
 Of meit, drink, and abuilzement.

Ioan. 19

To saif Hankynd that was forlorne,
 Christ bairt ane cruell Crown of thorne:
 The Pope thre Crownis for the nonis,
 Of gold, pouldrit with precious stonis.
 Of gold and siluer, I am sure,
 Christ Iesus ruke bot lytell cure:
 And lest noch. quhen he zeild the spreit,
 To by him self ane windpng scheit.
 Bot his Succellour gude Pope Iohne,
 Quhen he deceisit in Quintone,
 He left behynd him ane treasour,
 Of gold and siluer be mesour:
 We ane Just computatioun:
 Weill syue and twenty Myllioun:
 As dois Indyte Palmerius,
 Reid him, and thow sall find it thus.
 Christis Discipulis wer weill knawin,
 Throw vertew, quhilk was be them schawin
 In speciall feruent cheritie,
 Greit pacience and humilitie,
 The Popis floke in all Regiounis,
 Ar knawin best be thair clippit crownis.

Ioan. 2. Christ he did honour Matrimonie,
 Into the Cane of Galilie,
 Quhair he be his power Dimpne,
 Did turne the watter into the wine.
 And als cheisit sum Marpit men,
 To be his seruandis as ze ken,
 And Peter during all his life,

He thocht

He thocht na sin, to haue ane wife.
 Ze sall nocht find in na passage,
 Quhair Chyist forbiddis mariage:
 Bot leiffum till ilk man to marie,
 Quhilk wantis the gift of Chastitie.
 The Pope hes maid the contrair Lawis,
 In his Kingdome: as all men knawis:
 Nane of his Preistis dar marie wpyfis,
 Vnder na les pane nor thair lpyfis:
 Thocht thay haue Concubynis spytene,
 Into that cace, thay ar ouersene:
 Quhat chastitie thay keip in Rome,
 Is weill kend ouer all Chyristindome.
 Chyist did schaw his obedience,
 Vnto the Emprouris excellence,
 And causit Peter for to pay.
 Tribute to Cesar, for thame tway,
 Paull biddis vs be obedient,
 To kingis as the maist excellent.
 The contrair did Pape Selestene,
 Quhen that his Sanctitude serene,
 Did crown Henry the Emprour,
 I think he did him small honour:
 For with his feit he did him crown,
 Sine with his feit the Crown dang down:
 Sayand I haue Authozitie,
 Men till exalt to dignitie:
 And to mak Emprouris and kingis,
 And sine depyue thame of thair ringis.
 Peter be my Opinioun,
 Did neuer vse sic Dominioun:
 Apperandlie be my Iudgement,
 That Pape red neuer the new Testament:
 Of he had leirit at that loir,
 He had refusit sic vane gloir.

Mat. 27

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As Barnabas, Peter, and Paull,
And richt sa Christis Discipulis all.

Act. 10. The Capirane Cornelius,
Gehen sanct Peter come till his house:
Till worschip him fell at his feir,
Bot sanct Peter with humbill spreit,
Did rais him vp with diligence,

Apo. 19 And did refuse sic Reuerence:

& 22. Richt sa sanct Johne the Euangelist.
The Angellis feir he wald haue kist:
Bot he refusit sic honour,
Sapand I am bot seruitour:

Richt sa thy fellow and thy brother,
Geue gloir to GOD and to nane vther;
AA. 14. And like wise Barnabas and Paull,
Sic honour did refuse at all:

In Litra quhair thap wrocht greit warldis,
The Priest of Jupiter with his Clarkis:
And all the pepill with thair anice,
Wald haue maid to thame Sacrifice:
Of quhilk thap war sa discontent,
That thap thair cleithing raue and rent,
And Paull amang thame rudely ran,
Sapand, I am ane mortall man:
Geue gloir to God of Kingis King,
That maid heuin, eirch, and euery thing,
Sen Peter and Paull vane gloir refusit,
Wich Papis quhy suld sic gloir bebsit?
Peter, Androw, Johne, Ianies, and Paull,
And Christis trew Discipulis all:
Be Goddis word thair faith defendit,
To birn, and skald, thap neuer pretendit:
The Pape defendis his tradition,
Be flammend fyre without remission.
Howbeit men bryk the Law Deupne,

Chap

Chap ar nocht put to sa greit ppne:
 For huredome, nor Idolatrie,
 For Incest nor Adulterie:
 Or quhen zounge Virginis ar deflozie,
 For sic thing men ar nocht abhorie.
 Bot quha that eit is flesche into Lent,
 Ar terrible put to tozment:
 And gif ane preist happinnis to marie,
 Chap do him banis, curs, and warie,
 Thocht it be nocht aganis the Law.
 Of God, as men may cleirly knaw.
 Betuir thir twa, quhat difference bene,
 Baith faithfull folk it may be sene:
 Sic Antitheses mony ma,
 I nicht declair, quhilkis I lat ga:
 And may nocht cary to compyle,
 Of lpk ordour the staitlie stile.
 The sillie Nun will think greit schame
 Withouth scho callit be Madame.
 The pure preist thinkes he gettis na richte
 Be he nocht stylit like ane knicht:
 And callit Schir, befoir his name,
 As Schir Thomas, and schir William:
 All Monkis, ze may heir and se,
 Ar callit Denis, for dignitie:
 Howbeit his mother milk the kow,
 He mon be callit Dene Androw,
 Dene peter, dene paull and dene Robart
 With Chriſt chap tak ane painfull part
 With doubill fleiching fedom the cald,
 Girand and drinkand quhen chap wald:
 With curious Countering in the queir,
 God wait gif chap by Heuin fill heir.
 My Lord Abbot richt venerabill,
 My marschellie vpmest at the tabill:

My Lord Bischop, maist reuerent,
 Set abuse Cirlis in Parliament:
 And Cardinalis during thair ringis,
 Followis to Princis, and to Kingis.
 The Pope exaltit in honour,
 Abuse the potent Emprour.
 The proude persone I think trewlie,
 He leidis his life richt lustelie:
 For quhy? he hes nane vther pine,
 Bot tak his teind, and spend it fine.
 Bot he is oblisit be resoun,
 To preiche vntill his Parichoun:
 Thocht thap want preiching seuintene zeir,
 He will nocht want ane boll of beir.
 Sum Persoun hes at his command,
 The wantoun Wenchis of the land:
 Als thap haue greit prerogatiuis,
 That may depart ay with thair wpuis
 Withouth diuorze, or summonding,
 Sine tak ane vther but wedding.
 Sum man wald think ane lustie life,
 Ay quhen he list to change his wife:
 And tak ane vther of mair bewtie,
 Bot Secularis wantis that lybertie,
 The quhilk ar bound in mariage,
 Bot thap like rammis into thair rage,
 Unpissit rinnis amang the zowis,
 Sa lang as Nature in thame growis.
 And als the Vicar, as I trow,
 He will nocht fail to tak ane kow:
 And vpmast claith (thocht babis thame ban)
 From ane pure selie hous band man:
 Quhen that he lpis for till die,
 Hauring small bairnis twa or thre:
 And his thre ky withoutin mo,

The Vicar must haue one of tho,
 With the gray cloke, that happis the bed.
 Howbeit that he be purelie cled.
 And gif the wife die on the mozne,
 Thocht all the babis suld be forlone,
 The vther how he cleikis away,
 With hir pure cote of roplochy gray:
 And gif within twa davis or thre,
 The eldest Childe hapnis to de,
 Of the thrid how he will be sure,
 Quhen he hes all then vnder his cure,
 And Father and Mother baith ar deid
 Beg mon the babis without remeid.
 Chap hald the Corps at the kirk stple,
 And thair it must remane ane quhyle,
 Till chap get sufficient souertie,
 For thair kirk richt, and dewtie:
 Than cummis the landis Lord perforce,
 And cleikis till him ane heriold hors.
 Pure lanbouraris wald that Law war doun,
 Quhilk neuer was foundit be resoun.
 I hard thame say vnder confessioun,
 That Law is brother till Oppressioun.
 My Sone, I haue schawin as I can,
 How this sife Monarchie began:
 Quhairs greit Impyre for to report,
 At lenth, the time bene all to schort:

¶ Ane Descriptioun of the Court of Rome.

FATHER (said I) quhat rewll keip thar
 in Rome,
 Quhilk hes the Spiritiall dominioun.
 And Monarchie abuse all Christindome:

Behaw me, I mak zow Supplication?

E. **My Sone**, wald I mak trew narratioun
(Said he) to Peter & Paull thocht thay succeid
I think thay proue nocht that into thair deid.

Foz Peter, Andzow & Ihone wer fischaris fine
Of men and women, to the Christian faith:
Bot that to haue, spred thair net w hunk & line
On rentis riche on gold, and vther graith,
Sic fisching to neglect, thay will be laith:
Foz quhy pai haue fischie in ouerthort & strads
The greit part trewlie of all tempozall landis.

With that the tent part of al gude mouabill,
Foz the vphalding of thair Digniteis,
So bene thair fisching verray proffitabill,
On the dry land als weill, as on the Seis,
Thair herpwater, thay spred in all Countreis
And w thair hois net, daylie drawis to Rome
The maist fyne gold, that is in Christindome.

I dar weill say, within this fyfte zeir,
Rome hes resaut furth of this Region,
Foz Bullis & benefice, quhilk thay by ful deir
Quhilk nicht full weil haue papit ane kings
Bot war I worthy foz til weir ane croû, (rasou)
Preistis suld na mair our substance sa consome
Sending zeirliche so greit riches to Rome.

Into thair tramalt net, thay faungit ane fische
Hair nor ane quhail, worthie of memorie:
Of quho thay haue had mony daintie dische,
By quhome thay ar exaltit to greit glorie,
That maruellous monstour callit purgatorie
Howbeit till vs, it is nocht amiabill,
It hes to thame, bene verray profitabill.

Lat

Lat thap þ fruteful Fiſche eſchayp pair net
 Be quhome thap haue ſa greit commoditeis:
 Ane mair fat Fiſche I traist thap ſall not get
 Thocht pai wald ſeirche ourthort þ Occiane
 Adew the daplie dolorous Dirigeis: (ſeis,
 Selis pure Preſtis, map ſing w hart ful ſorie
 Watir thap that paneſul palace Purgatorie.

Fair weil Honkrie, w Chanon, Nun & Freir
 Allace thap will be licheleit in all landis:
 Cowlis wil na mair be hēd in kirk nor queir,
 Lat pai that fruteful fiſche eſchayp pair hādīs
 I counſell them to bind him faſt in bandis:
 For Peter, Androw, nor Johne culd neuer get
 Sa profitabill ane Fiſche into thair net.

Thair Merchandice intill all Nationis,
 As prentit Leid, thair wair and parchment,
 Thair Pardonis and thair diſpenſationis,
 Thap do erceid ſum Tempozall Princes reue
 In ſic traffique thap ar not negligent:
 Of Benefice thap mak gude Merchandice,
 Throw Symonie, quhilk pai hald lytil vice

Chriſt did command Peter to ſeid his ſcheip,
 And ſa he did ſeid thame full tenderlie: Ioan. 21.
 Of that command thap tuke bot lytill keip,
 Bot Chriſtis ſcheip thap ſpulze pieteuſſie:
 And with the woll thap cleith them curiouſſie
 Like gozmād wolfs pai tak of thē thair fude,
 Thap eir thair fleſche, & drinkis baith milk &
(blude.

For that office thap ſerue bot lytill hyre,
 I think ſic Paſtouris ar not for to priſe,
 Quhilk can not gyde thair ſcheip about the
 Thap ar ſa beſie in thair Merchādise, (myre

Mat. 16. Thocht Peter was Porter of Paradyce:
 That pleisand passage craftelie thap clois,
 Throu the richt few, gettis entres I suppois.

Mat. 24. Christ Iesus said, as Mathew did report,
 Wo be to Scribis, and to Pharisiace,
 The quhilkis did close of Paradyce the port,
 Of thame we haue the same experience,
 To enter thair, thap mak small diligence,
 Thap tak sic cure of tempozall besines,
 Richt sa from vs, thap stop the plane entres,

These spirituall keis quhilkis Christ to Peter
 Thair culour cleir w reik & roust ar fadit gair
 Vnoccuppit, thap hald thame in thair naif,
 Of that Office, thap serue to be degradit,
 With Goddis word without y thap remeid it
 Oppinig y port quhilk lag time hes bene closit
 That we map enter with thame, & be reiosit.

Ioan. 10. Contrair till Christis Institutioun,
 To thame that deis, in habite of ane Freir,
 Rome hes thame grantit full Remissioun,
 To past til heui straucht wap wichout in weir
 Quhilk bene in Scotland vlit mony ane zeir.
 Be thair sic bertew in ane freiris hude,
 I think in vane, Christ Iesus sched his blude

Wald God the Pope quhilk hes preeminence
 With aduise of his counsell generall,
 That thap wald do thair detfull diligence,
 That Christis Law nicht keipit be ouer all,
 And trewlie prechit, baith to greit and small,
 And geue to thame spirituall Authoritie,
 Quhilk could perfitelie schaw the veritie.

Quha ca not preche, ane Preist suld nocht be
 (namit

As map be preuit be the Law deupne,
 And be the Canon Law, thap ar defamit,
 That takis Preistheid, bot onelie to that tyme,
 Till all betrew thair harris thap suld inclpne
 In speciall to pzeche with trew intentis,
 And minister the neidfull Sacramentis.

As for thair Monkis, pair Chanounis & pair
 And lustie Ladvis of Religiou. (Freiris,
 I know nocht quhat to thair Office effeiris:
 Bot men map se thair greit abusoun,
 Thap ar nocht lyke into conclusioun,
 Nothar into thair wordis, nor thair warkis,
 To the Apostilis, Prophetis nor Patriarkis.

Gif presentlie thir Prelatis can not pzeche,
 Than lat ilk Bischop haue ane Suffragane,
 Or Successour, quhilk can the pepill teche,
 On thair expensis zeiclie to remane.
 To caus the pepill from thair vyces refrane.
 And quhen ane Prelat, hapnis to decease,
 Than put ane perfite pzechour in his place.

Do thap nocht sa, on thame fall, ly the charge,
 Griand vnabill men authoritie,
 As quha wald mak ane steirmā till ane barge
 Of ane blind bozne, quhilk can na danger se,
 Gif that schip dzoun, forswyth I say for me,
 Quha gair that Steirman sic commissioun,
 Suld of the schip mak restitutioun.

The humane Lawis, that ar contrarious,
 And nocht conforming to the Law diupne,
 Thap suld expell, and hald thame odious,
 Quhe thap persane thame cum to na gud fine
 Inuentit bot be sensual mennis Inguile,

As that Law quhilk forbiddis Mariage.
Causing young Clarkis burn in lustis rage.

Rom. 8. Difficill is Chastitie to obserue,
But speciall grace, laubour, and abstinence,
In till our flesche ap rignis, till we sterue,
That first Originall sin, Concupiscence,
Quhilk we throw Adamis Inobedience,
Hes done Incur, and sall indure for euer,
Quhill that our saull and body deith disseuer

Gene. 2. Quhairfor God maid of Mariage the band
In Paradise (as Scripture dois record)

Ioan. 2. In Galilie, richt sa I vnderstand,
Was mariage honourit be Christ our Lord,
Ald Law & New, chair to thap do conford.
I think for me, better that thap had sleipit,
Nor til haue maid ane Law, and neuer keipit

Mat. 1. Take not Christ Iesus his Humanitie,
Of ane Virgin in Mariage contractit,

Luc. 2. And of his flesche cled his diuinitie?
Quhyn haue yai done that blisful bād deieetit
In pair Kingdome? wald God it war correctit:
That young Prelatis nicht marie lustie wpsis
And not in sensuall lust to leid thair lpsis.

Did not Christ cheis of honest marpit men
Allweill as thap that keipit chastitie,
For to be his Discipulis as ze ken,
As in the Scripture cleirly thow may se
Thap keipit still thair wpsis with honestie:
As Peter and his spousit brethren all,
Obseruit Chastitie Matrimoniall.

1. Tim. 4. Bot now appeiris the prophetic of Paull,
How sum suld rise into the latter age,

That

That from the crew faith suld depart and fall
 And suld forbid the band of mariage,
 Als thow sall find into that same passage,
 Chap suld command from meitis til abstene
 Quhilk GOD creat his pepill to sustene.

Bot sen the Pope our spirituall Prince and
 He dois ouer se sic vpres manifest, (King
 And in his kingdome sufferis for to ring,
 The men be quhome the veritie bene suppress:
 I excuse nocht him self mair than the rest.
 Allace how suld we members be weil blis,
 Quhen sa our Spirituall heidis bene abusit

The famous ancient Doctor Auicene,
 Sapis quhen euill rewine discedis from heid
 Into the members, generis mekill pane,
 Withouth thair be maid haistelie reweid,
 Quhen fald humour downwart dois proceed
 In Sennounis it causis Arthetica,
 Richt sa in the handis cramp Chiragra.

Of Maledpis, it generis mony mo,
 Bot gif men get sum Souerane prelerue,
 As in the theis Sympathica Passio:
 And in the breist, sumtime the strang Caterue,
 Quhilk causis men richt haistelie to sterue:
 And Podagra, difficill for to cure,
 In mennis feit, quhilk lang time dois Indure

So to this maist triumphand court of Rome
 This similitude full weil I may compair
 Quhilk hes bene herschip of all Christindome
 And to the world an euill exemplair,
 That vnuquhil was leid sterne, and luminair
 And the maist sapient sair of Sanctitude,

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 Bot now allace hair of Beatitude.

Apo. 18 Chair Kingdome may be callit Babilons
 Quhilk vnguhile was ane bryche Ierusalem
 As planelie menis the Apostill Iohne,
 Chair maist famous Ctrie hes tint the fame
 Inhabitaris thair of, thair nobill name:
 For quhy? thap haue of Sanctis Habitakle,
 To Simon Magus maid ane Tabernakle.

And horribill baill of euerilk kinde of vice,
 The laithlie Loch of Sinkand Licherie,
 The cursit cone corrupt with couatise,
 Boddowrit about with pryde and Symonie,
 Sum sapis ane Cisterne full of Sodomie:
 Quhais vice in speciall, gif I wald declair,
 It war aneuch for till perturb the air.

Of treuth the haill Christiane Religioun,
 Throw thame ar scandalizat and offendit,
 It can not faill bot thair abusoun,
 Befoir the Throne of God it is ascendit,
 Luc. 14. I dreid but dout, without that pai amend it,
 Apo. 17. The plagues of Iohnes Reuelatioun,
 Sall fall vpon thair generatioun,

O Lord quhilk hes the hartis of euerie King
 Into thy hand, I mak the supplicatioun,
 Conuert that Court, that of thy grace bening
 Thap wald mak generall reformatioun,
 Among thame selfis in euerie Natioun,
 That thap may be ane halie exemplair,
 Till vs thy pure lawit commoun populair.

Houngerit allace, forfalt of spirituall lude,
 Becaus from vs bene hid the veritie,
 O Prince, quhilk schew for vs thy precious
 (blude,

Reuill in vs the fyre of Cheritie,
 And saif vs from Eternall miserie,
 Now labouring into thy Kirk militant.
 That we may all cū to thy Kirk triumphāt.



The Fourth Buik:

Makand mentioun of the deith of
 the Antichrist. Of the generall Iudgement &c.
 with ane Exhortatioun be Experience
 to the Courteour.

PRVDENT Father Experience,
 Sen ze of your beneuolence,
 Hes causit me for to consider,
 How worldlie pomp and gloir bene slider:
 Be diuers stoeris miserabill,
 Quhilk to rehers bene lamentabill:
 Zit oz we pas furth of this baill,
 I pray zow giue me your counsaill,
 Quhat I sall do in time cumming,
 To haue the gloir Euerlasting.

E. **My Sone** (said he) set thy Intent
 To keip the Lordis Commandement,
 And preis the nocht to thyn our hie,
 To na worldlie Authozitie,
 Quha in the world dois maist reiois,
 At farrest ap from thair purpois,
 Wald thow leif worldlie vaniteis,

L. ij.

And think on four Extremitieis,
 Quhilkis ar to cum, and that schoztie,
 Thow wald neuer sin wilfullie,
 Print thir four in thp memozie,
 The deith, the Hell, and Heuinnis glozie,
 And extreme Iugement generall,
 Quhair thow mon rander compt of all
 Thow sall nocht fail to be content,
 Of qupet lpe, and sober rent.
 Considering na man can be sure,
 In eirth ane hour for till indure,
 Sa all warldlie prosperitie,
 Is mixit with greie miserie.
 Wer thow Empziour of Asia,
 King of Europe and Aphrica,
 Greit Dominatoz of the Sep,
 And thocht the heuinnis did the obey
 All fischis swimming in the strand,
 All beist and foull at thp command,
 Concluding thow wer king ouer all,
 Under the heuin Imperiall,
 In that maist heich Authozitie,
 Thow suld find leist tranquillitie:

3. Par. 9. Crempill of king Salomone,
 Hair prosperous lpe had neuer noue,
 Sic riches with sa greie plesour,
 Had neuer king, nor Empziour,
 With maist profound Intelligence,
 And superercellent Sapience,
 His plesand habitationis,
 Precellit all vsher Nationis.
 Gardingis and parkis, for hartis and hindis
 Stankis with fische of diuers kindis,
 Maist profound maisteris of Musike,
 That in the world was nane thame like

Sic treasure of gold, and precious stanis,
 In eirth, had neuer na king at anis.
 He had seven hundred luffie Quenis,
 And thre hundred fair concubenis.
 In eirth thair was nathing plesand,
 Contrarious till his command.
 Zit all his greit prosperitie,
 He thoche it vaine and vanitie,
 And nicht neuer find repos compleit,
 Without affliction of the spreit.

3. Reg. ii.

Eccle. i.

C. Father (quod I) it meruellis me
 He hauing sic prosperitie,
 With sa greit riches by measure,
 Noz he had Infinite pleasure?

E. My sone, the suith gif thou wald knaw
 The veritie I sall the schaw,
 Thair is na worldlie thing at all,
 May satisfie ane mannis Saull:
 For it is sa Insatiabill,
 That heum and eirth may not be abill,
 Ane Saull allane to be content,
 Till it se God Omnipotent,
 Was neuer nane, noz neuer salbe
 Satiare, that sight till that he se.
 Quhairfoir (my Sone) set not thy cure,
 In eirth, quhair nathing may be sure,
 Except the deith allanerlie,
 Quhilk followis man continuallie:
 Thairfoir (my Sone) remember the,
 Within schort time that thou mon die,
 Not knowing quhen, how, in quhat place,
 Bot as it plesis the King of grace.

¶ Of the Deith.

L. iiij.

Of Miserie maist miserabill,
 As deith, and maist abhominabill.
 That dreidfull Dragoun with his darris,
 Ap reddey for to peirs the hartis,
 Of euerie creature on lyue,
 Contrait quhais strenth map na man strepue.
 Of dolent deith this sair sentence,
 Was gewin throuw Inobedience,
 Of our parentis, allace thairfoir,
 As I haue done declair afoir,
 How thap and thair posteritie,
 War all condampnit for to die:
 Howbeit the flesche to deith be thzall,
 God hes the Soull maid Immoztaill.
 And sa of his benignitie,
 Hes mirit his Justice with mercie:
 Thairfoir call to remembrance,
 Of this fals world the variance,
 How we like Pilgramis ewin and moztow,
 Ap traueilling throuw this baill of soztow,
 Sum time in vaine prosperitie,
 Sum time in greit miserie,
 Sum time in blis, sum time in baill,
 Sum time riche seik, and sum time haill,
 Sum time full riche, and sum time pure,
 Quhairfoir (my Sonne) tak lytill cure:
 Pouther of greit prosperitie,
 Nor zit of greit miserie,
 Bot pleisand life, and hard mischance,
 Ponder thame baith in one ballance,
 Considering nane aithozitie,
 Riches, wisdome, nor dignitie,
 Emppye of Realmes, bewtie nor strenth,
 Wap nocht ane day our lyuis lenth:
 Sen we ar sure that we must die,

Fair weil

Fair weill all vaine felicitie.
 Greitlie it dois perturb my minde,
 Of dolent deith the diuers kinde,
 Thocht deith till euerie man resortis,
 Zit strykis he in sundrie sortis,
 Sum be hait feueris violence,
 Sum be contagious Pestilence,
 Sum be Justice Execution,
 Bene pyt to deith without Remission,
 Sum hangit, sum dois lois thair heidis
 Sum bynt, sum soddin into Leidis:
 And sum for thair vnlesum Actis,
 Ar rent and reuin vpon the ractis,
 Sum ar dissoluit be popfoun,
 Sum on the night ar mardzeit down:
 Sum fallis into frenesie,
 Sum deis in Hydropsie,
 And vtheris strange Infirmiteis,
 Quhairin mony ane thousand deis,
 Quhilk humane nature dois abhor,
 As in the Sur, Grauell, and Sor.
 Sum in the flux and feuer quartane,
 Bot ap the hour of deith vncertane:
 Sum ar dissoluit suddanelie,
 Be Catharre, or be Apoplexie.
 Sum dois destrop thair self also,
 As Hanniball, and wise Cato.
 Be thonder deith sum dois consome,
 As he did the thrid King of Rome,
 Callit Tullus Hostilius,
 As wyrtis greit Valerius,
 For he, and his houshald atanis.
 Wer bynt be thonder flesche and banis.
 Sum deis be extreme erces,
 Of Jop, as Valeris dois expres:

Sum be extreme Melancholie,
 Wil die but vther Maladie.
 In Chroniklis thow map weill ken,
 How mony hundreth thousand men
 At slane, sen first the world began,
 In battell, and how mony ane man,
 Upon the sepis dois lois thair lues,
 Quhen schippis on the Roches ruiues,
 Thocht sum die naturallie thow age,
 Far ma beis rauand in ane rage:
 Happie is he the quhelk hes space,
 At his last hour to cry for grace.
 Howbeit deith be abhominabill,
 I think it suld be comfortabill,
 Till all thame of the faithfull number,
 For thay depart from care and cummer,
 From troubill trauell sturt and stryfe.
 Till Jon, and everlasting life.
 Polydorus Virgilius,
 To that effect he wyrtis thus:
 In Thrace quhen ony Chylde bene borne,
 Thair kin and freinds cumis thame be some
 With dolent lamentatioun,
 For the greit tribulatioun,
 Calamitie, cummer and cure
 That thay in eirth at to Indure.
 Bot at thair deith and burying
 Thay mak greit Jon and banketting,
 That thay haue past from miserie,
 To rest and greit felicitie.
 Sen deith bene finall conclusioun,
 Quhat vailis warldlie prouisioun,
 Quhen wisdom map not contramand,
 For strench that flour map nocht ganestand
 Ten thousand Milzeoun of treasour,

May nocht prolong thy life ane hour:
 Efter quhais doleint departing,
 Thy spreit sall pas but carping:
 Straucht way till Joy Inestimabill,
 Or to strang pane Intollerabill.
 Thy vyle corrupit carion,
 Sall turne to putreficatioun,
 And sa remaine in poulder small,
 Vnto the Iudgement generall.

¶ Ane schort Description of the Antichrist.

QUOD I) Father I heir men say,
 That thair sall rise afor that day,
 Quhilk ze call generall Iudgement,
 Ane wickit man from Sathan sent,
 And contrair to the Law of Christ
 Callit the cruell Antichrist.
 And sum sayis that mischeuous man,
 Discend sall of the Tribe of Dan,
 And suld be borne in Babilone.
 The quhilk dissauie sall mony one.
 Infidelis sall of euerie airt.
 With that fals Prophet tak ane part.
 And how Enoch and Elphas,
 Sall preiche contrair that fals Messias.
 Bot finallie his fals doctrine,
 And he, salbe put to rewine:
 Bot nouthir be thesre nor word,
 Bot be the verrew of Christs word.
 And gif this be of veritie:
 The smith I pray zow schaw to me.
 E. My Sone (said he) as wyrtis Iohne,
 Thair sall nocht be ane man alone;

1. Ioan. 2. Having that name in speciall,
 Bot Antichristis in generall,
 Hes bene, and now ar mony one,
 And richt sa in the time of Iohus,
 Wer Antichristis as him self sapis,
 And presentlie now in this dapis,
 Ar richt mony withoutin dout,
 Wer thair fals Lawis weil socht out.
 Quha was ane greiter Antichrist,
 And mair contrarious to Christ,
 For the fals Prophet Bathanieit,
 Quhilk his cursit Lawis maid sa sweit,
 In Turkie zit thap ar obseruit,
 Quhairthrow the Hell he hes desertit.
 All Turkis, Sarazenis and Iowis,
 That in the Soune of GOD notit trowis,
 Ar Antichristis, I thet declair,
 Becaus to Christ thap ar contrair.
- Dan. 8. Daniell sapis in his Propheteis,
 That efter the greit Bawatcheis,
 Sall rise ane madhellous potent king,
 Quhilk with ane wylfulnes sarkall ring
 Richtie and weil in werldis persuingis,
 And prosper in all pleasant thingis,
 Throw his falsheid and craftines,
 He sall flow into welshines,
 The goddis peopill he sall oppresse,
 Be cruell deith, and thair destrouilland,
 The king of kingis he sall ganeiland,
 Sine he destrouilland thair hand,
 3. The. 2. Paull sapis flow the Lordis cumming,
 That thair salbe ane depreding,
 And that man of Iasus,
 Till all men he sall oppresse,
 Quhilk sall sicke the pathis,

Contrarie God to mak debair;
 Bot that Sone of Perdition,
 Salbe put to confusoun;
 Be power of the halie Spirit;
 Quhen he his time hes done compleit.
 Belue not that in time cumming,
 An greater Antichrist to ring,
 Nor thair hes bene, and presentlie,
 Nor now, as Clarkis can espie
 Thaitfor my will is, that thow know,
 Quhat euer thap be that makis the Law:
 Thocht thap be callit Christin men,
 Be naturall relloun thow may ken,
 Be thap neuer of sa greit valour,
 Pape, Cardinall, King, or Emprour,
 Errolland thair tradiciounis,
 Abuse Christs Institutionis;
 Makand Lawis contrair to Christ;
 He is ane verray Antichrist:
 And quha dois fortifie or defend
 Sic Law, I mak it to thee kend:
 Be it Pape, Emprour, King or Quene,
 Greit sorow salbe on thame sene,
 At Christs extreme Judgement,
 Without that thap in time repent.

¶ Ane schort Remembrance of
 the maist terribill day of the extreme
 Judgement.

FATHER (said I) with your licence,
 Sen ze haue sic experience,
 Sit ane thing at zow wald I speir
 Quhen sall that dreadfull day appeir,
 Quhill ze call Judgement generall

What thingis befor that day fall fall?
 What fall appeir that dreidfull Iuge,
 Or how map saltouris get refuge?

Ex. (Quod he) as to thy first questiou,
 I can mak na solutioun,
 Whatfor perturb nocht thine Intens,
 To know day, hour, or moment: 1372 31
 To God allane, the day bene knowin 1373 31
 Whilk neuer was to nane Angell schawin. 17
 Howbeit be diuers coniectouris,
 And principall Expositouris,
 Of Daniell and his Prophecie,
 And be the sentence of Elie:
 Whilkis hes declarit as thap can,
 How lang it is sen the world began.
 And for to schaw, hes done thair cure,
 How lang thap traist it fall Indure,
 And als how mony ages bene,
 As in thair warkis map be sene.
 Bot till declair thir questiouis,
 Thair bene diners opiniounis,
 Sum wyrtars hes the world deupdit
 In sex ages (as bene deupdit,
 Into Falciculus temporum,
 And Cronica Cronicorum:
 Bot be the sentence of Elie,
 The world deupdit is in thre,
 As cunning Maister Carioun,
 Hes maid plaine expositioun,
 How Elie sayis withoutin weir,
 The world fall stand sex thousand zeir.
 Of quhome I follow the sentence.
 And lattis the vther buikis ga hence,
 From the Creatioun of Adam
 Tw thousand zeir till Abraham,

from

From Abraham, be this narration,
To Christis Incarnation.

Richer sa hes bene twa thousand zeiris,
And be this Prophecpis appeiris,
From Christ, as thay mak till vs kend,
Twa thousand till the worldis end.

Of quhilkis ar by gone sickerlie,
Spue thousand, spue hundreth, thre and spfrie
And sa remanis to cum but weir,
Four hundreth, with seuin and fourtie zeir.
And than the Lord Omnipotent,
Suld cum till his greit Jugement.

Christ sayis the time salbe maid schozt,
As Mathew planelie dois report,
That for the worldis Iniquitie,
The latter time sall schoztmit be,
For plesour of the chosin number,
That thay may pas from cair and cumber:

Mat. 24.

Sa be this compt it may be kend,
The world is drawand neir ane end.
For Legionis ar cum but dout,
Of Antichristis wer thay sought out:

And mony takins dois appeir,
As efter schoztlie thow sall heir,
How that sanct Iherome dois Indpte,
That he hes red in Hebrew wypte,
Of spfrene signis in speciall.

Befoir that Jugement generall,
And sum of thame I tak na cure,
Quhilk I find nocht in the Scripture.
Ane part of thame chocht I declair,
First will I to the Scripture fair.

Christ sayis befoir that day be done,
Thair salbe signis in Sonne and Mone,
The Sone sall hyde his bennis bzichte

Mar. 13.

Mat. 24.

Sa that the Mone sall giue na licht,
 Sterris be meimis Iudgement,
 Sall fall furth of the firmament.
 Of thir signes oz we farther gone,
 Sum mozall sence we will expone,
 As cunning Clarkis hes declairit,
 And hes the Sone and Mone compairit,
 The Sone to the stait Spirituall,
 The Mone to Princes Tempozall:
 Richt sa the starris thap do compair,
 To the lawit commonn populair:
 The Mone and starris hes na licht,
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bricht,
 Sa quhen the Sone of licht is dirk.
 The Mone and starris mon be mirk,
 Richt sa quhen Pastouris Spirituallis,
 Papis, Bischoppis and Cardinallis,
 In thair beginning schew greit licht.
 The Tempozall stait was rewlit richt,
 Bot now allace it is nochte so,
 Those schynning Lampis bene ago:
 Thair radious bemis ar turnit in reik,
 For now in eirth nathing thap seik,
 Except riches and dignitie,
 Following thair sensualitie,
 Monp Prelatis ar now regnand,
 The quhilkis na mair dois vnderstand
 Quhat dois pertene to thair office,
 Nor thow can kendill fyre twich Ice.
 Wo to Papis I say for me,
 Quhilk sufferis sic enozmitie,
 That Ignorant worldlie Creatures,
 Suld in the Kirk haue onp cures.
 Na maruell chocht the pepill slyde,
 Quhen thap haue blind men to thair gyde:

For ane Prelate that can not preiche,
 Nor Goddis Law to the pepill teiche.
 Clap compairis him in his wark,
 Till ane dum dog that can not bark.
 And Christ him callis in his greif,
 Hailt like ane murtherer or ane theif:
 The cunning Doctour Augustine,
 Wolfis and Deuillis dois thame despyne.
 The Cannon Law dois him defame,
 That of ane Prelate beiris the name.
 And will not preiche the deuine Lawis,
 As the decreis planelie schawis:
 Bot those that hes authoritie,
 To proupe Spirituall dignitie:
 Nicht gif thay pleisur to tak pane,
 Gar thame licht all thair lampis agane.
 Bot euer allace that is not done,
 Sa darknit bene baith Sone and Mone.
 War Kingis lpuis weill declairit,
 The quhilkis ar to the Mone compairit:
 Men nicht consider thair estate,
 From Charitie degenerate.
 I think thay suld think mekill schame,
 Of Christ for to tak thair surname:
 Sine leif not like to Christianis,
 Bot more like Turkis, and to Paganis,
 Turk contrair Turk makis lytill weir,
 Bot Christiane Princes takis na feir,
 Quhilkis suld aggre as brother to brother,
 Bot now ilk ane dingis down ane vther.
 I know na rellonabill caus quhairfor,
 Except pryde, couetice, and baine gloir,
 The Empriour mouis his Ordinance,
 Contrair the potent King of France.
 And France riche sa with greit rigour,

Esay. 56.

Ioan. 10

Contraste his freind the Emprour:
 And richt sa France aganis Ingland,
 Ingland allwa aganis Scotland,
 And als the Scottis with all thair might,
 Dois fecht for till defend thair right,
 Betuir thair Realmes of Albione,
 Euhair battellis hes bene mony one,
 Can be maid none affinitie,
 Nor zit na Consanguinitie:
 Nor be na way thap can consider,
 That thap may hane lang peice togidder,
 I dreid that weir makis nane ending,
 Till thap be baith vnder ane king:
 Thocht Christ the souerane king of grace,
 Rest in his Testament lufe and pace:
 Our kingis from weir will nocht refrane,
 Till thair be mony ane thousand slane:
 Greit herschippis maid be sep and land,
 As all the world map vnderstand.
 Court. Father, I think that temporall kingis
 Map fecht for till defend thair ringis,
 For I haue sene the Spirituall stait,
 Mak weir, thair richtis till debair,
 I saw Pape Julius manfullie,
 Was to the feild trpumphandle,
 With ane richt aufull Ordinance,
 Contrair Louis, the king of France:
 And for to do him mair dispyte,
 He did his Region Interdyte.
 Exp. My Bone (said he) as I suppois,
 That langis weill till our purpois,
 How Sonne and Bone ar baith denude
 Of licht, as Clarkis dois conclude
 Comparing thame, as ze hard tell,
 To Spirituall stait, and Temporell:

And

And comoun pepill haif dispaire
 Quhilk to the Sterris bene compaire
 Lawit pepill follow ay thair heidis,
 And speciallie into thair deidis,
 The maist part of Religioun,
 Bene turnit in abusoun.

Quhat doith a uail Religious weidis,
 Quhen thap ar contrair in thair deidis?

Quhat holpnes is thair withun,
 And wofe cled in ane wedder-skin?
 So be thir tairminis dois appeir,
 The day of iugement drawis neir.

Now lat vs leif this morall sence,
 Proceeding till our purpose hence,
 And of this mater speik no moze,
 Beginning quhair we lest afore.

The Scripture sapis efter thir signis
 Salbe sene mony meruellous thingis,
 Than sall yfse tribulationis,

In earth, and greit mutationis,

Als weill heir vnder as aboue,

Quhen verrewis of the heum sall moue

Sic cruell weir salbe o' than,

Was neuer sene sen the world began,

The quhilk sall cause greit Indigence,

As deirch, hunger, and pestilence:

The horribill soundis of the see,

The pepill sall perturb and flee,

Jerome sapis, it sall rise on hie,

Aboue montanis be mennis sight.

Bot it sall not spred ouir the land,

Bot like ane wall eum straucht vpstand,

Spne sattill down agane sa law,

That na man sall the watter knaw,

Greit Quhalis sall rummeis rout and rair,

Mat. 24.

Mar. 13.

Luc. 21.

Cuhais sound redound fall in the air.
 All fische and Honskouris maruellous,
 Sall cry with soundis odious,
 That men sall widder on the eird,
 And weping warp sall thair weird,
 With loud allace, and wellaway,
 That euer thap baid to se that day,
 And speciallie those that dwelland be.
 Upon the costis of the se:

Richt sa as sanct Jerome concludis,
 Sall be sene ferleis in the fludis,
 The se with mouing meruellous,
 Sall birn with flammis furious,
 Richt sa sall birn fontane and flude,
 All herbe and tree sall sweit lyke blude,
 Fowlis sall furth to the air,
 Wyld beistis to the plane repair.
 And in thair maner mak greit mone,
 Gowland with mony grislie grone.
 The bodeis of deid Creaturis,

Ezec. 37 Apperit fall on thair Sepulturis,
 Than sall baith men, weimen and barnis,
 Cum crepand furth of how Cauernis,
 Cuhair thap for dreid wer hid befor,
 With sich and sob and hattis soir,
 Wandring about, as thap war wode,
 Effamischit for sale of fude.
 None may mak vtheris conforing,
 Bot dule for dule and lamenting,
 Cuhat may thap do bot weip and wounder.
 Cuhen thap se roches schake in schounder,
 Thow crimbling of the eirth and quaking
 Of sorrow than salbe na slaking,
 Cuhat bene lenand in these dapis,
 May tell of terribill affrapis:

Thair

Thair riches, rentis, nor tressour;
 That time sall do thame small plesour,
 Bot quhen sic wondrous dois appeir,
 Men may be sure, the day dz w. s. neur:
 That Iust men pas sall to the glour,
 In iust to pane for euer moir.

Dan. 13.

Court Father (said I) we daylie reid,
 Ane Artikle into our Creid,
 Saynd that Christ Omnipotent,
 Into that generall Iugement,
 Sall Iuge baith dede and quick also,
 Quhairfor declair me oz ze go,
 Gif thair sall ony man oz w. p. fe.
 That day be foundin vpon hys fe?

Exp. (Quod he) as to that questiou,
 I sall mak sone solutioun,
 The Scripture planelic dois expone,
 Quhen all raiunus bene cum and gone.
 Ze mony ane hundreth thousand,
 That samin day, salbe leuand.
 Howbeit thair sall na Creature,
 Nother of day nor hour be sure,
 For Christ sall cum sa suddandly,
 That na man sall the time espy:
 As it was in the time of Noy.
 Quhen God did all the world distroy.
 Sum on the feild salbe lauborand,
 Sum in the tempillis Mariand:
 Sum befor Iugis makand pley.
 And sum men sail land on the Sey:
 Those that bene on the feild goiing,
 Sall nocht returne to thair lugetiing.
 Quha bene vpon his hous aboue,
 Sall haue na laser to remoue.
 Twa salbe in the myll grinding,

Mat. 24.

On hilk sal be takin but warning:
 The ane till euerlasting gloir,
 The vther lost for euer more.
 Twa sal be lyng in ane bed,
 The ane to plesour sal be led,
 The vther sal be left alone,
 Greit and with mony greillie grone,
 And sa my Sone, thow may weill trow,
 The world sal be as it is now:
 The pepill vsing thair busines,
 As halie Scripture dois expres:
 Sen na man knawis the hour nor day
 The Scripture biddis vs walk and pray
 And for our sin be penitent,
 As Christ wald cum Incontinent.

¶ The maner how Christ sal cum
 to his Iudgement.

WHEN all takings bene brocht to end
 Than fall the Sone of God descend,
 As fyreflaucht haistlie glansing,
 Discend fall the maist heuinlie King
 As Phabus in the Orient,
 Lichenis in haist to Occident,
 Heb. 12. Sa plesandlie he fall appeir,
 Among the heuinlie cluddis cleir,
 Luc. 21. With greit power and Maiestie,
 Aboue the countrie of Iudie:
 As Clarkis dois concluding haill,
 Act. 1. Direct aboue the lustie vaill,
 Of Iosaphat and Mont Oliueir,
 Mat. 25. All Prophecie thair sal be compleit.
 The Angellis of the ordouris nyne,
 Inuironn fall that throne diuine,

With

With heuynlie consolatioun,
 Makand him ministratioun,
 In his presence thair salbe borne,
 The signes of Cros and Crown of thorne,
 Pillar, naillis, Scurges, and Speir,
 With euerie thing that did him deir,
 The time of his grem Passioun,
 And for our consolatioun,
 Apperit sall in his handis and feit,
 And in his syde the prent compleit,
 Of his spue woundis prectious,
 Schynand like Rubeis radious,
 To reprobate confusioun,
 And for finall conclusioun.
 He sitting in his Tribunall,
 With greit power Imperiall,
 Thair sall ane Angell blaw ane blast,
 Ouhilk sall mak all the world agast,
 With hiddeous voice and vehement,
 Rise deid folk cum to Iudgement.
 With that all ressonabill Creature,
 That ever was formit be nature,
 Sall suddandlie start vy atanis.
 Coniunit with saull, flescche, blude & banis,
 That terribill Trumpet I heritell,
 Beis hard in heuin, in eirth and Hell,
 Those that war drownit in the sep,
 That busteonis blast thay sall obey,
 Ouhair euer the bodie burpit was,
 All sall be foundin in that plas,
 Angellis sall pas in the four artis,
 Of eirth, and bring thame from all partis
 And with ane Instant diligence,
 Present thame to his excellence.
 Sanct Jerome thocht continuallie,
 M. iij.

1. Cor.

15.

Mat. 24

Apo. 20

Mar. 13.

On this Judgement sa ardentlie,
 He said, quhidder I eit or drink,
 Or walk, or sleip, forsuich I think
 That terribill Trumpet like ane bell,
 Sa quicklie in mine eir dois knell,
 As Instantlie it war present,

Rise deid folke, run to Judgement.

Gif Sanct Jerome take sic ane frap,

Allace quhat sall we sinners say.

All those quhilk foundin bene on life,

Salbe Immortall bene belife,

And in the twinkling of ane Ee,

1. Pet. 4. With fyre thap sall translatit be:

1. Cor. And neuer for to die agane.

15. As diupne Scripture schawis plane,

Als reddy baith for pane and gloir

As thap quhilk deit lang time befor.

The Scripture sayis thap sall appeir,

An age the thre and threttie zeir,

Quhidder thap deit zounge or auld,

Quhais greit number may not be tauld

That day sall nocht be nussit ane man,

Quhilk borne was sen the world began.

The Angell sall thame separait,

Mat. 26. As Hird the scheip dois from the gait:

And those quhilk bene of Belials band,

Trimbling vpon the earth sall stand,

On the left hand of that greit Judge.

But esperance to get refuge.

Bot those quhilk bene predestinat,

1. The. 4. Sall from the earth be Eleuat,

And that maist happy companie,

Sall ordourit be tryumphantlie,

At the richt hand of Christ our King,

Heich in the air with loude louing.

Full gloriouſſie chaïr ſhall compeir,
 Fairer bright than Phebus in his Sphere
 The Virgine Marie. Queene of Queens,
 With manye a thouſand bright Virgenis.
 The fathers of the auld Teſtament,
 Quhilk wer to GOD Obedient,
 Father Adam ſhall thame conuoy,
 With Abell, Seth, Enoch and Noe:
 Abraham with his faithfull workis,
 With all the prudent Patriarkis,
 Johne the Baptiſt thair ſhall compeir,
 The principall and laſt Meſſinger,
 Quhilk come bot half ane zeir afore,
 The cumming of that King of glorie,
 Hoſtes Elapas honorabill.
 With all crew Prophetis venerabill.
 David with all the faithfull Kingis,
 Quhilk verteuſſie did reule thair Kingis,
 The Nobill Chiftane Joſue.
 With gentill Judas Maccabe,
 With manye a Nobill Campioun,
 Quhilk in thair time with greit Renoun
 Manſlaue till thair liues end,
 The Law of God thair did defend.
 With Eve, that day ſhalbe preſent,
 The Laddis of the auld Teſtament,
 Deboza, Adamis dochter deir,
 With the four laſtie Laddis cleir,
 Quhilk keipit wer in the Ark with Noe,
 Sara and Cerhura with Ioe,
 The quhilkis to Abraham wyfis bene,
 With gude Rebecca thair ſhalbe ſene,
 The prudent wyfis of Iſraell.
 Gude Lya and the fair Rachell:
 With Judith, Heſter and Suſanna,
 M. iiii.

And the right sapient Quene Saba,
 Thair sall compeir Peter and Paull,
 With Chyristis rewe Discipulis all;
 Lawrence and Steuin; with thair blisþ band
 Of Martyris mo, than ten thousand,
 Gregore, Ambrose and Augustyne,
 With Confessouris and repunþhand tyme,
 With Sanct Frances and Dominick,
 Sanct Bernad, and sanct Benedick,
 With small uomber, of Honkis and Freiris,
 Of Carmelitis and Cordeleiris,
 That for the lufe of Chyrist onelic,
 Renuncit the world vnþenzeitlic,
 With Elizabeth and Anna,
 All gude wyffis sall compeir that day,
 The blisþ and halþ Magdalene,
 That day befor þis Soneranes
 Richt plesandlie scho sall present;
 All Summaris that wer penitent,
 On hilk of thair gylt heir al hir grace;
 In heuyn wylþ þu sall haue ane place;
 For wo be it to that bailfull hand,
 On hilk sall stand law at his left hand,
 Wo than to Kingis and Emþriouris,
 On hilkis wer vnrichtous Conquerouris;
 For thair gþour and þairit mak gude,
 Gatt sched so mekill soules blude.
 But Sceptour, Crowne and Rob Ropall,
 That day than sall mak compt of all,
 And for thair cruell tynauie,
 Sall punisþ be perpetualle.
 Ze Lordis and Barolins mar and les;
 That zour pure Tenhamis dore oppres;
 Be greit Gersome, and dowbill mail,
 Hair than zour landis bene auail,

with soze exorbitant cariage,
 with mercheitis of thair mariage,
 Tormentit baith in peccate and weir,
 with burdinnis mair than thap may beir,
 Berthap haue papit to zow thair maill,
 And to the Preist thair sendis haill:
 And quhen the landis agane is sawin,
 Ouhat restis behind, I wald wer knawin,
 I traist thap and thair pure houshould,
 May tell of hounger and of cauld,
 without ze hane of thame pietie,
 I dreid ze sall get na mercie:
 That thap quhen Christ Omnipotent,
 Cummis to generall Iugement,
 wo beis to publick Oppressouris,
 To Tyrannis. and to Transgressouris,
 To Murderaris and common theifis.
 Ouhilk neuer did mend thair greit mischeifis
 Fornicatoris and Seheraris,
 Common publick Adulteraris,
 All pertinac wilfull Heretikes:
 All fals defaultfull Schismatickes:
 All salbe present in that place,
 with mony lamentabill allace:
 The cursit Cain, that neuer was gude
 with all scheddaris of saikles blude,
 Nimrod founder of Babilone,
 with fals Idolateris mony one.
 Nimus the king of Assiria,
 with greit dule sall compeir that day,
 Ouhilk first inuentit Imagerie.
 Ouhairthrow came greit Idolatrie,
 for making of the Image Bell,
 That day his hyre salbe in hell.
 The greit Oppressour king Pharo,

The Tyrant Emppour Nero,
 Sall with thame awse King Herod bring;
 With mony uther carefull King,
 The cruell King Antiochus,
 With the maist furious Olofernes,
 Greit oppreßouris of Israell.
 That day thair hyze salbe in hell.
 With Judas sall compeir ane clan,
 Of fals traitouris to God and man,
 Thair sall compeir of everie land,
 With Ponce Pylat ane bailfull band,
 Of Tempozall and spirituall statis,
 Fals Judges with thair Aduocatis.
 Thair sall our Senzeouris of the Sessioun,
 Of all thair faultis mak cleir Confessioun,
 Thair salbesene the fraudefull sailzeis,
 Of Schirffis, Prouestis, and of Bailzeis,
 Officialis with thair Consistorie Clarkis,
 Sall mak count of thair wrangous warkis,
 Chap and thair peruerst Procuratouris,
 Oppreßouris baith of riche and puris,
 Thow delatouris full of defeit,
 Quhilk mony ane gart beg thair meit:
 Greit dule that day to Judges bene,
 That cunis not with thair conscience clene
 That day sall pas be Peremptouris,
 Withouth Cauteles or dikatouris:
 Na duplicandum nor triplicandum,
 Bot schortlie pas to Sentenciandum,
 Withouth continuatiounis,
 Or ony Appellatiounis.
 That sentence sall nor be retraits,
 Nor with na man of Law debaitis.
 Ze Laubouraris be sepy and landis,
 Perfite Craftismen and riche Merchandis

Leue your dissait and craftie wylis,
 Quhilk sullie sunnill folke begylis,
 Mak recompens heir as ze may,
 Remembryng on this dreidfull day.
 We ith Machomet sall compeir but dout
 Of Antichristis ane hiddeous rout,
 Bischop Annas and Caiphas,
 With him in companie sall pas,
 With Scribes and fals Pharisee,
 Quhilk wzocht on Christ greit violence
 With mony ane Turk and Saracene
 With greit sorrow thair salbe sene,
 Papis for thair Traditionis,
 Contrair to Christis Institutionis,
 With mony ane cowl and clippit Crowne,
 Quhilk Christis Lawis strampit downe.
 And wald not suffer for to preche,
 The veritie, nor the peyll teche,
 Bot lawit men put to greit torment,
 Quhilk vsit Christis Testament.
 All kingis and Quenis thair salbe kend
 The quhilk sic Lawis did defend.
 In that Court sall cum mony one,
 Of the blak byke of Babylone.
 The Innocent blude that thap sall cry,
 Ane lowde vengeance full pietously:
 On those cruell bludie houchouris:
 Martyris of Prophetis and Preicheouris,
 Sum with the fyre, sum with the sword,
 Quhilk planelie preichit Goddis word:
 That day thap sall rewardit be,
 Conforme to thair Iniquitie.
 The Sodomitis, and Gomorance,
 On quhome God wzocht sa greit vengeance,
 With Coze, Dathan and Abzone,

With thair assistance mony one:
 The halie Scripture will the tell,
 How thap sank all down to the hell,
 With Simon Magus sall resort.
 Of proude Preistis, ane schamefull sort,
 That samin day thair salbe sene,
 Mony ane cruell cairfull Quene:
 Quene Semirame King Annus wyfe,
 Ane Tyger full of fure and strepe.
 Togidder with Quene Iesabell,
 Quhilk was couctous and cruell:
 The fals desairfull Dalida,
 The cruell Quene Clethmestra,
 The quhilk did nardreis on the niche,
 Agamemnon baith wife and wiche.
 The quhilk was hir awin souerane Lord,
 As Greikis Stropis dois record.
 With cruell Quenis mony one,
 Quhilk langum war for till expone.

*ye wanton Ladies and burges wifes
 that are for longest tyme: for iure*

*flapping the filth among your feet
 flapping dust along y street:*

*that day for all y pompe or pride
 your taylor shall not y huse be hide*

*the vanitye ye shall repent
 except y ye be penitent.*

Ze wantoun Ladvis, & Burges wyfis,
 That now for spdest taillis stryfis,
 Flappand the filch, amang your feit,
 Rasing the dust into the streit:
 That day for all your pompe and pryde,
 Your taillis sall noche your hippis hyde,
 Thir vaniteis, ze sall repent,
 Withouth that ze be penitent.
 With Phronilla, I her tell,
 Quhilk raisit the Spirite of Samuell,
 That day with hir thair sall resort,
 Of rank Witchis ane sorrowfull sort,
 Brocht from all partis mony ane mple,
 From Sauoy, Athole, and Argyle:
 And from the ryndis of Galloway,
 With mony wofull wallaway.

Ze Brother of Religion,
 In time leuezour abusioun:
 With quibill ze haue the world abusit,
 O: ze that day salbe refusit,
 I speik to zow all generallie,
 Nocht till ane ordour speciallie.
 That day all Creatur sall ken,
 Gif ze war Sanctis o: worldlie men,
 O: gif ze ruke the Skapellarie,
 That ze micht leif in a pleisandrie,
 And get ane gude gros portoun,
 O: for godlie deuotioun,
 That day zow kenzet Sanctitudis,
 Sall not be knawin be zour ludis,
 Zour superstitious Ceremonies,
 Participant till Idolatreis,
 Cord, cuttie sehone, nor clippit heid,
 That day sall stand zow in na Reid:
 For Cowlis blak, gray nor begaird,
 Ze sall that day get na rewaird,
 Zour polite paintit flatterie,
 Zour dissimulare Hypocrisie,
 That day thap salbe cleirly knawin,
 Quhen ze sall seheir as ze haue sawin.
 Chairfoir in time be penitent,
 O: ellis that day ze will be schent.
 I pray zow hartlie as I may,
 Remember on that dreidfull day,
 Ze Abbot. Pryor and Piores,
 Consider quhat ze did profes,
 And how that zour promotioun,
 Was nathing for deuotioun:
 Bot till obtene the Abbacie,
 Ze maid zour vow of Chastitie,
 Of pouertie and Obedience:

Chairfoir remord your Conscience,
 How thir thre vowis bene obseruit,
 And quhat reward ze haue deseruit,
 Quhairfoir repent, quhill ze haue space
 Sen God is liberall of his grace.

Cou. Father (quod I) declair to me,
 Quhair sall our Prelatis ordourit be,
 Quhilk now bene in the world kuand,
 With quhome sall cum that Spirituall band
 Exp. (Quod he) as sanct Bernard descriuis,
 Withour that thay amend thair lyuis,
 And leue thair wandoun vicious warkis,
 Nocht with Prophetis nor Patriarkis,
 Nocht with Martyris, nor Confessouris,
 The quhilkis to Christ, wer trew prichouris
 Thair Predecessouris, Peter and Paull,
 That day will thame misken at all,
 Sa sall thay nocht, I say for me,
 With the Apostillis ordourit be.
 I traist thay sall dwell on the bordour,
 Of Hell, quhair thair salbe name ordour,
 Endlang the flude of Phlegeton,
 Or on the byapis of Acheron,
 Cryand on Charon, I conclude,
 To ferrie thame ouer that furious flude,
 Till Eternall confusioun,
 Withour thay leue thair abusioun,
 I traist these Prelatis mair and les,
 Sall mak cleir compt of thair riches,
 That dreidfull day with hartis soir,
 And quhat seruice, thay did thairfoir,
 The Princelie pompe, nor apparral.
 Of Pape, Bischop, nor Cardinall:
 Thair Royall rentis nor dignitie,
 That day, sall nocht regardit be,

Thair sall na taillis, as I heir say,
 Of Bischopis, be borne vp that day,
 Cum thay nocht with thair conscience cleue,
 On thame greit sorrow salbe sene,
 without that thay thair lyfe amend,
 In time, and sa I mak ane end.

¶ The maner how Christ sall
 giue his Sentence.

Q WHEN all thir Congregationis,
 Beis brocht furth from all Natiounis:
 Quhilk salbe without lang proces,
 Thocht I haue maid sum lang digres,
 For in the twinkling of ane ee,
 All Halkynd sall presentit be,
 Befoir that Kingis Excellence,
 Than scho he sall he giue Sentence.
 first sayand to that blyssit band,
 Quhilk beis ordourit at his riche hand:
 Cum with my Fatheris Benisoun,
 And ressaue your Possessioun:
 Quhilk bene for you preordinat.
 Befoir the world was first creat:
 Quhen I was hungrie, ze me fed:
 Quhen I was naked, ze me cled.
 Oftimes ze gaue me herbery,
 And gaue me drink quhen I was byr:
 And vespit me, with myndis meik;
 Quhen I was prersonar and seik,
 In all sic tribulatioun,
 Ze gaue me consolatioun.
 Than sall than say, O potent King,
 Quhen saw we the desire sic thing?
 We neuer saw thine Excellence,

Mat. 25.

Subdewit to his Indigence,
 This (sall he say) I now assure,
 Quhen ever ze did tell me the pure,
 And for my sakis maid thame supple,
 That gift but doue ze gaue to me:
 Thairfor sall now begin your gloir,
 Quhilk sall Indure for euer more.
 Than sall he luke on his left hand,
 And say vnto that bailfull band
 Pas with my Malediction,
 Till Eternall affliction,
 For company with freindis fell,
 In Euerlasting fyre of hell,
 Quhen I stude nakit at your zet,
 Houngrie, thristie, cauld and wet,
 Richt febill, seik, and like to die,
 I neuer gat of you supple:
 And quhen I lay in prison strang,
 For you I miicht haue lyne lang,
 Withouth your consolatioun,
 Or ony supportatioun,
 Crimbling for dreid than sall than say
 With mony hyddeous harmisay,
 Allace gude Lord quhen saw we thee,
 Subiect to sic necessitiez,
 Quhen saw we the cum to our dure,
 Houngrie, thristie, nakit, pure?
 Quhen saw we the in prison ly,
 Or the refusit herber?
 Than sall that most precellent King,
 To those wretchis mak answering,
 That time quhen ze refusit the pure,
 Quhilkis needfull cryit at your douris,
 And of your superfluitie,
 For my sakis maid thame na supplie,

Refusand thame, ze me refusit,
 With wretchednes so ze war abusit:
 Chairfoir ze sall haue to your hyre,
 The Everlasting birning fyre,
 But grace, but pace, or comforting,
 Than sall thap cry full sair weiping.
 That we wer maid. allace gude Lord
 Allace is thair na Misericord,
 Bot thus withourtin hope of grace,
 Thynne presence of thyn pleisand face.
 Allace for vs it had bene gude,
 We had bene smorit in our Cude.
 Than with ane rair the eirth sall ryue,
 And swallow thame baith man and wpue
 Than sall those Creatures forlozne,
 Warie the hour that thap wer bozne,
 With mony zamer, zowt and zell,
 From time thap feill the flammis fell,
 Upon thair tender bodvis byte,
 Quhais torment salbe Infynpte.
 The eirth sall clois, and from thair sight,
 Sall takin be all kynde of licht,
 Thair salbe gowling and greiting,
 But hope of ony comforting,
 In that Inestimabill pane,
 Eternallie thap sall remane,
 Birnand in furious flammis reid,
 Euer deand, bot neuer be deid,
 That the small minute of ane hour,
 To thame salbe sa greit dolour,
 Thap sall think thap haue done remane
 Ane thousand zeir into that pane,
 Allace I trimbill to heir tell,
 The terribill tormenting of hell:
 That panefull pit, quha can deploir,

Quhilk mon Indure for euer moir?
 Than sall those glorifit Creatures,
 With mirch and Infinite pleasures,
 Conuopit with Joy Angelicall
 Pas to the heuin Imperiall,
 With Christ Iesus our Souerane King;
 In gloir Eternallie to ring.
 Of man quhilk passis the Ingpne,
 The thousand part for till desyne:

1 Pet. 3. Allanerlie to the leist plesure,
 Preordinat for ane Creature.
 Than sall ane fyre as Clarkis lane,
 Mak all the hillis and valevis plane,
 From eirth vp to the heuin Emppre,
 All beis renewit be that fyre,
 Purging all thing materiall,
 Vnder the heuin Imperiall:
 Baith eirth and water, fyre and air,
 Salbe mair perfite maid and fair,
 The quhilkis afoir had mirit bene,
 Sall than be purifit and maid cleir,
 The eirth like Christall salbe cleir,
 And eueryk Planett in his Spheir,
 Sall rest withouthin mair mouing,
 Baith sternp heuin and Cristalling:
 The first and hyest heuin Mouabill,
 Sall stand but turning firme and stabill.
 The Sone into the Orient
 Sall stand, and in the Occident,
 Rest sall the Mone, and be mair cleir,
 For now bene Phebus in his Spheir.
 And als that Lanterne of the Heuin,
 Sall giue mair licht, be greis seuin,
 For it gaif, sen the world began,
 The heuin, renewit salbe than,

Apo. 21.

1. Cor. 2

Richt sa the eirth, with sic deupse,
 Compar till heuinlie Paradysse.
 Sa heuin and eirth salbe all one,
 As menus the Apostle Johne.
 The greit sep sall na mair appeir,
 Bot like the Cristall pure and cleir,
 Passing Imaginatioun,
 Of man to mak Narratioun,
 Of gloir quhilk God hes done prepair,
 Tilleuerie ane that cummis thair,
 The quhilk with eiris noȝ with Ene,
 Of man map not be hard noȝ sene,
 With hart it is vnrhinkabill,
 And with toungeis vnpronounciabill:
 Quhais plesouris salbe sa perfite,
 Hauing in GOD sa greit delite,
 The space now of ane thousand zeir,
 That time sall not ane hour appeir,
 Quhilk can not comprehendit be,
 Till we that plesand sight sall see.
 Quhen Paule was rauischit in the Spreit
 Till the thrid heuin of gloir repleit,
 He sapis the secretis quhilk he saw,
 Thap wer not lesun foȝ till schaw,
 To na man on the eirth leuand:
 Quhairfoir preis not till vnderstand
 Howbeit thairto thow haue desyre,
 The secretis of the heuin Emppre:
 The mair men luikis on Phebus bricht,
 The mair febill salbe thair sicht,
 Richt sa lat na man set thair cure,
 To serche the heich deupne Nature.
 The mair men studie I suppois,
 Salbe the mair from thair purpois,
 To knaw quhairto suld men Intend,

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 Quhilk Angellis can not comprehend
 Bot efter this greit Judgement,
 All thing to vs salbe patent.
 Lat vs with Paule, our minde addres,
 He being full of heuinlines,
 Full humblie he teichit vs,
 Not for to be to curious.
 Howbeit men be of greit Angyne,
 To seik the heich secretis deupne,
 Quhais Judgementis ar vnsercheabill,
 His wapis strange and Inuestigabill,
 (That is to say) past our finding,
 Of quhome na man may find ending,
 It sufficis vs for till Imploir,
 Greit God to bring vs to his glair.

Of certane plesures of the glorifyit bodyis.

SEN thair is nane in eirth man comprehend,
 The heuinlie glair, and plesouris Infinite
 Quhairfor my sone I pray the not pretend
 Our far to seik that mater of delite,
 Quhilk passit Naturall resoun till Indite,
 That God afore that he the world creat,
 Preparit to thame quhilk ar predestinat.

All mortall men salbe maid Immortall,
 (That is to say) neuer to die agane,
 Impassibill, and sa Celestiall
 That fyre nor sword, may do to the na pane,
 Nor heit, nor cald nor frost nor wind, nor rane
 Thocht sic thing wer, may do to them na dre
 Those Creatures rich sa salbe als cleir.

As flammand Phebus in his Mansioun
 Consider than gif thair salbe greit lichte,
 Ouhir euerie aile in that Regioun,
 Sal schine like to the Sone, & be als brichte:
 Lat vs with Paule desire to se that sight:
 To be dissoluit, Paule had ane greit desire, Philip. 1
 With Christ to be in till the heuin Emppre.

And moirouer, as Clarkis can descriue,
 Thir maruellous mirchis beis incomparabil
 Among the rest in all thair wittis spue,
 Thap sal haue sensuall plesuris delectabil
 The heuiniie sound quhilk salbe inquarrabil
 In thair eiris continuallie sall ring,
 And als the sight of Christ Iesus our King.

In his triumphant Throne Imperiall,
 With his Mother & virgine Quene of queenis
 Thair salbe sene the Court Celestiall,
 Apostillis Martyris confessoris & virgenis
 Brichter than Phebus in his spheir & schynis
 The Patriarkis and Prophetis venerabil,
 Thair salbe sene with glorie Inestimabil.

And with thair Spirituall Epis salbe sene
 That sight quhilk bene maist superexcelland,
 God as he, and euir moir hes bene,
 Continuallie that sight contempland.
 Augustine sayis he had leuer tak on hand,
 To be in Hell, he seing the essence,
 Of GOD, nor be in Heuin, but his presence.

Ouha seis God in his diuinitie,
 He seis in him, all vther plesand thingis,
 The quhilk with toung can not pronoucit be,
 Ouhir plesour bene to se that King of Kingis,

The greitest pane þ damnit folk doo thzingis
And to the Deuillis the maist punitioun,
It is of God to want fruitioun.

And moirouer thap sall feill sic ane smell,
Surmoisting far the flewour of eirdlie flouris
And in thair mouth ane taist as I heir tell,
Of sweet and supernaturall Sapouris.
Als thap sall se the heuinlie bziche colouris,
Schyming amang those creatures diupne,
Ouhilk till descriue, transcēdis māis ingpne

And als thap sall haue sic Agilitie,
In an Instant, to pas for thair plesour,
Ten thousand mylis, in twinkling of ane *Et*
Sa thair Jopis salbe without mesour,
Thap sall reiois to se the greit dolour,
Of dampnit folk in hell, and thair tozment,
Becaus of God it is the Just Judgement.

Subtiltie thap sall haue maruelloussie,
Supponing that thair war ane wall of bras
Ane glorifit bodie, map richt haikellie,
Out thzow þ wall without Impediment pas
Siclike as dois the Sone beme thzow þ glas,
Ioan. 20 As Christ till his Discipulis did appeir,
All entres clois, and none of them did steir.

Howbeit in heuin, thocht euerie Creature,
Haue not alike felicitie nor gloir,
1. Cor. 15. Zit euerie ane sall haue sa greit plesure,
And sa content thap sall desire no moir:
To haue mair Jop, thap sall na way implour
Bot thap salbe all sacrificit and content,
Like to this rude exempill subsequent.

Tak ane Crowat, ane ppnt flop, & a quart
Ans

The galloun pitchar, ane punsioun, & ane tun
 Of wyne or balme, giue euerie ane thair part
 And fill thame full, till that thap be our run
 The lytell Crowat in comparisoun,
 Salbe sa full, that it may hald no indit,
 Of sic mesures thocht thair be twentie scoir.

Into the Tun, or in the Punsioun,
 So all those vesselis in ane qualitie,
 May hald na mair without thap be our run
 It haue thap noch alike in quantitie,
 Sa be this rude exampill thow may se,
 Thocht everilk ane be not alike in gloir,
 It satisfiis sa, that thap desire no moir.

Thocht presentlie be Goddis purpance,
 Beistis, Fowlis, and fisches in the seis,
 Ar necessair now for mennis sustinance:
 With cornis, herbis, fiouris, & fructfull treis
 Than sall thair be nane sic commoditeis.
 The earth sall beir na plant, nor beist brutall,
 Bot as the heuins brycht like burall.

Suppone sū be on earth, walkād heir down
 Or heich abuse, quhair euer thap pleis to go,
 Of God thap haue ap cleir fructioun,
 Baith East or West by, down or to or fro
 Clarkis declaris pleasures mony mo,
 Quhilk dois trāscēd al mortal mēnis ingyne
 The thousand part of those pleasures diuine.

Into the heuin thap sall perfite lie know,
 Thair elder freindis, pair fader & pair moder,
 Thair predecessouris quhilk thap neuer saw,
 Thair spousis barnis sister and thair broder
 And euerie ane sall haue sic life till biher,

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Of vtheris gloir and Top thay sall reiois,
As of thair awin, as Clarkis dois suppois.

Than salbe sene that brycht Ierusalem,
Quhilk Iohne saw in his Reueilatoun,
We mortall men, allace ar far to blame,
That will not haue consideratioun,
And ane continuall contemplatioun,
With hote desire to cum vnto that gloir,
Quhilk plesour sall Indure for euer moir.

O Lord our God and King Omnipotent
Quhilk knew oz thow the heuin & erth creat
Quha wald to thee be Inobedient,
And sa deserue for to be reprobat.
Thow knew the nomber of predestinat,
Quhome thow did call & hes them Iustisfit,
And sall in heuin with thee be glozifit.

Grant vs to be (Lord) of that chosinsort,
Quhome of thy mercie superexcellent,
Did purifie as Scripturz dois report,
With the blude of that halie Innocent,
Iesus quhilk maid him self Obedient,
Vnto the deith, and sterrit on the Rude,
Lat vs (O Lord) be purgit with that blude.

Rom. 8. All Creature that euer God create.
As wrois Paul thap wis to se that day,
1. Cor. Quhen the children of God predestinate,
15. Sall do appeir in thair new fresche array,
Quhen Corruptioun beis clengit riene away
And changit bis thair mortall qualitie,
In the greit gloir of Immortalitie.
And moirouer all deid thingis corporall,
Vnder the concave of the heuin Emppre.

That

OF THE MONARCHIE. 181

That now to labour, subiect ar and thrall,
Sone, Done & Heris, eirth, water, air & fyre,
In one maner thap haue one hote desyre,
Willing that day that thap may be at rest,
As Erasmus erponis manifest.

We se the greit Globe of the Firmament,
Continuallie, in mouing maruellous,
The seuih Planets contrarie thair Intent,
At rest about, with routes contrarious,
The wind and seyn with stormes furious,
The troublit air, with frostis, snow and rane,
Vnto that day, thap trauell sur in pane.

And all the Angellis of the ordouris upne,
Hauing compassion of our Misereis,
Thap wis efter that day, and to that tyme,
To se vs freed from our Infirmitis,
And cleagit from thir greit Calamiteis,
And troublous life, quhilk neuer sal haue end
Vnto that day I mak it to the kend.

¶ Ane exhortatioun geuin be Fa-
ther Experience vnto his Sone
the Courteour.

MY Sone, now mark weil in vi memorie
Of this fals world the troublous trass;
On hais dyridful dapis drawis heir a edtois
Thairfoir call to God to be thy adiutorie,
And euerie day (my Sone) memento mori:
And wat not quhe nor quhair þe how sal wia
Heir to remaine. I pray thee not pretend,
And sen thow knawis the time is verie schort
In Christs blude, set all thy haill comfort.

Be not to muche solist in Tempozall thingis
 Sen þe persanis Dape Empziour nor kingis
 Into the eirth hes na place permanent,
 Thow seis þe deith, the dui fullie down thngis
 And reifis the from thair rent, riches & ringis
 Thairfoir on Chzist confirme thine hail intet
 And of thy calling be richt weil content,
 Than God that seidis the fowlis of the air
 All neidfull thing for thee he sall prepar.

Consider in thy Contemplatioun,
 Whien the warldis first Creatioun,
 Mankynde hes tholit this Miserie moztall,
 Ap torment with Tribulatioun,
 With dölour, dreid, and desolatioun:
 Gentiles and chosin pepill of Israell,
 To this byhap, all subiect ar and thzall,
 Cuhilk Miserie but dour sall thier Indure,
 Till the last day (my Sone) thair of be sure.

That day as I haue maid narratioun,
 Salbe the day of Consolatioun,
 Till all the Children of the chosin number,
 Thair endit beis thair desolatioun
 And als I mak the Supplicatioun,
 Ineirthlie maters tak the na mair cummer.
 Dreid not to die for deith is bot ane slummer
 Leif ane Just life, and with ane Iopous hart
 And of thy gudis rak plesandlie thy part.

Of our talking now lat vs mak ane end,
 Behald how Phebus donuware dois descend
 Toward his Palace in the Occident,
 Want Cynthia I se scho dois pretend,
 In till hir watterie Regioun till ascend,
 With visage pail by from the Orient.

The dew now donkis the roses redolent.
 The Marigolds, that all day war reioisit,
 Of Phebus heit now crasclie ar closit.

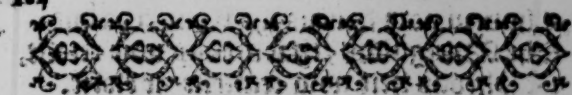
The blissfull birdis bownis to the treis,
 And ceillis of thair heuinlie Harmonis.
 The Cornecraik in the croft I heir hir cry,
 The Bak, the Howlat, febill of thair epis,
 For thair pastime now is the euening fleis.
 The Nychtingaill wih mirthfull melody,
 Hir naturall notis peir sit throw the sky,
 Till Cynthia makand hir obseruance.
 Quhilk on the nicht dois tak hir dalspance.

I se Pole Arctick in the North apper,
 And Venus rising wih hir beinis cleir,
 Quhairfoir (my Sone) I hald it time to go.
 Wald GOD (said I) ze did remane all zeir,
 That I might of your heuinlie lessounis leir,
 Of your departing I am wonder wo,
 Tak pacience (said he) it mon be so.
 Perchance I sall retorne wih diligence,
 Thus I departit from Experience.

And sped me home wih hart syching ful soir,
 And enterit in my qupet Quitoir,
 I tuke paper, and thair began to wypte,
 This Miserie, as ze haue hard asoir.
 All gentill Reidaris hartlie I Imploir,
 For till creule my rurall rude Indyte,
 Thocht Phariseis will haue at me despyte,
 Quhilk wald not y thair crastines wer kend.
 Lat God be Judge, and sa I mak ane end.

FINIS

Quod Dauid Lyndesay.



The Testament and
Complaint of our Souerane Lor-
 ds Papingo, King Iames the Fyfir. Lyand fair
 Woundit, and may not die, till euerie
 man haue hard quhat scho sayis:
 Quhairfoir genzill Reidaris
 haist zow that scho wer
 our of paine.

Complitt be Schir David Lindesap of the
 Hont knicht, Alias, Upoun King of Armes.

Liur post fata quiescit.

THE PROLOG.

SVPPOIS I had Ingpyne Angelicall,
 With Sapience mair than Salamonical
 I not quhat mater put in memorie
 The Poetis auld in stile Heroicall,
 In breue subrell terminis Rethorickall,
 Of euerie mater, Tragedie and storie,
 Sa ornatie to thair heich laude and glorie,
 Hes done Indpte, quhais supreme Sapience,
 Transcendis far the dull Intelligence.

Of Poetis now, intill our bulgar tounge,
 (For quhy?) the bell of Rethorick bene rounge
 By Chawcer, Gower, and Lidgate laureat.
 Quha dar presume thir Poetis to Impunge?
 Quhais sweet secret throw Albion bene sug
 Or quha can now the warkis counterfait.

Of Kennedie, with termes aureait?
 Of Dunbar quha language had at large,
 As map be sene intill his Goldin Targe.

Quirin Merlet, Rowl, Hédersô, Hay & Hollad
 Thocht thay be deid thair libellis bene leuad
 Quhilk to rehers makis Reidaris to reiose,
 Allact for ane quhilk Lamp was in this land
 Of Eloquence the flow and balmy strand:
 And in our Inglis Rethorick the Rose,
 As of Kubeis the Charbuncle bene chose:
 And as Phephus dois Emuthia precell,
 Sa Gawin Dowglas Bischop of Dunkell.

Had quhen he was into this land on lyue,
 Abuse vulgar Poetis prerogative,
 Baith in practick and Speculationn.
 I say nâ mair gude Reidaris may discerne,
 His worthie warkis, in nomber ma thâ spue.
 And speciallie the trew Translationn.
 Of Virgill quhilk bene Consolationn
 To cunning men, to know his greit Ingpne
 As weil in Naturall science as deupne.

And in the Court bene present in thir dapis
 That Ballatis breuis, lustelie and lauis,
 Quhilkis to our Prince daplie thay do preste.
 Quha câ say mair nâ schir James Inglis sapis
 In Ballatis, Farsis, and in plesand playis?
 Bot Culrose hes maid his pen Impotent,
 Kid in cunning and practik richt prudent.
 And Stewart quhilk despzis ane staitlie style
 Full ornate warkis daplie dois compyle.

Stewart of Lorne wil carp richt curiouslie
 Galbraith, Kinloch, quhê thay list thê applie

Into that air at craftie of Ingpne:
 Bot now of lair is start vp haistellie,
 Ane cunning Clark quhilk wyrtis craftelle,
 Ane plant of Poetis callit Ballendpne,
 Quhais ornate warkis my wit can not despyne
 Set he into the Court Authoritie,
 He will pzezell Quintepn and Kennedie.

So thocht I had Ingpne as I haue none
 I wat not quhat to write be sweit S. Johne
 (For quhp?) in all the garth of Eloquence,
 Is nathing left bot barrane stoke and ston,
 The Polite termis ar pullit euerilk one,
 Be thir foirnamit Poetis of Prudence,
 And sen I find nane vther new Sentence,
 I sall declair or I depart zow fro,
 The Complaint of ane woundit Papingo.

Quhairfoir becaus mine mater bene sa rude
 Of Sentence, and of Rethozick denude,
 To curall folk my wyrting bene directit,
 Far flemit from the sight of men of gude,
 For cunning men, I knaw will sone conclude
 It dow nathing bot for to be deiecit:
 And quhen I heir my mater bene detrectit,
 Than sall I sweir I maid it bot in mowis.
 To lādwart lassis quhilkis keipis ky & zowis

¶ The Complaint of the Papingo.

QVHA clpmis to hie, perforce his feit mē
 Expreme I sal that be experience. (sall
 Gif that thow pleis to heir ane pieteous tairl
 How ane fair bird be fatall violence,
 Deuozit was, and micht mak na defence,
 Contrair the deith, sa failzeit natural strength
 As efter I sall schaw zow at mair lenth.

Ane Papingo richt plesand and perfite,
 Presentit was till our maist Nobill King.
 Of quhome his grace a lang time had delite,
 Hair fair on forme I wat flew neuer on wing
 This proper bird he gaue in gouerning,
 To me, quhilk was his simpill seruiture,
 On quhome I did my diligence and cure.

To leirne hir language Artificiall,
 To play platfute, and quhissill fute befoir:
 Bot of hir Inclinatioun naturall,
 Scho counterfatit all foulis les and moir,
 Of hir courage scho wald without my loir,
 Sing like the Merle and craw like the Cok.
 Pew like ane Gled & chant like the Lauerok

Bark like ane Dog, and kekill like ane ka
 Blair like ane Hog, and bullet like ane Bull:
 Gaill like ane Gork, & greit quhē scho was wa
 Chyn on ane Cord, spne lauch & pley the fule,
 Scho nicht haue bene ane menstrall aganis
 This blisfit bird was to me sa plesand, (zule
 Quhair euer I fute, I buir hir on my hand.

And sa befell, in till ane mirthfull morrow,
 Into my garth I past me to repois
 This bird and I, as we war wount aforrow
 Among the flowris fresche, fragrant, & formois:
 An vitall Spzeitis dewlie did reiois,
 Quhen Phebus rois & raue the cloudis sabill
 Throw brychtnes of his beinis anuabill.

Without vapour was weill purificate,
 The temperate air, soft sober, and serene:
 The earth be Nature sa edificate,
 With holsū herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, & grene

Quhilk Eleuate my Spzeitis from the splene
That day Saturne noz Mars durst not ap=
Noz Cole, of his Coue, he durst not steir. (peir

That day perforce behouit to be fair,
Be Influence, and cours Celestiall.
Sa Planeit preissit for to perturb the air,
For Mercurius be mouing Naturall,
Eraltit was into the throne trpumpshall,
Of his Mansioun vnto the spftene gre,
In his awin Souerane signe of Virgine.

That day did Phebus plelandlie depart,
From Gemini, and enterit in Cancer:
That day Cupido did extend his dart,
Venus that day coninnit with Iuppiter:
That day Neptuneus hid him like ane sker,
That day dame Nature wick greit besines,
Furtherit floza to kith hir craftines.

And retrograde was Mars in Capricorne:
And Cynthia in Sagitar alleisit:
That day dame Ceres, Goddes of the corne,
Full Iopfullie Iohne vponland appeisit.
The bad Espect of Saturne was appeisit,
That day be Iuno, of Iuppiter the Iop,
Perturband Spzeitis causing to hald cop.

The sound of birdis surmounit all the skpis
Wich Melodie of notis Musicall:
The balmy droppis of dew Titan vpdrypis,
Hingand vpon the tender twistis small,
The heuinlie hew, and sound Angelicall,
Sic perfite plesure prentit in my hart,
That w greit pyne, fro thine I nucht depart.
Sa still among those herbis amiabill.

I did

I did remaine aue space for my pastance,
 Bot worldlie plesure bene sa variabill,
 Myrt wich sorrow, dreyd, and Inconstance,
 That thair in till is na continuance.
 Sa micht I say my schozt solace allace,
 Was drem in dolour, in aue lyrell space.

For in that garth amāg those fragrant flouris
 Walking allane, none bot my bird and I.
 Vnto the time that I had said mine houris:
 This bird I set vpon aue branche me by:
 Bot scho began to speill rich speidlie,
 And in that ere scho did sa heich ascend,
 That be na way I micht hir appprehend.

Sweet bird (said I) bewar, mōt not ouir hie
 Returne in time, perchance thy feit may failze
 Thow art richt fat, and not weil blit to fle,
 The greedie Gled, I dreyd scho the assailze,
 I will (said scho) ascend, bailze quod bailze,
 It is my kinde to chyn ap to the hiecht
 Of fether and bone, I wat weil I am wicht.

Sa on the heichest lyrell tender twist,
 Wich wing displayis, scho sat ful wātounlie,
 Bot Bozeas blew aue blast oz euer scho wist,
 Quhilk brak the brāche, & blew hir suddanlie
 Down to the ground, wich mony cairfull cry,
 Vpon aue stob scho licht on hir bryst,
 The blude ruschit out, & scho cryit for a preist.

God wait gif thā my hart was wo begone,
 To se that foull flichter amang the flouris,
 Quhilk is greit murnig gan to mak hir mone
 Now rummin ar (said scho) the fatall houris
 Of bitter deith, now mon I thole the schouris

O dame Nature, I pray thee of thy grace,
Lend me laiser to speik ane lytill space.

For to complene my fate Infortunate,
And to dispone my geir, or I departe,
Sen of all comfort I am desolate,
Allane, except the deith heir with his dart,
With awfull cheir, reddo to peirs mine hart:
And with that word scho tuke ane passioun,
Sine flatlingis fell, and swappit into swoun.

With sozie hart peirsit with compassioun,
And salt teiris distilling from mine Che,
To heir that birdis lamentatioun:
I did approche vnder ane Hawthorne grene,
Quhair I micht heir and se, and be vnseene:
And whē this bird had swounit twyse or thriſe
Scho gan to speik, sapand on this wise.

O fals Forzoun, quhy hes thow me beguilic
This day at morne quha knew this rainfull
Vane hope in thee my restoun hes explit, (cace
Hauing sic traist into thy senzeit face,
That ever I was brocht into the Court allace
Had I in forest flown amang my feiris,
I micht full weil haue leuit mony zeiris.

Prudent counsell allace I did refuse,
Agane restoun vsing mine appetyte:
Ambitioun did sa mine hart abuse,
That Colus had me in greis dyspyte:
Poeris of me hes mater to Indyte,
Quhilk clam sa heich, & wo is me thairfoir,
Nor douting that the deith durst me deuoir.

This day at morne, my forme & feddye fair
Abuse the proude Pacok war precelland,

And

And now ane carue carious full of care,
 Washand in blude, down fro my hart distellād
 And in my eir the bell of deith bene knelland
 O fals world sp on thy felicitie,
 Thy pryde, avarice, and Immundicitie.

In the I se nathing bene permanent,
 Of thy schozt solace, sorrow is the end:
 Thy fals Infortunat giftis bene bot lent.
 This day ful proude, & mozne nathing to spēd
 O ze that dois pretend ay till ascend,
 My fatall end haue in remembrance,
 And zow defend from this vnhappy chance.

Quhiddel that I was strikkin in extasie,
 O throw ane stark Imaginatioun:
 Bot it appeirit in my fantasie,
 I hard this dolent lamentatioun,
 Thus dullit into desolatioun.
 Me thoche this bird did breue in hir maneir,
 Hir counsell to the king as ze sall heir.

The first Epistill of the Papingo,

Direct to King Iames the Fyfte.

PRepotent Prince, peirles of pulchretude,
 Gloir, honour, laud, triumphe & victorie
 Be to thy heich excellent Celcitude,
 With Martiall deidis, digne of memorie,
 Sen Atropus consumit hes my glorie,
 And dolent deith allace mon vs depart,
 I leue to thee my trew vnfeizit hart.

Togidder with this Cedull subseqnent,
 With maist reuerend Recommendatioun.

I grant thy grace gettis mony ane document.
 Be famous Fathers predication,
 With mony notabill narration,
 Be plesand Poetis in stile Heroicall,
 How thow suld gyde thy lait Imperiall.

Sum dois deploir the greit Calamiteis,
 Of diuers Realmes transmutatioun.
 Sum pietouslie dois treit of Tragedeis,
 All for thy graces Informatioun.
 Sa I Intend but adulation
 Into my barbour Rusticall Indyte;
 Amag the rest (Schir) sum thing for to wypte

Souerane consaue this simpill similitude,
 Of Officaris seruing thy Senzeorie.
 Quha gydis the weil gettis at thy grace greit
 Quha bene Inuult, degradit ar of glorie (gude
 And Cancellat out of thy memorie,
 Prounding sine mair plesand in thair place,
 Beleue richt sa sall God do with thy grace.

Consider weil thew bene bot Officiair,
 And vassall to that King Incomparabill.
 Preis thow to pleis þ puissant prince preclair
 Thy riche reward salbe Inestimabill,
 Exaltit heich in gloir Interminabill,
 Aboue Archangellis, verteous Potestatis,
 Plesandlie placit among the Principatis.

Of thy vertew Poetis perpetuallie,
 Sall mak mencion vnto the world be endit
 Sa thow exerce thy office prudentlie:
 In heum and circh thy grace salbe comendit,
 Quhairfoir effeir that he be not offendit,
 Quhilk hes exaltit thee to sic honour,

Of his

Of his pepill to be ane Gouernour.

And in the irth hes maid sic Ordinance,
Under thy feit all thing Terrestriall,
Ac subiect to thy plesure and pastance,
Baith Fowll and fische, and beistis pastoral
Men to thy seruice, and wemé thap bene thral
Halking, Hunting, armes, and lesun armour
Preordinate be GOD for thy plesour.

Maisteris of Musicke to recreate thy spreit,
With dancit voice and plesand Instrument:
Thus thow may be of all plesouris repleit,
Sa in thy office thow be diligent:
Bot be thow found sleuthfull and negligent,
Or Inuult in thine execution,
Thow sall not faill deume punitioun.

Ouhairfoir sen thow hes sic Capacitie,
To leirne to play sa plesandlie and sing,
Ryde hors, rpn speiris with greit audacitie,
Schut with hand bow crosbow & Culuering
Amang the rest (Schir) leirne to be ane king.
Kyth on that craft thy pregnat fresche ingyne
Grantit to thee be Influence deupne.

And sen the definitioun of ane king,
Is for to haue of pepill gouernance,
Addres the first abuse all vther thing,
To put thy bodie to sic ordnance,
That thy bertew thy honour may auance:
For how suld Princes gouerne greit Regiounis
That ca not dewlie gyde thow awin personis

And gif thy grace wald leif richt plesandlie,
Call thy counsall, and cast on thame the cure,
Thair Just decreitis defend and forrisie,

But gude counsal, map na Prince lang indure
 Wrik with counsall, than sal thy work be sure
 Theis thy counsall of the maist Sapient,
 Withour regard to blude, riches or rent.

Amang all vther pastyme and plesour,
 Now in thy Adolescent zeiris zing,
 Wald thouw ilk day studie bot half ane hour,
 The Regiment of Princelie gouerning,
 To thy pepill it war a plesand thing,
 Thair micht thouw find thy awin vocatioun,
 How thouw suld vse thy sceptour, sword & cross

The Chronickillis to know I thee erhoze,
 Quhilk map be Mirrour to thy Maiestie,
 Thair sall thouw find baith gude & euil repozs
 Of euerie Prince efter his qualitie:
 Thocht thay be deid, thair deidis sall not die
 Traist weill thouw salbe stylit in that storie,
 As thouw deservis, put in memorie.

Requerist that Hon, quhilk rent was on f rude
 Thee to defend from deidis of defame,
 That na Porit report of thee bot gude,
 For Princes deis Induris bot ane drame,
 Sen first King Fergus bure ane Spadanie,
 Thow art the last King of fyue scoir and fyue
 And all ar deid, and none bot thouw on lpuie.

Of quhais nôber fyftie and fyne bene slane,
 And maist part in thair awin misgouernance
 Quhairfor I thee beseik my Souerane,
 Consider of thair lpuis the circumstance.
 And quhen I knowis I caus of thair mischâce
 Of verrew than eralt thy sailis on hie,
 Traisting to chaip that fatall bestanie.

Exit

Treit Ilk trew Barrou as he war pi brother
 Quhilk mon at neid, thee & the Realme desid
 Quhen suddanlie ane dois oppres ane brher.
 Lat Justice mirit with mercie thame amende:
 Haue y thair hartis, thow hes aneuch to sped
 And be the cōtrair, thow art bot king of bone
 Fra tyme thy heiris hartis bene from the gone.

I haue na laiser for to wypte at lenth,
 Mine haill Intene, vnto thy Excellence,
 Decressit sa I am in wit and strength.
 My mortall wound dois me sic violence,
 Depill of me may haue Experience.
 Becaus allace, I was Incounsolabill,
 Now mon I die ane Catine miserabill.

The secund Epistil of the Papingo,

Direct to hir Brether of Court.

Brether of Court, with mind preordiall,
 To the greit God hartlie I cōmend zow,
 Imprent my fall in your Memoziall.
 Togidder with this Cedule that I send zow
 To preis our hich, I pray zow not pried zow
 The vane ascens of Court quha wil consider,
 Quha sittis maist hie, sal find y sair maist sider

So ze that now bene lansing vp the ladder.
 Tak tent in tyme, festning your fugaris fast:
 Quha clpmis most hich, most dunt hes of f wed
 And leist defence aganis the bitter blast, (der
 Of fals Forroun quhilk takis neuer rest,
 Bot maist redoutit daylie selho down thyrngis.
 Not sparing Papis, Cōquerouris nor Kingis
 O. liij.

Thocht ze be montit bp abone the skypis,
 And hes baith King and Court in gouernace
 Sum was als heich quhilk now riche lawlie
 Complening sair the Courtis variance. (ypis
 Thair preterit time, may be experience, (hie
 Quhilk throw vane hope of court did chyn sa
 Sine wairit wingis, whē pai weind best to flie

Sen ilk Court bene vntrait & transitozie,
 Changing als oft as widdercok in wind,
 Sum makād glaid and vther sum richt sozie
 Formest this day, the morne may ga behind,
 Lat not vane hope of court zour relloun blind
 Traist weil sū mē wil giue zow land as lordis
 Quhilk wald be glaid to se zow hāg in cordis

I durst declair the miserabilitie,
 Of diuers courts war not my time bene schoze
 The dreidfull change, vane gloir and vilitie:
 The panefull plesour, as Poetis dois report,
 Sum time in hope, sum time in discomfort
 And how sum men dois spend thair zouthheid
 In Court, sine endis in the Hospitall. (hail

How sum in Court bene qupet cōsallouris
 Without regaird to commoun weil oz Kingis
 Casting thair cure for to be Conquerouris.
 And whē thap bene heich raisit in pair ringis
 How chāge of court thē dūsfullie doū thringis
 And quhen thap bene from thair estait deposit
 How mony of thair fall bene riche reiosit

And how fond fenzeit fulis and flatteraris
 For small seruice obtenis greit rewardis.
 Pandaris, pphēhākis, cūstronis & clatteraris.
 Roupis bp frō laddis, sine lichys amāg lardis,
 Blasphr-

Blasphematouris beggaris, & cōmon haidis
 Sum time in Court hes mair Ruchozitie,
 Noz deuote doctouris in deuinitie.

How in sum countrie bene barnis of Belial
 Full of dissimulie paintit flatterie,
 Prouokand be Intoricate counsall,
 Princes to huredome and to hasardzie.
 Quha dois in Princes pzent sic harlatrie,
 I say for me sic peiet prouocatouris,
 Suld punischit be abuse all strang tratouris.

Quhat trauelis, troubill and Calamitie,
 Hes bene in Court with in thir hundredth zeiris
 Quhat mortall changes, and quhat miserie?
 Quhat nobill mē bene brocht vpo thair beiris
 Traist wail my freindis, follow ze mon jour
 Sa sen in Court bene na tranquillitie, (feiris
 Set not on it jour haill felicitie.

The Court changes sū time with sic outrage
 That few or nane may mak resistance,
 And spairis not the Prince mair noz the page
 As weil appeiris be Experience:
 The Duke of Rothelap nicht mak na defence
 Quhilk was pectenand Roy of this Region,
 Bot dulefullie deuoyt in presoun.

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour had þ nobil king
 Robert the thrid, from time he knew the case,
 Of his rwa Sonnis dolent departing?
 Prince Dauid deit, and James captiue allace
 Til trew scottis mē quhilk was a cairfull case
 Thus may ze knaw the Court bene variand,
 Quhē blude Royal þ chāge may not ganestād
 Quha rang in Court mair hie & triumphād

No; Duke Murbok, quhil þ his day induriez
 Was he not greit Protectour of Scotlande
 Lit of the Court he was not weill assurit.
 It changit sa, his lang seruice was sinuric:
 He and his Sone fair Water but remeid,
 Forfaltit war, and put to dulefull deid.

King James the first þ patrone of Prudence
 Gem of Ingynne, and Perle of Policie,
 Well of Justice, and flude of Eloquence,
 Quhais vertew dois transcend my fantasie,
 For til discerpne, zit quhen he stude maist hie,
 Be fals exhorbitant conspiratioun,
 That prudent Prince was pieteouslie put doff

Als James the secund Kop of greit Renoun
 Beand in his superexcellent gloir,
 Throw rakles schuring of ane greit Cannoss
 The dolent deith allace did him deuoir.
 Ane thing thair bene of quhilk I maruel moir
 That Fortoun had at him sic mortall freid,
 Throw spstie thousand to wail him be þ heid

My hart is peirct with panis for to pance,
 Or wypte that courtis variatioun,
 Of James the thrid quhen he had gouernace
 The dolour, dreid, and desolatioun.
 The change of Court and conspiratioun:
 And how that Corbrane with his companie
 That time in Court clam sa presumpteoullie.

It had ben gude pai barnis had bene vnbozne
 Be quhome that nobill Prince was sa abusit.
 Chap grew as did the weid abuft the corne,
 That prudent Lordis counsall was refusit.
 And held him qupet, as he had bene Inklusit
 Allace

Allace that Prince, be thair abusoun,
Was finallie brocht to confusioun.

Thap clam sa heich and gat sic audience,
And with thair Prince, grew sa familiar,
His Germane brother nicht get na presence,
The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar,
Luke banest men, was haldin at the bar,
Till in the king thair grew sic mortall feid.
He flemut the Duke, and pat the Erle to deid.

Thus Cochrane with his carpire Companie
Forsit them to flee bot zic thap wātic fedderis,
Abuse the heich Ceders of Libanie:
Thap clam so he til pai lay ouir pair ledderis
On Lawder bug, spne keippit wer in tedderis
Stranglit to deith. thap gat nane vther grace,
Thair king captiue, quhilk was a cairful cace

Till put in forme, that fait Infortunate,
And mortall change perturbis myne Ingigne,
My wit bene waik, my fingeris fatigate,
To dnte or write the rancour and rewpane,
The Cuill weir, the battell Intestune,
How that the sone with baner braid displaie
Aganis the Father, in Battell come arrapit.

Wald God f prince had bene that dan cōfortit
With Sapience of the prudent Salomon:
And with f strength of Strāg Sampso suppoirtit
With the bauld Oist of the greit Agamemnon
Quhat suld I wis. remedie was thair none,
At moorne ane king to Scepter, sword & cross
At ewin ane deid defornit carion.

Allace quhair bene that richt reboutit Kop,
That potēt Prince, gentill king James f seird

I pray to Christ his Saull for to conuoy,
 Ane greiter Nobill, rang norcht into the eird.
 O Atropus warie we may thy weird:
 For he was Mirrour of humilitie,
 Leid sterne and Lamp of liberalitie.

During his time, sa Justice did preuaill,
 The Sauage Jles, trymbled for terror.
 Eskdale, Guldale, Liddisdale & Annandail
 Durst not rebell, douting his dyntis dour,
 And of his Lordis had sic perfite fauour,
 Sa for to schaw, that he effeirit na fone,
 Out throw his realme he wald ride him alone

And of his Court throw Europe sprag f fame
 Of iustie Lordis, and lufesum Ladyis zing,
 Tryumphand toznapis, Justing and knichele
 Wich al pastime, according for a king (game
 He was the gloir of Princelie gouerning,
 Quhilk throw the ardent lufe he had to France
 Aganis Ingland did moue his Ordinance.

Of Flowdownn feild the reuyme to reuolue,
 Or that maist dolent day for till deploir,
 I npll for dreid, that dolour zow dissolue,
 Schaw how that Prince in his tryumphand
 Distropit was quhat neidis proces moir (glour
 Nor be the vertew of Inglis ordinance,
 Bot be his awin wilfull misgouernance.

Allace that day had he bene consolabill,
 He had obtent laud, gloir, and victorie:
 Quhais piteous proces bene sa lamentabill
 I npll at at lenth it put in memorie,
 I neuerred in Tragedie nor storie,
 At ane Joznap sa monp Nobillis slane,
 For the

For the defence and lufe of thair Souverane.

Now bether mark in your remembrance,
The Mirrour of those mutabilitieis.

So may ye know the Courtis Inconstance,
When Princes bene thus pullit fro thair seis
Efter quhais deith, quhat strange aduersiteis
Quhat greit misreule into this Regioun rang
Quhe our yög prince culd nother speik nor gäg

During his tender youth & innocence, (chace?
Quhat slouth quhat reif, quhat murder & mis-
Chair was not ellis bot wraiking of vengeace
Into that Court thair rang sic variance.

Diuers Reuleris maid diuers Ordinance.
Sum time our Quene rang in Authozitie,
Sum time the prudent Duke of Albanie.

Sum time & Realme was reulit be Regentis
Sum time Lufetenentis leidaris of the Law,
Than rang so mony Inobedientis,
That few or nane, stude of ane vther aw.
Oppressioun did sa lowd his Bugill blaw.
That nane durst ryde bot into feir of weir.
Fok vponland that time did mis his Heir.

Quha was mair heich in honour Elevant,
Nor was Margaret our hich & michtie pricis?
Sic power was to hir appropriate.
Of King and Realme scho was Gouernourig
Zit come a change within ane schozt proces,
That Verle preclair that lustie plesād Quene,
Lang time durst not into the Court be sene.

The Archebischop of S. Andros James Be-
Chacellar, & Primate in power Pastoral, (coñ
Clam nixt the King, most heich in his Regiōñ

The Redder schuik, he lay and gat ane fall,
 Authoritie, nor power Spirituall, (uail
 Riches, freindschip, nicht nor that time pre-
 Quhen dame Curia began to steir hir tail.

His heich pyndence auailit him not ane myte,
 That time the Courte bar him sic mortal feid
 As prelsoner chap keipit him in dyspyte,
 And su time wist not quhair to hyde his heid,
 Bot disagysit, like Iohne the raif he zeid.
 Had not bene hope bar him sic companie,
 He had bene stranglit be Malancholie.

Quhat rumer & rair was in Court of France
 Quhen King Frances was takin prelsoner?
 The Duke of Burboun, amid his Ordynace
 Deid at ane straik richt bailful brocht on beir
 The Court of Rome that time ran all areir,
 Quhen Pape Clement was put in strang pre-
 The nobill Ceterie put to confusioun. (soun

In England quha had greiter gouernance,
 Nor thair triumphand courtlie Cardinall,
 The commonn weill, sum sapis he did auace
 Be equall Iustice, baith to greit and small,
 Thair was na Prelate to him peregail.
 Inglisemen sapis, had he rung langer space,
 He had deposite Sanct Peter of his place.

His Princelie pompe, nor Papall grauitie
 His Palice Kopall, riche and Radious:
 Nor zit the flude of superfluitie,
 Of his riches, nor trauell tedious,
 From time Dame Curia held him oddous,
 Auailit him nocht, nor prudēce maist profoud
 The Redder brak, and he fell to the ground.
 Quhair

Quhair bene the douchtie Erlis of Douglas
 Quhilkis Royallie into this Regiona range
 Forfalt and flane, quhat neidis mair proceſt
 The erl of Marche was merſchellit the amag
 Dame Curia thame dulefullie down thrang.
 And now of lair, quha clā mair heich a nāg vs
 Nor did Archebald vniquhile f Erl of Angus

Quha with his Prince was mair familiar,
 Nor of his grace had mair Authoritie?
 Was he nor greit Warden and Chancellor?
 Lit quhen he ſtude vpon the heicheſt gre,
 Traiſting na thing bot perpetuitie,
 Was ſuddaulie depoſit from his place,
 Forfalt and flemit, he gat nane bther grace.

Quhairfoir traist not in till authoritie,
 My deir brether, I pray zow hartfullie,
 Preſume not in zour vane proſperitie,
 Conſorme zour traist in GOD alliterlie:
 Sine ſerue zour prince with enteir hart trewlie
 And quhen ze ſe the Court bene at the beſt:
 I counſall zow, than draw zow to zour reſt.

Quhair bene f hich triūphand court of Troy
 Or Alexander with his twelf prudent peiris,
 Or Julius that rich redoutit Rone
 Agamemnon, maiſt worchie in his weiris?
 To ſchaw thair hie my frait hart affeiris,
 Sum murtherit war, ſum perſonit piercefullie
 Thair cairfull courtis diſperſit dulefullie.

Traist weil thair is na conſtant court bot ane
 quhair Chreſt ben kid, quhais time intermina
 And hich triūphand glair beis neuer gane, (bil
 That qupet Court mirthfull & Immutabill,

Bot variance standis ap firme and stabill,
 Dissimulance, flatterie nor fals report,
 Into that Court sall neuer get resort.

Craift weil my freindis this is na fenseit fait
 For quha that bene in the extreme of deid,
 The veritie but dout thap suld declair,
 Withour regard to fauour or to feid,
 Quhill ze haue time, deir bryther mak remeid
 Adew for euer, of me ze get no moir.
 Beseiking God to bring zow till his gloir.

Adew Edinburgh, thow heich christphad roun
 In quhais boundis richt blythfull haif I bene
 Of trew Merchandis the rute of this Regioun,
 Haist reddie to ressaue, Court, King & Queene
 Thy policie and Justice may be sene,
 War deuotioun, wisdom, and honestie,
 And credence put, thap nicht be found in the.

Adew fair Snadoun with thy towris hie,
 Thy Chapell Ropall, Park, and tabill round
 May, June, and July, wald I dwell in the,
 War I ane man to heir the birdis sound,
 Quhill dois aganis thy ropall roche redound
 Adew Luthgow, quhais Palice of plesance,
 Nicht be ane patrone, in Portugall or Fraunce.

Fair weil Falkland, the Fortres of Ipe,
 Thy polite Park, vnder the lowmound law
 Sum time in thee, I led ane lustie lyfe,
 The fallow Deir, to se thame railk and raw.
 Court men to cum to the, thap stand greit aw,
 Sapand thy burgh bene of all burrowis bail
 Becaus in the, thap neuer gat gude ail.

¶ The commoning betuix the Papingo, and hir haly Executouris.

THE Dye persauit the Papingo in pane,
He lichtit down, and senzeit him to greit.
Sister (said he) allace quha hes zow slane.
I pray zow mak prouisioun for zour spreit,
Dispone zour geir, and zow confes compleit.
I haue power be zour contritioun,
Of all zour mis to gif zow full remissioun.

I am (said he) ane Channoun Regular,
And of my brether Dypour principall:
My quhyre Rokker, my clene lyfe dois declair
The blak bene of the deith Demoziall.
Quhairfor I think zour gudis naturall,
Suld be submittit haill into my cure:
Ze know I am ane haly Creature.

The Ramin come Rolpand quh̄ he hard f rair,
Sa did the Gled, with mony piteous pew,
And senzeitlie thap counterfait greit cair.
Sister (said thap) zour raklesnes we rew,
Now best it is our Just counsall enslew,
Sen we pretend to heich promotioun,
Religious men of greit deuotioun.

I am ane blak Monk said the ruttillad Ramin
Sa said the Gled, I am ane haly Freir,
And hes power to bring zow quick to heuin:
It is weil knawin my conscience bene full cleir,
The blak Bpbill pronounce I soll perqueir,
Sa till our brether ze will giue him gude,
God wait gif we haue neid of lyues fude.

The Papingo said, Father be the rude,
 Howbeit your raiment be Religious lyke,
 Your conscience I suspect be not gude;
 I did persauie quhen priuelie ze did ppeke;
 Ane Chekin from ane Hen vnder ane dpke,
 I grant (said he) that Hen was my gude freind;
 And I that Chekin tuke hot for my teind.

Ze knawe the faith be vs mon be susteind,
 So be the Pope it is preordinate;
 That spirituall men suld leif vpon thair teind,
 Nor weill wait I ze bene predestinate,
 In your extremis to be sa fortunate,
 To haue sic halp consultatioun;
 Onhairfoir we mak zow exhortatioun.

Sen Dame Nature hes grantit zow sic grace,
 Laiser to mak confessioun general;
 Schaw furth your sin in haist quhil ze haif space
 Spne of your geir mak ane memoriall.
 We thye sall mak your feistis funerall:
 And with greit blis, burie we sall your bonis,
 Spne Trentalis twentie, trattill all at onis.

The rukkis sall raie, that men sal on them reu
 And cry, Commemoratio Animarum.
 We sall gar cheikinnis cheip: & gaislingis pett,
 Suppose the geis and hennis, suld cry alacum,
 And we sall serue Secundum Vsum Sarum.
 And mak zow saif, we find sanct Blase to byorch,
 Cryand for zow, the caifull corinoch.

And we sall sing about your Sepulture,
 Sanct Mongois Martyris & the mekill Creid:
 And sine deuotelie say I zow assure;
 The auld Placebo bakwart and the beid,

And we sall weir for zow the murning weid,
 And thocht zour Sprit with Pluto war profest
 Deuotellie sall zour Dirige be drest.

Father (said scho) zour sacred wordis fair,
 Full sair I dreid, be contrait to zour deidis.
 The wpsis of the village, trespis is cair, (meidis
 Euen thap persane zow may ouirthort thair
 Your fals consair, baith duke and drak sair
 I maruell suichlie, ze be not aschamur, (dreidis
 For zour defaltis, being sa defamit.

It dois abhor my pure perturbit Sprit,
 Till mak to zow my Confessioun.
 I heir men say ze bene ane Hypocreit,
 Exemptit from the Senze and Sessioun.
 To put my geir in zour possessioun,
 That will I nocht sa help nie Dame Nature,
 Nor of my Corps I will zow giue na cure.

Bot had I heir the nobill Nightingail,
 The gentill Ja, the Merle, and Turtill trew,
 My obsequis and fristis funerall,
 O'dour thap wald, with Noris of the new,
 The plesand Poun, maist Angellike of hew,
 Wald God I war this day with him confest,
 And my deuise dewlie be him addrest.

The mirthfull Daneis is the gay Goldspink,
 The lustie Lark, wald God thap war present,
 My Infortoun forsuith thap wald forthink,
 And comfort me that bene sa Impotent.
 The swift swallow in prattick maist prudent,
 I wait scho wald my bleding stem belpue,
 With hir maist verteous stane restringitue.

Compt me the case, vnder confessioun,

The Gled said proudelie to the Dapingo,
 And we sall sweir be our Professioun,
 Counsell to keip, and schaw it to no mo.
 We thes beseik, or thow depart vs fro,
 Declair to vs sum causis ressonabill,
 Quhy we bene holdin sa abhominabill.

Be thy trauell thow hes Experience,
 First beand bred into the Orient,
 Sine be thy gude service and diligence,
 To Princes maid heir in the Occident.
 Thow knowis the vulgare pepillis Judgement,
 Quhair thow transcurrit the hote Meridionall
 Sine nixt the Pole, the plaig Septentrionall.

Sa be thy heich Ingynne superlatine,
 Of all countreis thow knowis the qualiteis:
 Quhairfor I thee coniure be God of spue,¹
 The veritie declair withoutin leis,
 Quhat thow hes hard be landis or be seis,
 Of vs kirkmen, baith gude and euill report,
 And how thay Judge, schaw vs we thee exhort.

Father (said scho) I cative Creature,
 Dar not presume with sic mater to mell,
 Of your races ze know I haue na cure,
 Demand thame quhilk in prudence dois pzezell,
 I map not pew my panis bene sa fell.
 And als perchance ze will not stand content,
 To know the vulgare pepillis Judgement.

Zit will the deith alre withdrazw his dart,
 All thay spis in my Demorall,
 I sall declair with trew vnsenzeit hart:
 And first I say to zow in generall,
 The commun pepill sapis ze bene all,
 Degenerie

Degenerit from your halie Primipuis,
As testifeis the proces of your Ipus.

Of your peirles prudent predeceffouris,
The beginning, I grant was verray gude:
Apostillis, Martyris, Virginis, Confessouris,
The sound of thair excellent Sanctitude,
Was hard our all the world be land and flnde,
Planting the Faith be predicatioun,
As Christ had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortifie the Faith thap tuke na feir,
Afor Princes preiching full prudentlie,
Of dolorous deith thap doutre not the deir,
The veritie declaring feruentlie,
And Martyrdom thap sufferit patientlie.
Thap tuke na cure of land, riches nor rent,
Dostrips and deid war baith equivalent.

To schaw ne lenth thair warkis war greit wo:
Thair myraklis, thap war sa manifest, (der,
In name of Christ thap haillit mony honder,
Rasing the deid, and purging the posselt,
With peruerſt spreitis, quiblis had bene opprest
The cruikie ran, the blind men gat thair Ene,
The deif men hard, the Lipper war maid cleue.

The Prelatis spouſie war with ponertie,
Those dapis, quhen sa thap flourishit in fame,
And with hir generit Lady Chastitie,
And dame deuotioun, notabill of name.
Humbill thap war simpill and full of schame.
Thus Chastitie, and dame deuotioun,
War principall raus of thair promocioun.

Thus thap continewit in this lyfe deumpe,
Ay till thair rang in Romes greit Cierie,

The Gled said prouderlie to the Dapingo,
 And we sall sweir be our Professoun,
 Counsell to keip, and schaw it to no mo.
 We thee besek, or thow depart vs fro,
 Declair to vs sum causis ressonabill,
 Quhup we bene haldin sa abhominabill.

Be thy trauell thow hes Experience,
 First beand byed into the Oriens,
 Sine be thy gude seruire and diligence,
 To Princes maid heir in the Occident.
 Thow knawis the vulgare pepillis Judgement,
 Quhair thow transcurrit the hote Meridionall
 Sine nixt the Pole, the plaig Septentrionall.

So be thy heich Ingynne superlatiue,
 Of all countreis thow knawis the qualiteis:
 Quhairfor I thee coniure be God of Ipue,
 The veritie declair withouttin leig,
 Quhat thow hes hard be landis or be seig,
 Of vs kirkmen, baith gude and euill repore,
 And how thay Judge, schaw vs we thee exhort.

Father (said scho) I carnie Creature,
 Dar not presume with sic mater to mell,
 Of your caces ze knaw I haue na cure,
 Demand thame quhilk in prudence dois pzezell,
 I map not pew my panis bene sa fell.
 And als perchance ze will not stand content,
 To knaw the vulgare pepillis Judgement.

Zit will the deich alhte withdraw his darte,
 All thay lpris in my Memoriall,
 I sall declair wich trew vnsenzeit hart:
 And first I say to zow in generall,
 The comuncun pepill sapis ze bene all,
 Degenerit

Degenerit from your halie Primitiuis,
As testifeis the proces of your lyuis.

Of your peirles prudent prederessouris,
The beginning, I grant was verray gude:
Apostillis, Martyris, Virginis, Confessouris,
The sound of thair excellent Sanctitude,
Was hard ouir all the world be land and flude,
Planting the faith be predicatioun,
As Christ had maid to thame narratioun.

To fortifie the faith thap tuke na feir,
Afor Princes preiching full prudenclie,
Of dolorous deith thap dourit not the deir,
The veritie declaring feruentlie,
And Martyrdom thap sufferit patientlie.
Thap tuke na cure of land, riches nor rent,
Doctrins and deid war baith equivalent.

To schaw at lenth thare warkis war greit wo:
Thair myraklis, thap war sa manifest, (Der,
In name of Christ thap haillit mony honder,
Rasing the deid, and purging the posselt,
With peruerst spreitis, quhilkis had bene opprest
The cruikit ran, the blind men gat thair Ene,
The deif men hard, the Lipper war maid clene.

The Prelatis spouit war with ponertie,
Those dapis, quhen sa thap flourishit in fame,
And with hir genetit Lady Chaistitie,
And dame deuotioun, notabill of name.
Humbill thap war simpill and full of schame.
Thus Chaistitie, and dame deuotioun,
War principall caus of thair promotioun.

Thus thap continewit in this lyfe deuour,
Ay till thair rang in Homes greit Cierie,

Ane potent Prince, was namit Constantyne,
 Persauit the kirk had spousit pouertie,
 With gude Intent, and mouit of pietie;
 Caus of diuorſe he ſand betuir ſhame twi,
 And partit ſhame withoutin wordis mo.

Sine ſcho: he with ane greit ſolempnitie,
 Withoutin ony dispensatioun,
 The kirk he ſponſit with dame Propertie,
 Quhilk hailſtelie be Proclamatioun,
 To pouertie gart mak narratioun,
 Under the pane of peirſing of hir Cne,
 That with the kirk, ſcho ſuld na mair be ſene.

S. Silneſter, that time rang Pape in Rome,
 Quhilk firſt conſentit to the Mariage,
 Of Propertie, the quhilk began to ſhine,
 Taking on hir the crite with heich courage,
 Denotioun drew hir till ane Heremitage,
 Quhen ſcha conſiderit Ladie Propertie,
 Sa heich exaltit into dignitie.

O Silneſter, quhair was thy diſcretioun,
 Quhilk Peter did renounce, thou did reſtane,
 Androw and Johne did leue thair poſſeſſioun,
 Thair ſchippis and nettis, hatts, and all ſaif,
 Of temporall ſubſtance nothing wald thair haif
 Contrariouſ to thair contemplatioun,
 Bot ſoberlie thair ſuſtentatioun.

Johne the Bapteſt went to the wilpernes,
 Lazarus, Martha, and Marie Magdalane,
 Left heritage and gudis mair and les,
 Prudent S. Paule, choſe the propertie prophane,
 From toun to toun he ran in wind and raney,
 Upon his ſeit, teichung the word of grace.

And

And neuer was subiect to riches.

The Gled said sit I heere na thing bot gude,
Proceid schoztie and thy mater auance.

The Papingo said Father be the Rude,
It war to lang to schaw the Circumstance,
How propertie with hir new alliance,
Grew greit to Chylde, as trew men to me tald,
And bure rwa dochters gudeli to behald,

The eldest douchter namit was riches,
The secund sister Sensualitie.
Cubikes did Inccres within ane schozt proces,
Preplesand to the Spiritualitie,
In greit substance and excellent beworie,
Thir Laddis rwa, grew sa within few zeiris,
Thairm f world war nane nicht be thair peiris

This Kopall riches, and Lady Sensuall,
Fra that time furth tike haill the gouernance,
Of the maist part of the stait Spirituall.
And thap againe with humbill obseruance,
Amoroushe thair wittis did auance,
As trew iustaris, thair Laddis for to pleis,
God wait gif than thair harris war at eis.

Sone thap forzet to studie, pray and preiche,
Thap grew sa subiect to dame Sensuall,
And thocht bot pane pure pepill for to teiche,
Sit thap decretit in thair greit counsall,
Thap wald na mair to Mariage be thrall,
Traisting surelie to obserue Chaistitie,
And all beggit quod Sensualitie.

Apperandlie thap did trepell thair wifis,
That thap nicht leif at larg without thair lags,
At libertie to leid than listlie liffis,

Thinkand men thrall, that bene in mariage,
 For new faces prouokis new courage.
 Thus Chastitie thap turne into delpte,
 Wanting of wpsis bene caus of appetpte.

Dame Chastitie did steil away for schame,
 Fra time scho did persauie thair prouiance,
 Dame Sensuall a letter gart proclame,
 And hir exylie Italie and France,
 In Ingland couth scho get noue Ordinance,
 Than to the King, and Court of Scotland,
 Scho markit hir withouten maie demand.

Traistling into that Court to get comfort,
 Scho maid hir humbill Supplication.
 Schozte thap said, scho suld get na support,
 Bot boistit hir with blasphematioun,
 To Preistis ga mak your protestatioun:
 It is (said thap) mony ane hundreth zeir,
 Sen Chastitie had ony entres heir.

Erreit for travell scho to the Preistis past
 And to the Rewlaris of Religioun:
 Of hir presence schozte thap war agast,
 Sapand thap thoche it bot abusoun,
 Hir to ressaue sa with conclusioun,
 With ane auise, decretit and gaue dome,
 Thap wald resset na Rebelle out of Rome.

Suld we ressaue that Romanis hes refusit,
 And banerit Ingland, Italie and France:
 For your flatterie, than war we weil abusit,
 Was hyne (said thap) and fast your way atiance
 Among the Nonnis ga seik your Ordinance,
 For we haue maid aich of Fidelitie,
 To dame riches and Sensualitie.

Chan

Than pacientlie scho maid pzogressioun,
 Toward the Nunnis, with hart-siching fuf fons
 Chap gaue hir presence with Proccessioun,
 Restauand hir, with honour, laude and gloir,
 Purposing to preserue hir euer moir.
 Of that nouellis come to dame propertie,
 To Riches, and to Sensualitie.

Onhilkis sped them at the poist richt spedele
 And set ane seige prondlie about the place:
 The litlie Nunnis did zeild thame haistlie,
 And humble of that golt askit grace,
 Sine gaue thair bandis of perpetuall pace:
 Restauand thame, chap kest by wykketis wpde
 Chan Chaistie thair na langer wald abyde.

Sa for refuge fast to the freiris scho fled.
 Onhilkis said chap wald of Lapis tak na cure
 Onhair bene scho now, than said the gredie gleid
 Nocht amangzow (said scho) I zow assure,
 I traist scho bene vpon the burrow mure,
 Besoueth Edinburgh, & that richt mony menis,
 Profest amang the Sisters of the Senis.

Thair hes scho found hir mother Ponertie,
 And Deuotioun hir awin sister carnall:
 Thair hes scho found Faith, Hope, & Cherie,
 Tagidder with the vertuous Cardinall.
 Thair hes scho found, ane Conuente fir vichhall,
 To dame Sensuall, nor with riches abusie,
 Sa qupetlie thase Lapis bene Inklusit.

The Prior said, I dreid chap be assailzie,
 Chap rander thame as did the halie Nunnis.
 Dout nocht (said scho) for chap bene sa arrailzie
 Chap purposis to defend them with pair gunnis

Reddy to schure, thay haue ser greit Cannounis
 Perseuerance, Coustaunce, and Conscience,
 Mullerrie, Labour, and Abstinence.

To resist subrell Sensualitie.

Strangle thay bene euarmit feit and handis,
 Be abstinence, and helpit pouertie,
 Contrair riches, and all hie fals seruandis.
 Thay haue one humbair braillie vp in bandis
 To keep thair port in middis of thair clois,
 Ouhil is callit, Domine custodi nos.

Within quhairs schot thair bar na enemies,
 Approche thair place for dreid of dyntis blow,
 Baith night and day thay wirk as belie beis,
 For thair defence redoy to stand in flour,
 And hes sic watchis on thair vter tour,
 That name Sensual, w leige doe not assaile,
 Hoc cum within the schot of hir artaile.

The Ppor said, quhairto suld thay presume
 For to resist swett Sensualitie,
 Or vaine riches, whilkis regularis bene in Rome
 At thay maist constant in thair quantie,
 Nor the Princies of Spiritualitie,
 Ouhilkis pleasandlie withoutin obstakle,
 Hes thame ressaue in thair habitakle.

How lang traist ze thole Laddis sall remane
 Sa soluar in sic perfectioun,
 The Papingis said brother in certane,
 Sa lang as thay obey correctioun,
 Cheisting thair heidis be Electioun,
 On thair all to riches or to pouertie,
 Wot ag requyris thair necessitie.

O prudent prelatis, quhair was your prescience
 That tuke in hand till obserue Chastitie,
 But austere life, labour and abstinences
 Pursuit ze not the greit prosperitie,
 Apperandlie to cum of propertie.
 Ze know greit cheir, greit eis and Idilnes,
 To Licherie was mocher and Maistres.

Thow rais vnrockit, & Ramin said be & Rude.
 Sa to reprove Riches or Propertie.
 Abraham and Isaac wer riche and verray gude.
 Jacob and Joseph had prosperitie.
 The Papingo said that is veritie:
 Riches I grant, is not to be refusit.
 Prouding alwayis that it be not abusit.

Than said the Ramin ane replicatioun.
 Sine said thy resoun is not worth ane myte,
 As I sall proue with protestatioun.
 That na man tak my wordis in despyte,
 I say the Temporall princes hes the wyte,
 That in the Kirk sit pastours dois proude.
 To gouerne schullis & uocht them selfis ran gyde.

Lang tyme efter the Kirk tuke propertie,
 The Prelatis leuit in greit perfectioun,
 Vnchall to Riches or Sensualite.
 Under the haly Spirit is protectioun.
 Ordourlie chosin be Electioun.
 As Gregorie, Hieronie, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
 Benedic, Bernhard, Clement, Celsit and Iune.

Sic pacient Prelatis enyrie be the poth,
 Plesand the peipill be pcedioun.
 Now dyke lowparis dois in the Kirk resort.

Be Spimonie, and Supplication,
 Of Princes be thair presentatioun:
 Sa sillie faultis that bene Christis schep,
 At geuin to hungrie gozmand wolvis to heip.

Na marnell is, thocht we Religious men,
 Degens it be, and in our life confusit.
 Bot sing and drink, nane brither craft we ken,
 Our spiritual Fatheris hes vs sa abusit,
 Aganis our will, those trankouris bene intrusit:
 Lat mit men hes now Religious men in cures,
 Profest Virginis, in keeping of strang huris.

Princes, princes, quhair bene your heich prudes,
 In dispositioun of your Benefices?
 The guerdboung of your Courticiens,
 Is sum caus of this greit enozmitis,
 Thair is ane sort wantand like hungrie fleis,
 For spiritual cure thocht thair be naething abill
 Quhairis greedie christis bene Insatiabill.

Princes I pray you be na mair abusit,
 Courtious men hauing sa small regard:
 Quhy suld vertew throw flatterie be refusit,
 That men for cunning can get na rewaird?
 Allace that ane braggart on ane baill;
 Ane huremaister, or colmon hafarture,
 Suld in the kirk get any kinde of cure.

Mar I a man worthie to weir ane Crown,
 No quhen thair baillit on Benefices,
 I suld gar call ane Congregatioun,
 The principall of all the Princes,
 Paist cunning Glacous of Vniuersitis,
 Paist faithous Fatheris of Religion,
 With thair aulse mak dispositioun.

I suld dispone all offices Pastozallis,
 Till doctouris of deuinitie or Iure.
 And caus dame vertew pull vp all hir saillis,
 Quhen cunning men had in the kirk maist cure
 Gar Lordis send thair sonnys, I zow assure,
 To seek science and famous sculis frequent.
 Sine thame promoue, that war maist sapient.

Geit plesour war to heir ane Bischop preiche
 Ane Dane, or doctour of deuinitie,
 Ane Abbot quhilk culd weill his conuent teiche
 Ane persone flowing in Philosophie.
 I tyne my time, to wis quhilk will not be:
 War not the preiching of the begging freiris,
 Tynt war the faith among the Seculeiris.

As for thair preiching, quod the Papingo,
 I thame excuse, for quhy, thap bene sa thzall,
 To propertie and hir ding dochteris twa,
 Dame riches, and fair Ladie Sensuall,
 Thap may not vse na pastime Spirituall,
 And in thair habites, thap tak sic delyte,
 Thap haue renouncit russet and roploch quhyre.

Clerikand to thame Skarlot and Cramosse
 With Meneuer martrik, gyce & riche array;
 Thair law hartis exaltit ar sa hie,
 To se thair papall pomp, it is ane pyne,
 Bair riche array is now with freingris syne,
 Vpon the barding of ane Bischopis Mule:
 Nor euer had Paule or Peter aganis Zule.

Sine fair Ladpis thair chene may not eschape
 Dame Sensuall sa, sic leid hes in thame sawin.
 Les skairch it war with licence of the Paip,
 That ilk Prelate ane wife had of his awin,

For se thair bastardis ouirthort & cosutrie blawin
 For now be chap, be weill cummin fra the sculis
 Chap fall to work, as chap war comoun bullis.

PEW (quod & Gled) thow pzechis all in vane
 Ze secular folkis hes of our care na cures,
 I grant (said scho) zit men will speik agane,
 How ze haue maid a hundreth thousand huris,
 Quhilkis neuer had bene, war not zour licherus
 And gif I lie, hartlie I me repent, (kuris
 Was neuer bird, I wait mair penitent.

Than scho hir schraue wity deuote countenance
 To that fals Gled, quhilk fenzeit him a freir.
 And quhen scho had fulfillit hir pennance,
 Full subtellie at hir he gan Inqueir:
 Cheis zow (said he) quhilk of vs brether heir,
 Shall haue of all zour naturall geir the cures,
 Ze knaw nane bene mair halie Creatures.

I am content (quod the pure Papingo).
 That ze freir Gled, & corbie Monk zour Brother
 Haue cure of all my gudis and no mo.
 Sen at this time freindschip I find nane vther,
 We salbe to zow trew, as till our mother,
 (Quod thap) and sweir till fulfill hir intent.
 Of that (said scho) I tak ane Instrument.

The Ppot said, quhat sall myne office be?
 Querman, said scho, vnto the vther twa.
 The Rowpand Raurin, said sweir sister lat se,
 Zour halp intent, for it is time to ga.
 The gredie Gled said, Brother do noch sa,
 We will remane, and haldin vp hir heid.
 And neuer depart from hir till scho be deid.

The Papingo thame thankit tenderlie,

And

And said, sen ze haue tane on zow this cure,
 Depart mine Naturall gudis equallie,
 That euer I had, oz hes of Dame Nature.
 First to the Howlet, Indigent and pure,
 Quhilk on the day for schame dar nocht be sene,
 Till hir I leue my gay galbert of grene.

My brycht depurit Ene, as crystall cleir,
 Vnto the Bak, ze sall thame baich present.
 In Phebus presence, quhilk dar nocht appeir,
 Of Naturall sight, scho beue sa Impotent,
 My berneist beik, I leue with gude Intent,
 Vnto the gentill, piteous Pellicane,
 To help to peirs hir tender hart in twane.

I leue the Soik, quhilk hes na sang bot ane,
 My Musike, with my voce Angelicall.
 And to the Soule ze geif, quhen I am gene,
 My Eloquence, and toung Rhetoricall,
 And tak and dyp, my bonis greit and small,
 Spine clois thame in ane case of Ebure spine,
 And thame present vnto the Pheuir spine.

To birne with hir, quhen scho hir life renewis,
 In Arabie, ze sall hir finde but weir,
 And sall know hir, be hir maist heuinlie hewis.
 Gold, Asure, Cowles, Purpoure and Synopier,
 Hir dait is for to leif syue hundred zier:
 Mak to that Bird my commendatioun,
 And als I mak zow Supplicatioun.

Sen of my corps, I haue zow gein the cure
 Ze speid zow to the Court but carping,
 And tak my hart of perfite portraiture,
 And it present vnto my Souerane King,
 I wait he will it close into ane ring.

Commend me to his gract, I zow exhort,
And of my passioun mak him trew report.

Let the my trypis sail haue for zour trauell,
With suffer and luing, to part equall amag zow,
Diapand Pluto, the porein Prince of hell,
Gif ze failze, that in his feit he sang zow,
Be to me trew, thocht I nathing belang zow,
Sair I suspect zour conscience to be large:
Dout not (said thap) we tak it with the charge

Adew brether, quod the pure Dapingo,
To talkin mair, I haue na time to tarie:
Bot sen my Spreit mon from my bodie go,
I recommend it to the Quene of Farie,
Eternallie into hir Court to tarie,
In wilderness among the holtis hoir.
Than scho Inlprut hir heid, and spak no more

Plungit intill hir mortall passioun,
Full greuouslie scho grippit to the ground.
It war to lang to mak narratioun,
Of sichis soit with mony stang and stound,
Out of hir wound the blude did sa abound,
Ane compas round, was w hit blude maid reid
Without remeid, thair was nathing bot deid.

And be scho had In manus tuas said,
Erruettit war hir naturall wittis fine:
Hir heid full softlie on hir schulder laid,
Sine zeild the Spreit, with painis pungitine,
The Ramin began rudelie to rug and rpie,
Full gormoundlike, his emyptie throte to feid,
Cit softlie Brother, said the gredie Gled.

Quhill scho is hote, depart hir euin among vs
Tak thow ane half, and reik to me ane vther,
In till

In till our richt I wait na wicht dar wrang vs
 The Ppot said, the feind restauē the sother,
 Quhpy mak ze me stepbarne and I your brother?
 Ze do me wrang schir Gled, I schrew your hart,
 Tak thair (said he) the puddingis for thy part.

Than wait ze weill my hart was wonder sair
 For to behald that dolent departing,
 Hir Angell fedderis fleing in the air,
 Except the hart was left of hir nathing.
 The Ppot said, this pertenis to the king,
 Quhilk till his grace I purpois to present,
 Thow (quod the Gled) sall fail of thy Intent.

The Rakin said, God uoz I rax in ane rape,
 And thow get this till outhir king oz Duke:
 The Ppot said, plene I nocht to the Pape,
 Than in ane Smedie I be smozit with smuke,
 With that the Gled the peice claucht in his cluke
 And fled his way, the laif with all thair micht,
 To chais the Gled, flew all out of my sight.

Now haue ze hard this lytill Tragedie,
 The sair complaint, the testament and mischāte
 Of this pure bird, quhilk did ascend sa hie:
 Beseiking zow excuse my Ignorance,
 And rude Indyte, quhilk is nocht till auance.
 And to the quair I giue commandement,
 Mak na repair quhair Poetis bene present.

Becaus thow bene but Kethozike sa rude,
 Be neuer sene, besyde none ither Duke,
 With king noz Quene w Lord noz man of gude
 With cote vnclene, clame kinrent to sum cuke.
 Steill in ane nuke, quhen thap list on the luke,
 For smell of smuke, men will abhor to beir the.

Heir I manesweir þ, quhairfoir to lurk ga leir þ.

¶ FINIS.



The Dreame of Schir

Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont

Knicht, familiar Seruitour to
our Souerane Lord, King
James the fift. &c.

¶ The Epistill to the Kingis grace.

RIGHT Potēt prince of hie Imperial blude
Vnto thy grace, I traist it be weill knawin
My seruice done vnto thy Celcitude.
Quhilk neidis nocht, at lenth for to be schawin:
And thocht my zouthheid now be neir ouirblawin
Exercit in seruice of thy Excellence,
Hope hes me hecht ane gudlie recompence.

Quhé thow was young, I bure the in my arme,
Full tenderlie, till thow begouth to gang.
And in thy bed, oft happit the full warme,
With Lute in hand, sine sweitlie to the sang.
Sum time in dansing feirelie I flang:
And sum time playand fairlis on the flure,
And sum time on my office takand cure.

And sum time like ane feind transfigurate,
And sum time like the greislie gaist of Gy,
In diuers formes, oftymes disfigurate,

And

And sum time disagysit full plesandlie,
 Sa sen thp birth I haue continuallie,
 Bene occuppit, and ap to thp plesour,
 And sum time Stewart, Coppar, and Caruour.

Thp purs maister, and secret Thesaurare
 Thp Ischar ap sen thp Natuitie,
 And of thp Chalmer cheif Cubicular,
 Quhilk to this hour hes keipit my lawtie,
 Louing be to the blissit Trinitie,
 That sic ane wretchit worme hes maid sa abill,
 Till sic ane Prince to be sa aggreabill.

Bot now thow art be Influence naturall,
 He of Ingpne, and richt Inquisitpue,
 Of Antike storpis, and deidis Martiall,
 Hair plesandlie the time for till our dypue,
 I haue at lenth the storpis done discrypue,
 Of Hector, Arthur, and gentill Julius,
 Of Alexander and worthie Pompeius.

Of Jason, and Medea, all at lenth,
 Of Hercules the actis honozabill,
 And of Sampson the supernaturall strength,
 And of leill Iuffaris stozis amiabill.
 And oftymes haue I senzeit mony sabill,
 Of Troplus, the sorrow and the Joy,
 And Seiges all, of Tire Thebes and Troy.

The Prophereis of Rymour Weid & Marling
 And of mony uther plesand historie,
 Of the Reid Erin, and the Gyre Carling,
 Comfortand thee, quhen that I saw the sozie,
 Now with the support of the King of glozie,
 I sall the schaw ane stozie of the new,
 The quhilk afoir I neuer to the schew.

Bot humble I beſeik thyne Excellence,
 With ornate termes, thocht I can nocht expreſs,
 This ſemppyl mater for laik of eloquence,
 Zit nochtwiſtanding, all my beſpnes,
 With hart and hand my mynde I ſall addreſs,
 As I beſt can, and moſt compendious,
 Now I begin, the mater hapnit thus.

THE PROLOG.

IN the kalendis of Januarie,
 I ouhen freſche Phebus be mouing circulaire,
 From Capricorne was enterit in Aquarie,
 With blaſtis that the bzancis maid full baire,
 The ſnaw, and ſleit perturbit all the air.
 And ſleit Flora, from euerie bank and bug,
 Throuch ſupport of the auſteir Colus.

Efter that I the lang wynteris nicht,
 Had lyne walking, in my bed allone,
 Throw heup thocht, that na way ſleip I might,
 Remembring of diuers thingis gone:
 Sa vp I rois, and cleithir me anone,
 Be this fair Titan, with his lemis licht,
 ouer all the land had ſpred hir baner bricht.

With cloke and hude, I dreſſit me belpue,
 With dowbill ſchone, & myetanis on my handis:
 Howebeit the air, was richt penetratpue,
 Zit furc I furth, lanſing ouerthort the landis,
 Towart the ſep, to ſchozt me on the ſandis,
 Becaus vnblomit was baith bank and bzay.
 And ſa as I was paſſing be the way.

I met dame Flora, in dule weid diſagysit,
 Cuhilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
 With

With stalwart Roymis, hir sweines was suppre:
 Hir heuinlie hewis war turnit into sabill, (he
 Onhilkis buquhile war to Luffaris amiabill,
 Fled from the froist, the tender flouris I saw,
 Under dame natures Mantill lurking law.

The small Fowlis in flockis saw I flee,
 To Nature makand lamentatioun,
 Thap lichtit down beside me on ane tre,
 Of thair complain I had compassion,
 And with ane piteous exclamatioun,
 Thap said blyssit be Somer with his flouris,
 And warpit be thow winter with thp schonris

Allace Aurora the sillie Lark can cry,
 Quhair hes thow lest thp balmy liquour sweet,
 That vs reioisit, we mounting in the sky?
 Thp siluer droppis ar turnit into sleit.
 Of fair Phebus, quhair is thp holsun heit?
 Quhp tholis thow thp heuinlie plesand face,
 With mystie vapouris to be obscurit allace?

Quhair art thow May, to June thp sister schene
 Weill bozbourit with daisis of delyte?
 And gentill Julie with thp mantill grene,
 Euamilit with Rosis reid and quhyte?
 Now auld and cauld Januar in dyspyte,
 Keissis from vs all pastime and plesure.
 Allace quhat gentill hart map this Indure?

Onirsplit ar with cloundis odious.
 The goldin skpis of the Orient.
 Cha ngeing in sorrow our sang Melodious,
 Onhilk we had wont to sing with gude Jarent
 Resorindand to the heuinis Firmament.
 Bot now our day is changit into nycht,

With that thap rais, and flew furth of my sight.
 Penspue in hart, passing full soberly,
 Vnto the Sey forwart I fare anone.
 The Sey was furth, the land was smoothe & dry
 Than vp and down, I musit mine alone,
 Till that I spyt aue lytill Cause of stoue,
 Heich in aue Craig vpwart I did approche.
 But tarping, and clam vp in the Roche.

And purposit for passing of the tyme,
 Me to defend from Sciolitis,
 With pen and paper to Register in Ryme,
 Sum merie mater of antiquitie,
 Bot Idilnes ground of Iniquitie,
 Scho maide sa dull my Spreitis me within,
 That I wist nocht at quhat end to begin.

Bot sat still in that Caue, quhair I might se,
 The weltering of the wallis vp and down,
 And this fals warldis Instabilitie
 Vnto that Sey makand comparisoun,
 And of this warldis wretchit variatioun,
 To thame that firis all thair haill Intent,
 Considering quha maist had, suld maist repent.

So with my hude, my heid I happit warme
 And in my cloik I fauldit baith my feit.
 I choche my corps with could suld tak na harme
 My mittanis held my handis weil in heit.
 The skowland Craig me couerit from the sleit,
 Thair still I sat, my banis for to rest,
 Till Morpheus with sleip my Spreit opprest.

So throw the buikrous blastis of Colus,
 And throw my walking on the niche befor,
 And throw the skipis mowing maruellous,
 Be Nep.

Be Neptuneus, with mony rowt and roir,
 Constranit I was to sleip withoutin moir.
 And quhat I dremit in conclusioun,
 I sall zow tell ane maruellous visioun.



The Dreame of Schir

Dauid Lyndesay.

ME thocht ane Lady of portratour perfite,
 Did salur me with bening countenance,
 And I quhilk of hir presence had delite,
 Till hir agane maid humbill reuerence,
 And hir demandit sauing hir plesance,
 Quhat was hir name? scho answerit courtesly
 Dame Remembrance (scho said) callit am I.

Onhilk cummin is for Pastime and Plesour,
 Of thee, and for to beir thee companie,
 Becaus I se thy Spreit without mesour,
 Sa sair perturbit be Melancholie,
 Causing thy corps to warin cauld and dry.
 Thairfor get vp and gang anone with me,
 So war we haith in twinkling of ane ee.

Down throw the irth, in middis of the Center
 Or ever I will into the lawest hell;
 And to that cairfull Coue quhen we did enter,
 Zowring and zowling we hard with mony zell
 In flamme of fyre richt furious and fell,
 Was cryand mony cairfull Creature,
 Blasphemand God, and warmand Nature.

Thair saw we diuers Papis and Empyours
 without recouer mony cairfull Kingis
 Thair saw we mony wrangous Conquerours
 withoutin richt reissaris of vtheris Kingis,
 The men of kirk lap boundin into bingis,
 Thair saw we mony cairfull Cardinall,
 And Archebischoppis in thair Pontificall.

Proude and peruerst Prelatis out of number,
 Papis, Abbottis, and fals flatterand freiris
 To sprecie thame all it wer ane rummer,
 Regular Chanonis, churle Monkis & Charte-
 Curious clerkis, & Preistis seculeris. (reis)
 Thair was sum part of Illi Religioun,
 In halie kirk quhilk did abusoun.

Than I demandit dame Remembrance,
 The caus of thir Prelatis punition.
 Scho said the caus of thair unhappychance,
 Was Couerpye, Lust and ambitioun,
 The quhilk now garris thame want fruitioun,
 Of GOD, and heir eternallie mon dwell.
 Into this painfull poisonit pit of hell.

Als thap did nocht instruct the Ignorant,
 Promotand thame to penitence be preiching,
 Bot secrete warldlie Princis in sekne,
 And wat promouit, be thair senzeit fleiching,
 Nocht for thair science, wisdome nor reiching,
 Be Symonie, was thair promotioun,
 Hair for deuicis nor for deuotioun.

And vther cans of the punition,
 Of thir unhappych Prelatis Impudent,
 Thap maid not equall distributioun,
 Of halie kirkis Patrimonie and rent,

Bot temporallie, thap haue it all unspent.
 Ouhilkis su'd haue bene trippartie into thre,
 First to vphald the kirk in honestie.

The secund part to sustene thair estatis,
 The thrid part to be geuin to the puris,
 Bot thap dispone that geir all vther gairis,
 On cartis and dyce, on harlatrie and harris,
 Thir Carpuis tuke na cōpt of thair awin curis
 Thair kirkis reuin, thair Ladpis elenelie cled,
 And richelie rewlit baith at burd and bed.

Thair bastard barnis proudelie thap prouptie
 The kirk geir largelie thap did on thame spend
 In thair defaltis thair subditis wer misgydit,
 And countit noch thair God for to offend.
 Ouhilk gart them wāt grace at thair latter end
 Rewland that rout I saw in Caipis of Bias,
 Symon Magus, and Bischop Caiphas.

Bischop Annas and the tratour Indas,
 Machomet, that Propheit popsonabill,
 Choz, Vathan, and Abiron thair was,
 Heretikes we saw Innumerabill.
 It was ane sicht richt wonderous lamentabill
 How that thap lay into thap flammis fleting.
 With cairfull cryis, gpyning and greting.

Religious men war punischt panefullie,
 For vane glozie als for Inobedience,
 Brekend thair constitutiounis wilfullie,
 Nocht hauing thair ouermen in reuerence.
 To know thair rewl thap maid na diligence,
 Unlesumlie thap vsit properteie,
 Passing the boundis of wilfull pouerteie.
 Full soir weiping with voices lamentabill.

Thap cryit lowd, O Emprour Constantine
 We may wpte thy possessioun popsonabill,
 Of all our greit punitioun and ppue.
 How beist thy purpois was till ane gude fyne,
 Thow banest from us crew deuotioun,
 Panand sic Ce till out promotioun.

Than we beheld ane den full dolorus,
 Onhair that Princes and Lordis Temporal,
 War cruciate with panis rigorus.
 Bot to expeme thair panis in speciall,
 It dois exceid all my memorzall,
 Inpozrabil pane thap had but comforting,
 Thair blude Royal maid thame na supporting

Sum ratue Kingis for cruell oppressioun,
 And vther sum for thair wrangous conquest,
 War condampnit thap and thair successioun,
 Sum for publick Adulterie and Incest.
 Sum leit thair pepill neuer leif in rest,
 Dehyring sa in plesour Sensuall.
 Onhairfor thair pane was thair perpetuall.

Thair was the rursit Emprour Nero,
 Of euertilk vice the horribill velschell,
 Thair was Pharaod, with diuers Princes mo,
 Oppressouris of the bairnis of Israell,
 Herod, and mony ma than I can tell,
 Ponce Place was thair hangit be the hals,
 With vniust Judges for thair sentence fals.

Dukis Marquessis, Erlis Barrounis Knichtis
 With thap Princes war punist panefullie.
 Participant thap war of thair vnrichtis.
 Fordwair we went and leit thair Lordis ly,
 And saw onhair Ladys lamentabill,

Like wod Upounis war fairfullie cryand,
In flam of fyre, richt furiouslye cryand.

Emprices, Quenis, and Ladpis of honouris
Monp Duches, and Countes full of cair:
Thap peirlic mine hart, thap tender Creatures
Sa ppnit in that pit full of dispaire,
Plungit in pane wich monp reuthfull cair.
Sum for thair pryde, sum for Adulterie,
Sum for thair tyfing men to Licherie.

Sum had bene cruell and malicious,
Sum for making of wraungous Heritouris,
For to rehers thair lpfis vicious,
It war bot rare to the Auditouris,
Of Licherie thap war the verray luris,
Wich thair prouocative Impudicitie,
Wrocht monp ane man to Infelicitie.

Sum women for thair pusillanimitie,
Quicler to schame thap did thame neuer schryue
Of secret sinnis done in qupetie,
And sum repentit neuer in thair lyue:
Onhairfoir but reuth thap russeis did them ryue
Rigorouslye without compassioun.
Greit was thair dule and lamentatioun.

Quhae
horribill
torment
of con-
science
was this
auricu-
lar con-
fessioun

That we war maid, thap cryit oft allace,
Thus tormentit with panis Intollerabill,
We mendit nocht, quhe we had time and space
Bot tike in eirth our lustis delectabill:
Onhairfoir wich feindis bgly and horribill,
We ar condemnit for ever maie allace,
Eternallie, withouttin hope of grace.

Onhair is the meit and drink delicious,
Wich quhylk we fed our fairfull Carionis!

Gold, silver, silk, with Pearlis precious
 Our riches, rentis, and our possessionis;
 Withouthin hope of our Remissionis,
 Allace our panis ar Insufferabill,
 And our tormentis to compt Innumerabill.

Than we beheld quhair mony ane thousand,
 Commonn pepill lay flichterand in the fyre,
 Of everilk stait, thair was ane bailfull band.
 Thair nicht be sene mony sorrowfull Spye,
 Sum for Inup sufferit, and sum for Ire,
 And sum for lack of restitution,
 Of wrangous geir without Remission.

Maneswoyne Merchandis for thair wrangous
 (winning,
 Murdaris of gold and commonn Okkeraris,
 Fals men of Law, in Cautelis richt cunning,
 Cheffis, rewaris, and publick oppressaris,
 Sum part thair was of vnleill Labouraris,
 Craftismen thair saw we out of number,
 Of ilk stait to declair it war ane summer,

And als langsum for me for till Indyte,
 Of this presoun the panis in speciall.
 The heit, the cauld, the dolour and despyte,
 Quhairfoir I speik of thame in generall:
 That dullie den, that Furnes Infernall,
 Quhairs rewaird is, rew without remeid,
 Euer deand, and neuer to be deid.

Younger and thrist, in steid of meit and drink
 And for thair cleithing, raidis and Scorpions.
 That mick Mansioun is tapessit with stink:
 Thap se nathing bot horribill visounis;
 Thap heir bot scozne and derisiounis,

Of foure

Of foule feindis, and blasphematiounis,
 Thair feilling is Importabill passiounis.
 For Melodie miserabill mourning,
 Thair is na solace, bot dolour Infynpte,
 In bailfull beddis bitterlie burning,
 With sobbing, sighing, sorrow, and with spete,
 Thair conscience thair hartis sa did byte,
 To heir thame flyte, it was ane race of cair,
 Sa in dyspyte plungit into despair.

A lytill aboue that dolorous donngeoun,
 We enterit in ane Countrie full of cair,
 Quhair that we saw mony ane Legioun,
 Greitand and gowland, with mony rufeful rair
 Quhat place is this (quod I) of blis sa bair,
 Sa answerit, and said, Purgatorie,
 Quhilk purgis saulis, or thap cum to glorie.

I se na plesour heir bot mekill pane,
 Quhairfoir (said I) leif we this sort in thzall,
 I purpois neuer to cum heir agane.
 Bot zit I do beleue and euer sall
 That the trew kirk can na way erre at all,
 Sic thing to be, greit clerkis dois conclude,
 Howbeit my hope standis most in Christis blude

Abuse that in the thrid persoun anone,
 We enterit in ane place of perdition,
 Quhair mony babbis war makand drecp mone
 Becaus thap wantit the fruitioun
 Of GOD, quhilk was ane greit punitioun,
 Of Baptisme, thap wantit the Ansenze,
 Upwart we went, and left that michles menze.

Intill ane Vole, aboue that place of pane,
 Onto the quhilk but sudgeorne we ascendit,

That was the Lynb, in the quhilk did remane
 Our foirfatheris, becaus Adam offendit,
 Et and the frute, the quhilk was defendit,
 Monp ane zeir thap dwelt in that doungeoun,
 In mirknes, and in desolacioun.

Than throw the eirth of nature cauld and dyp
 Glaid to eschaip those places perrillous
 We haistit vs richt wonder spedely.
 Zit we beheld the secretis marvellous,
 The spynis of gold and stanis precious,
 Of siluer, and of euertilk fyne mettell,
 Quhilk to declair, it war ouir lang to dwell.

Up throw the watter schoztlie we Intendit,
 Quhilk enuironis the eirth withouthin dour.
 Sine throw the air schoztlie we aicendit
 His Regiounis throuch, behalding in and out,
 Quhilk eirth and watter closis round about.
 Sine schoztlie vpwart throw the fyre we went
 Quhilk was the hiest and hottest Element.

Quhen we had all thir Elementis ouirpast:
 That is to say, Eirth, Watter, Air, and fyre,
 Vpwart we went withouthin ony rest,
 To se the heuinnis was our maist desyre.
 Bot oz we nicht win to the heuin Empyre,
 It behouit vs to pas the wap full euin.
 Up throw the Spheiris of the Planetis scuin.

First to the Mone, and veseit all hir Spheir
 Quene of the Sep, and bewtie of the night,
 Of nature wak and cauld, and nathing cleir,
 For of hir self scho hes none vther licht,
 Bot the reflex of Phebus bemis bryht.
 The twelf Signes scho passis round about.

In aucht and twentie dayis withoutin dout.

Than we ascendit to Mercurious,
 Quhilk Poetis callis God of Eloquence.
 Richt doctourlike with termis delicious,
 In airt expert, and full of Sapience:
 It was plesour to pans on his prudence,
 Dayntouris, Poetis at subiect to his cure,
 And hote and dry he is of his Nature.

And als as running Astrologis sapis,
 He dois compleit his cours Naturallie,
 In thre hundreth and aucht and thretrie dayis,
 Sine upwart we ascendit haistlie,
 To fair Venus, quhair scho richt lustlie,
 Was set into a lait of siluer schene,
 That fresche Goddes, that lustie luffis Queene.

It peirsit mine hart hir blenkis amorous,
 Howbeit that sum time scho is changeabill,
 With countenance and cheir full dolorous,
 Quhplumis richt plesand, glaid and delectabill
 Sum time constant, and sum time variabill.
 Sic hir bewtie resplendent as the fyre,
 Swagis the wraith of Mars, that God of Ire.

This plesand Plancit, gif I can richt discerne
 Scho is baith hote and wak of hir Nature,
 That is the caus scho is prouocatrye,
 Till all thame that ar subiect to hir cure.
 To Venus warkis, till that thap may Indure
 As scho completis hir cours naturall
 In twelf Monethis withoutin ony fail.

Than past we to the Syhet of Phebus bricht
 That lustie Lamp and Lanterne of the heuin,
 And glaid of the sterris with his licht:

And principall of all the Planeitis seuin,
 And set in myddis of thame all full euin,
 As Kop Kopall, rolling in his Spheir,
 Full plesandlie into his goldin Chair.

Of whose Influenche and vertew excellent,
 Geuis the lyfe till everilk eirthlie thing.
 That Prince of everilk Planeit precellent,
 Dois foster flouris, and garris herbis spring,
 Throw the cauld eirth, and causis birdis sing,
 And als his regular moning in the heuin,
 Is iust vnder the Zodiack full euin.

For to discerpne his Diademe Kopall.
 Bordourit about with stanis schpning brycht.
 His goldin Cart, or throne Imperiall,
 The foure steidis, that drawis it full rich,
 I leif to Poetis, becaus I haue na stich:
 Bot of his nature he is hote and dry:
 Compleit and in ane zeir his cours trewly.

Than by to Mars, in hy we haistit vs,
 Wounder hote, and dryer than the rounder,
 His face flammand, as fyre richt furious,
 His boist and brag mair aufull than the thunder,
 Haid all the heuin, most like to schaik in sunder,
 Ouhawald behald his countenance and feir,
 Nicht call him weill the God of men of weir,
 With colour reid and luke malicious,
 Scharpest Richt Colerik of his complexioun,
 iugemēt Austeir, angrie, sweir and seditious,
 culd not Principall caus of the destructioun,
 espy all Of mony gude and nobill Regioun:
 abusis. War norcht Venus, his Jte dois mitigate,
 This warld of peace wald be full desolate.

This God of greif withoutin sudgeozning,
 In zeiris twa his cours he dois compleit,
 Than past we vp quhair Iuppiter the king,
 Sat in his Spheir richt amiable and sweit,
 Complexiomat with waknes and with heit,
 That plesand Prince, fair, dulce and delicate,
 Prouokis peace and banissis debait.

The auld Poetis be superstitioun,
 Held Iuppiter the Father principall,
 Of all thair Goddis in conclusioun,
 For his prerogatiuis in speciall,
 Als be his vertew into generall,
 To auld Saturne he makis resistance,
 Quhen in his malice he wald wrik vengeance.

This Iuppiter withoutin sudgeozning,
 Passis thow all the twelf Planetes full euin,
 In zeiris twelf, and than but carping,
 We past vnto the hiest of the heuin,
 Till Saturnus, quhilk trublis all the heuin,
 With heup cheir and colour pail as leid,
 In him we sawe bot dolour to the deid.

And cauld and dry he is of his Nature,
 Foule like ane Oule, of euill conditioun,
 Richt vnpleisand he is of Portrature,
 His Intoricate dispositioun,
 It puttis all thing to perdition,
 Ground of seiknes, and Melancholious,
 Peruerst and pure, baith fals and Inupous.

His qualitie I can not loue bot lack,
 As for his mouing naturallie but weir,
 About the signes of the Zodiack,
 He dois compleit his cours in thertie zeir.

And sa we left him in his frostie Spheir,
 Wywart we did ascend Incontinent.
 But rest, till we come to the Firmament.

The quhilk was firit full of sterreis bychte,
 Of figour round, richt plesand and perfyte,
 Quhais Influence, and richt excellent lichte,
 And quhais nomber may not be put in wypte,
 Zit cunning Clerkis dois naturallie Indpre,
 How that he dois compleit his cours but weir,
 In space of seuin and threttie thousand zeir.

Than the nyne Spheir, and mouar Principall
 Of all the lair, we deseit all that heuin,
 Quhais daylie motioun is continuall,
 Baith Firmament, and all the Planetis seuin,
 From East to West, garris thame full euin,
 Into the space of four and twentie zeiris,
 Zit be the myndis of the Astronomeiris.

The seuin Planetis into thair proper Spheiris
 From West to East, thap moue naturallie,
 Sum swift sum slow, as to their kind effectis,
 As I haue schawin afore speciallie,
 Quhose motionn causis continuallie,
 Richt melodious, harmonie and sound,
 And all throw mouing of this Planetis round.

Than mountie we with richt fernent desyre,
 Wy throw the heuin callit Crystalline,
 And sa we enterit into heuin Emppre,
 Quhilk to descriue it passis my Ingune,
 Quhair God into his hatie throne deupne
 Regnis into his gloir Inestimabill,
 With Angellis cleir, quhilks ar Innumerabill.
 In ordouris nyne thir Spzeiris glorious,
 At deup,

At deupdit, the quhilkis excellencie,
 Makis louing with sound melodious,
 Singand Sanctus, richt wonder feruencie,
 Thir ozdouris nyne thap ar full plesandlie,
 Deupdit into Hierarchies thre,
 And thre ozdouris in euerilk Hierarchie.

The lawest ozdour is the Angellis brycht,
 As Messingers send to this law Region,
 The secund ozdour Archangellis full of might,
 Vertuous Potestatis, Principatis of Renoun.
 The seer is callit dominatioun.
 The semit Thronus, the auchein Cherubin,
 The nynt and hiest callit Seraphin.

And nirt vnto the blyssit Trinitie,
 In his triumphand Throne Imperiall,
 Thre intill ane, and ane substance in thre,
 Quhais Indiuisibill Essence Eternall
 The Rude Ingyne of mankynde is to small,
 Call comprehend, quhais power Insynpte,
 And deupne nature na creature can wypte.

Sa my Ingyne is not sufficient,
 For to tret of his heich deuinitie,
 All moztall men ar Insufficient,
 Till consider thap thre in vnitie,
 Sic subrell mater I mon on neid lat be,
 To studie on my Creid it war full fair,
 And lat Doctouris of sic hie maters declair.

Than we beheld the blyssit Humanitie,
 Of Christ sitting into his Sege Royall,
 At the richt hand of the Deuinitie,
 With ane excellent Court Celestiall,
 Quhais executioun continuall.

Was in louing thair Prince with reuerence,
And on this wise thap keipit Ordinance.

First to the throne we saw f Quene of Quenis
Weill companpit with Ladpis of delyte,
Sweit was the sang of those blisit Virginis,
Na mortall man thair solace map Indyte,
The Angellis byche in number Infynite,
Euerilk ozdour in thair awin degre,
War Officiaris vnto the Deitie.

Patriarkis and Propheitis honorabill,
Collaterall counsallouris in his Consistorie,
Euangelistis, Apostillis venerabill,
War Capitanis vnto the King of Glorie,
Quhilk Chiftrane like had win the victorie,
Of that trpumphand Court Celestiall,
Sanct Peter was Lieutenand generall.

The Martyris war as nobill stalwart knichtes
Discomfitouris of cruell battellis thre,
The flesche, the world, the feind & all his mightes
Confessouris, Dortouris in deuinitie,
As Chapell Clerkis vnto his Deitie,
And last we saw Infinite multitude,
Makand seruice vnto his Celcitude.

Quhilkis be the hie deuine Permissioun,
Felicite thap had Inuariabill,
And of his Godheid cleir cognitioun,
And compleit peace thap had Interminabill,
Thair glorie and honour was Inseperabill,
That plesand place repleit of Dulchretude,
Vnmefurabill it was of Magnitude.

Thair is plentie of all Plesouris perfite,
Euidnt byichtnes but obscuritie.

Withouthin

Withouffin dolour, dulcore and delyte.
 Withouffin rancour perfite Cheritie,
 Withouffin honger, satiabilitie,
 O happp ar the Saulis predestinate,
 Quhen Saul and body salbe glorificate.

Thir maruellous mirthis for to declair,
 Be Arithmetike, thap ar Innumerabill,
 The Portratour of that Palice preclair,
 By Geometrie, it is Inmesurabill,
 By Rhetorike als Inpronunciabill:
 Thair is na eris map heir nor ene map se,
 Nor hart map think this thair felicitie.

Quhairto suld I presume for to Indyte,
 The quhilk Sanct Paule, that doctour sapient
 Can nocht expres, nor into Payer wypte,
 The hie excellent wark Indeficient,
 And perspre plesour ener permanent,
 In presence of that michtie King of gloir,
 Quhilk was, and is, and salbe euer moir.

At Remembrance, humblich I did Inquyre,
 Gif I might in that plesour still remane.
 (Scho said) aganis resoun is thy desyre:
 Quhairfor my freind thow mon retorne agane
 Into the world quhair thow sall suffer pane,
 And thoill the deich with cruell panis soir,
 Or thow be digne to regne with him in gloir.

Than we requerit sair aganis my will,
 Down throw Sphewis of the heuynis cleir,
 Hir commandement behuiffic I fullfill,
 With sozie hart, wit ze withouffin weir:
 I wald full fane haue tarpit thair all zeir:
 Bot scho said to me, thair is na remeid,

O: thow remaine her, first thow mon be deid.

(Quod I) I pray zow hartfullie Madame,
 Sen we haue had sic contemplatioun,
 Of heuinlie pleasures, zit oz we pas hame,
 Lat vs haue sum consideratioun,
 Of Erth, and of his Situatioun.
 Scho answerit and said, that salbe done.
 Sa wet we baith bzoight in the air full sone.

Quhair we might se the irth all at ane sight,
 Bot like ane moit, as it appeirit to me,
 In the respect of the heuinis bricht.
 I haue marnell (quod I) how this may be,
 The irth semis of sa small quantitie.
 The leist sterne fir in the Firmament,
 Is mair than all the irth be my Judgement.

The quantitie
 of the earth.

Scho sapis Sone, I hes schawin the veritie,
 The smallest sterne fir in the Firmament,
 In deid it is of greiter quantitie,
 Than all the irth, efter the Intent,
 Of wise and cunning Clerkis sapient,
 Quhair quantitie is than the irth (quod I)
 That sall I schaw (quod scho) to the schortly.

Efter the myndis of the Astronomouris,
 And speciallie the Author of the Spheir,
 And vther diuers greit Philosophouris,
 The quantitie of the irth Circuleir.
 Is fiftie thousand liggis withoutin weir,
 Senin hundredth and fiftie and no mo,
 Deupding as ane Leig in mylis two.

And eueryll myle in aucht thaidis deupde,
 ilk thaid ane hundredth pais, twentie and fyue;
 Ane pais fyue sute, quha wald than richt deupde
 Ane

The fute four palmes, gif I can richt discryue,
 The palme four Inche, and quha sa wald belue
 The circuite of the irth pas round about,
 Mon be considerit on this wise but dout.

Suppone that thair war na Impediment
 Bot that the irth but perrell war and plane,
 Sine that the persone war richt diligene,
 And zeid Ilk day ten liggis in certane,
 He micht pas round about, and cum agane,
 In four zeiris settene Oulkis, and davis two,
 Sa reid the Authoz, and thow sall find it so.

¶ The Diuisioun of the Eirth.

THEN certanelie scho tuke me be the hand,
 And said my sone, cum on thy wapis w me,
 And sa scho gart me cleirly vnderstand,
 How that the irth trypparit was in thre:
 In Aphricke, Europe, and in Asie:
 Efter the myndis of the Cosmographouris,
 That is to say the warldis descriptouris.

First Asia contenit is in the Orient,
 And is weill mair than baith the vber twane,
 Aphrik, and Europe in the Occident,
 And ar deupdit in ane Sen certane,
 And that is callit the Sen Mediterrane,
 Ouhilk at the Strait of Harrok hes entrie,
 That is betwix Spanze and Barbarie.

Towart the Southwest lyes Aphrica,
 And in the Northweil Europa dois stand,
 And all the Eist contenis Asia.
 On this wise is deupdit the firme land,
 It war mekill to me to tak on hand,

Thir Regiounis to declair in speciall.
 Zit sall I schaw thair names in generall.

In mony diuers famous Regiounis,
 Is drupit this part of Asia,
 Weill pleinschit with Cities, Towris, & townis
 The greit Inde, and Mesopotamia,
 Pentapolis, Egypt and Syria,
 Capadocia, Seres and Armenie,
 Bablon, Chaldea, Parth and Arabia.

Sidon, Judea, and Palestina,
 Upper Scythia, Tirc and Galilie,
 Hiberia, Bactria and Philestina,
 Hircania, Campagena and Samarie.
 In lytell Asia standis Salathie.
 Pamphilia, Iauria and Reid,
 Rhigia, Arcthusa, Assyria and Heid.

Secundlie we considerit Aphyica,
 With mony frutefull famous Regioun.
 As Ethiopie and Tripolitana,
 Tewges, quhair standis the tryumphand toun,
 Of Nobill Carthage, that Cierie of Renoun.
 Garamantes, Hadabar, Libia,
 Getulia and Mauritanie.

Fezenia, Numidie and Thingitane:
 Of Affricke thir ar the principall.
 Than Europe we considerit in certane,
 Quhais Regiounis schoortlie reheirs I sall:
 Four principallis I find abone thame all,
 Quhilkis ar Spanze, Italie and France,
 Quhais Subregiounis wer mekill till auance.

Norther Scythia, Thrace and Carmanie,
 Thusia, Histria, and Pannonia,
 Denmark,

Denmark, Gotland, Grendland and Almanie,
 Pole, Hungarie, Boemie, Nozica, Kethia,
 Teutonica, and Monp diuers ma,
 And was in four deupdit Italie,
 Tuscane, Hethyria, Naplis, and Champanie

And subdeupdit sindrie vther wapis,
 As Lombardie, Veneis, and vther ma,
 Calaber, Romanie, and Genowapis.
 In Grece, Epprus and Dalmatia,
 Thessalie, Atrica, and Illyria,
 Achaya, Beotia and Macedone;
 Archadie, Pierie and Lacedemone..

And France we saw deupdit inko thre,
 Belgica, Celtica, and Aquitane.
 And subdeupdit in Flanderis Picardie,
 Normandie, Gasconze, Burgunze and Britane
 And vtheris diuers Duchereis in certane,
 The quhilkis wer to lang for to declair,
 Quhairfoir of thame as now I speik na mair.

In Spanze lpis Castillie and Arragone:
 Nauarre, Salice, Portugall and Granate,
 Than saw we famous Ilis monp one,
 Quhilkis in the Ocreane Sep was situate,
 Thame to discrepue mp wit was desolate,
 Of Cosmographie I am not erpare
 For I did neuer studie in that art.

Let I sall sum of thair names declair,
 As Magdagascar, Gades, and Taprobane;
 And vther diuers Isles gude and fair,
 Situate into the Sep Mediterrane,
 As Cypre, Candie, Corsica and Sardane,
 Crete, Abydos, Thors Sicilia,

Caplus, Colie, and mony vther ma.

Quha wald at lenth heir the discription,
Of euerrilk Ile, as weil as the firme land,
And properteis of euerrilk Region,
To studie and to reid mon tak on hand,
And the autentike warkeis understand,
Of Plinius and worthie Ptholomie,
Onhilhis war expect into Cosmographie.

Thair sall thay find the names and properteis,
Of euerie Ile and of Ilk Region.
Than I Inquyre of eirthlie Paradeis,
Of the quhilk Adame tyme possessioun.
Than schew scho me the situatioun,
Of that precelland place of deylte,
Onhais properteis war lang for to Indyte:

¶ Of Paradyse.

THIS Paradise of all plesour repleit.
Situate I saw to the Orient,
That glorious garth of euerie flouris did sleit,
The lustie Villeis, the Rosis redolent,
Fresche haillsum frutes Indeficient,
Baith herbe and tre thair growis euer grene,
Throw bertew of the temperate air serene.

The sweet haillsum Aromatike odouris,
Proceeding from the herbis Medicinall,
The heuinlie hewis of the fragrant flouris.
It was ane sicht wonder Celestiall,
The perfection to schaw in speciall,
And Iopis of the Region deuine,
Of mankinde, it excedis the Ingyne.

And als sa hie in situatioun,

Burnioun

OF SCHIR D. LYNDESAY.

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Surmounting the myd Region of the air,
 Ouhair na maner of perturbacioun,
 Of wedder may ascend sa hie as thair:
 Four fludis flowing from one fontane fair.
 As Tigris, Ganges, Euphrates and Nile.
 Ouhilk in the Eist transcurreis mony ane myle.

The countrie closet is about full riche,
 With wallis hie of hore and birning fyre,
 And straitlie kept be ane Angell vricht,
 Sen the departing of Adam our Grandschyre
 Ouhilk throw his cyme Incurrit Goddis Ire,
 And of that place tynt the Possessioun
 Baith from him self and his Successioun.

Oughen this lufestim Lady Remembrance,
 All this foirsaid had gart me understand,
 I prait hir of hir beneuolence
 To schaw to me the countrie of Scotland,
 Weill Bone (scho said) that sall I tak on hand.
 Sa suddanelie scho brocht me in certane,
 Quin Iust aboue the braid Ile of Britane.

Ouhilk standis Northwest in the Ocean seip
 And denydit in famous Regionis two.
 The south part Ingland, ane full riche countrey
 Scotland be North, with mony Ilis mo.
 Be west Ingland, Ireland dois stand also:
 Ouhais properteis I will nocht tak on hand.
 To schaw at lenth, bot onlie of Scotland.

Of the Realme of Scotland.

QVHILK efter my sempill Intendemene,
 And as Remembrance did to me report,
 I sall declair the suith and verrayment,

As I best can, and into termes schort,
 Quhairfoir effecteoullie I zow exhort,
 Howbeit my wyrtynge be nocht to auance
 Zit quhair I faill, excuse my Ignorance.

Oughen that I had ouirsene this Region
 The quhilk of nature is baith gude and fair,
 I did propone ane sprill questioun,
 Beseikand hir the same for declair.
 Quhat is the caus our boundis bene sa baie
 (Quod I) or quhat dois muse our miserie,
 Or quhairof dois proceed our pouertie?

For throw the support of zour hie yndence,
 Of Scotland I persauie the properteis.
 And als consideris be Experience,
 Of this countrie the greit commoditeis.
 First the aboundance of Fisches in our seis,
 And frutefull Montanis for our bestiall,
 And for our cornis mony lustie vail.

The riche Riuers, plesand and profitabill
 The lustie Lochis, with Fische of kindrie kindes
 Hounting, halking, for Nobillis conuenabill.
 Forestis full of Da, Ra, Hartis and hynndis,
 The fresche Fontanis, quhais hailsum Cristall
 Refreschhis sa þe flurischie greneheidis, (Stradis
 Sa want we nathing that to nature neidis.

Of euerilk mettell we haue the riche mynis,
 Baith gold, siluer, and stanis precious.
 Howbeit we want the Sppris and the Wpnis
 Or ither strange frutes delicious,
 We haue als gude, and mair neidfull for vs,
 Weir, dyth, spre, claitis pair nicht be gart aboud
 Quhilkis ellis is not in the Mapamound.

Quair

Hair fairar, noz of greiter Ingpne,
 Noz of mair strenth, greit deidis to Indure,
 Quhairfor I pray zow that ze wald desyne,
 The principall caus quhairfor we ar sa pure,
 For I maruell greitlie I zow assure,
 Considering the pepill and the ground,
 That riches suld not in this Realme redound.

My Sone (scho said) be my discretioun,
 I sall mak answer as I vnderstand,
 I say to the vnder confessioun,
 The fault is nochte, I dar weill tak on hand
 Routhen into the pepill noz the land,
 As for the land it laikis na vcher thing.
 Bot laubour, and the pepillis gouerning.

Than quhairin lyes our Inprosperitie,
 Quod I I pray zow hartfullie Madame,
 Ze wald declair to me the veritie,
 Or quha sall beir of our barrat the blame?
 For be my trowth to se, I think greit schame,
 Sa plesand pepill and sa fair ane land,
 And sa few verteous deidis cane on hand.

(Quod scho) I sall efter my Iudgement,
 Declair sum causis into generall,
 And into termes schozt schaw my Intent:
 And sine transcend into mair speciall.
 Sa this is my conclusioun finall:
 Wanting of Justice, Policie and Peace,
 Ar caus of thir unhappines allace.

It is difficill, riches to Ineres,
 Quhair Policie makis na residence.
 And Policie may neuer hane entres,
 Bot quhair that Justice dois diligence.

To pynnis quhair thair may be found offence,
Justice may nocht haue dominatioun,
Bot quhair peace makis habitatioun.

Quhat is the caus that wald I vnderstand,
That we suld want Justice and Policie,
Nair thair dois France, Italie, or Ingland,
Madame, (quod I) schaw me the verities
Bet we haue Lawis in this countrie,
Quhy want we Lawis exercitioun,
Quha suld put Justice to executioun.

Quhairm dois stand our principall remeid,
Or quha may mak amendis of this mischeif?
(Quod scho) I find the falt into the heid,
For thay in quhome dois ly our haill releif,
I find thame rute and ground of all our greif,
For quhen the heidis ar not diligent,
The memberis mon on neid be negligent.

So I conclude the causis principall,
Of all the troubill of this Natioun,
Ar into Princes into speciall,
The quhilkis hes the Souernatioun,
And of the pepill dominatioun.
Quhais continuall exercitioun,
Suld be in Justice Executioun.

For quhen the slenchful hird dois slug and slep
Taking na cure in keping of his flock,
Quha will gang seirche amang sic hirdis scheip
May abill find mony pure scabbit crock,
And going wuld at large withouthin lock,
Than Lupus cummis and Lawrence in a ling
And dois but reuch the sillie scheip down thring.
Bot the gude hird, walkife and diligent,

Dois

Dois sa, that all his flockis ar rewlit richt,
 To quhais quhiffill ar all obedient,
 And gif the Wolfis cummis day or niche
 Thame to deuoir, than ar thap put to flicht,
 Houndit and flane be thair weill dancit doggis
 Sa ar thap sure, baith zowis, lambis, & hoggis

Sa I conclude that throu the negligence,
 Of our Infatuate heidis Insolent,
 Is caus of all this Realmes Indigence,
 Quhilk in Justice hes not bene diligent,
 Bot to gude counsall Inobedient,
 Hauand small Ce vnto the common weill,
 Bot to thair singular profite euerilk deill.

For quhen the Wolfis be oppressioun,
 The pure pepill but pietie dois oppres,
 Than suld the Princes mak punitioun,
 And caus thap Rebaldis for to mak redres,
 That riches might be, and Policie Incres,
 Bot richt difficill it is to mak remeid,
 Quhen that the salt is sa into the heid.

¶ The complaint of the Common weill of Scotland.

AND thus as we wer talking to and fro,
 We saw ane buxteous beirne run our & bent
 But hois on fure, als fast as he might go,
 Quhais rapment was all raggit reum and rent
 With visage lene, as he had fastit Lent:
 And fordwart fast his wayis he did auance,
 With ane richt Melancholious countenance,
 With scrip on hip, and Pykestaff in his hand,

As he had bene purposit to pas fra hame,
 (Quod I) gude man, I wald fane vnderstand,
 Gif that ze pleisit, to wit quhat wer your name,
 (Quod he) my sone, of that I think greit schame
 Bot sen thow wald of my Name haue ane feill,
 Forsuith chap call me Johne the common weil.

Schir common weil, quha hes zow sa dysgysit
 (Quod I) oz quhat makis zow sa miserabill?
 I haue maruell to se zow sa suppylit,
 The quhilk that I haue sene sa honorabill,
 To all the world ze haue bene profitabill,
 And weil honourit in euerilk Natioun,
 How happynis now your tribulation?

Allace (quod he) thow seis how it dois stand,
 With me, and how I am disherisit;
 Of all my grace, and mon pas of Scotland,
 And ga afor, quhair I was cherisit,
 Remane I heir, I am bot perischit,
 For thair is few to me that takis tent,
 That garris me ga, sa raggit, reuin and rent.

My tender freindis ar all put to the fliche,
 For Policie is fled agane in France,
 My sister Justice almaist hes tynt hir sicke,
 That scho can not hald euinlie the ballance,
 Plane wrong is plane Captane of Ordinance,
 The quhilk debarris lawtis and ressoun,
 And small remeid is found for oppin Tressoun.

Into the South allace, I was neir flane,
 Our all the land I culd find na releif,
 Almaist betuir the Mers and Lochmabane,
 I culd not knaw ane leill man be ane theif,
 To schaw thair reif, thift, murthour, & mischeif

And

And vicious workis, it wald infect the air,
And als langsum to me for till declair.

Into the hie land, I could find na remeid,
Bot suddandlie I was put to exile.
Thay sweir swingeouris pai tuke of me na heid
Nor amangis thame, lat me remane ane quhple:
Als in the ont Flis, and in Argyle,
Dyrhast, swerines, faller, pouertie and streps,
Dat Policie in danger of hir lpe.

In the law land I come to seik refuge,
And purposit thair to mak my residence,
Bot singulare proffert gart me sone disluge,
And did me greit Injuris and offence,
And said to me, swyith harlore, hy the hence,
And in this countrie se thow tak na curis,
Sa lang as my authoritie Induris.

And now I map mak na langer debait,
Nor I wait nocht, quhome to I suld me mene,
For I have socht throw all the Spirituall stait,
Quhilkis tuke na compt for to heir me complene
Thay officiaris thay held me at dishane,
For Symonie, he rewlis up all that rout,
And Couerice that Carle gart bar me out.

Pyde hes chaist from thame humilitie,
Oratioun is fled vnto the freiris.
Sensual plesour hes banisist Chaistitie,
Lordis of Religioun thay ga like Seculeiris,
Taking mair compt in telling thair deneiris,
Nor thay do of thair constitutioun,
Thus ar thay blindie be ambitioum.
Our gentill men ar all degenerate.
Liberalitie and Lawtie baith ar loist,

And Couatice with Lordis is laureate,
 And knichtlie courage turnit in bag and boist
 The Ciuill weir misgpdis euerilk Oist,
 Thair is nocht ellis bot ilk man for him self,
 That garris me ga thus baneilk like ane Elf.

Thairfor adew, I may na langer tarie,
 Fair weill (quod I) I wane Iohne to borro
 Bot wir ze weill my hart was wonder sarie,
 Quhen commonn weill sa sowpit was in sorow
 Zit efter the nichte, cummis the glaid morrow:
 Quhairfor I pray 3ow schaw me in certane,
 Quhen that ze purpos for to cum agane.

That questionn it sal be sone derpdit,
 (Quod he) thair sall na Scot haue comforting,
 Of me till that I see the countrie gpdit,
 Be wil dome of ane gude and prudent king,
 Quhilk sall desyre him maist abone all thing,
 To put Justice till Execucioun,
 And on strang Traitoris mak punitionn.

Als zit to thet I say ane vther thing,
 I se richt weill that Proverbe is full trew,
 Wo to the Realme that hes our young ane king
 With that he turnit his back, and said adew,
 Our Firth and fell, richt fast fra me he flew:
 Quhats departing to me was displeand,
 With that remembrance tuke me be the hand.

And toun me thocht scho brocht me to the Rorhe
 And to the Cone, quhair I began to sleip;
 With that ane schip did spedelie approche,
 Full plesandlie sailling vpon the deip,
 And sine did mak hir saillis and gan to creip,
 Towart the land anent quhair that I lay:

Bot wit ze weill, I gat ane fellooun frap.

All hir Cannounis seho leir crak at ankis,
 Down sehuke the stremaris from the topcastell
 Thap spairit not the poulder nor the stamis;
 Thap schot thair boittis, & down thair ankeris
 The Marinaris thap did sa zout and zell, (fell
 That haistlie I ster out of my dreime,
 Half in ane frap and spedelie past hame.

And lichelie dpyit, with list and appetyte,
 Sine efter past into ane Oritore,
 And tuke my pen, and thair began to wypte,
 All the visiotin that I haue schawin afore.
 Schir of my dreime as now thow gettis no more
 Bot I besek God for to send the grace,
 To rewle thy Realme in vntie and pace.

✠ The Exhortatioun to the

Kingis Grace.

SCHIR sen that God of his preordinance,
 Hes grantit thee to haue the gouernance
 Of his pepill, and create thee ane King,
 Fail nocht to prent in thy remembrance,
 That he will nocht excuse thy Ignorance,
 Gif thou be rakles in thy governing.
 Ouhairfor dres thee aboue all vther thing,
 Of his Lawis to keip the obseruance,
 And thou schap lang in Royaltie to King.

Thank him that hes commandit dame nature
 To prent thee of sa plesand portrature,
 Hir giftis may be cleirly on the knawin;
 Till dame Forroum thou neidis na procurature
 For scho hes largelie kythit on thee hir cure,

Hir gratitude scho hes vnto the schalwin,
 And seith that thow mon scheir as I hes sawin,
 Haue all thy hope in God thy Creatour,
 And ask him grace, that thow may be his awin

And sine consider thy vocatioun,
 That for to haue the gubernatioun,
 Of this kyurik thow art predestinate,
 Thow may weill wit be trew narratioun,
 Quhat sorow and quhat tribulatioun,
 Hes bene in this pure Realme Infortunate,
 Now comfort thame, that hes bene desolate,
 And of thy pepill haue compassioun,
 Sen thow be God art sa preordinate.

Tak manlie courage, and leif thy Insolence,
 And vse counsell of Nobill Dame Prudence,
 Found the firmelie on Faith and Fortitude.
 Draw to thy Court Justice and Temperance.
 And to the Commonn weill haue attendance,
 And also I befeik thy Celcitude,
 Hait vicious men, and lufe thame that ar gude,
 And Ilk flatterar thow flemme from thy presence,
 And fals report out of thy Court exclude.

Do equall Justice baith to greit and small,
 And be exempill to thy pepill all,
 Exercing vertuous deidis honorabill,
 Be nocht ane wretche, for oucht that may befall
 To that unhappie vice and thow be thrall,
 Till all men thow salbe abhominabill,
 Kingis nor knichtis ar neuer conuenabill,
 To reule pepill, be thap nocht Liberall,
 Was neuer yet na wretche to honour abill.

And tak exempill of the wretchit ending,

Quhilk

TO THE KINGIS GRACE. 257

Quhilk maid Hydas, of Thrace & mightie King
 That to his Goddis maid Inuocatioun,
 Throw gredines, that all substantiall thing,
 That euer he twitchit, suld turne but tarding,
 Into spne gold, he gat his Supplicatioun,
 All that he twitchit but dilatioun,
 Turnit in gold, bairth meit, drink and cleithing
 And deid for homiger but recreatioun.

Als I besek thp Maistie serene,
 From Lecherie thow keip thp body clene,
 Taik neuer that intoxicat poppoun,
 From that unhappie sensuall sin abstene,
 Till that thow gett aue lustie plesand Quene,
 Than tak thp plesour with my benissoun.
 Tak tent how pridelul Tarquene tane his croun
 For the defozling of Lucretie the schene.
 And was depyruit, and banekit Romes toun.

And in dispite of his lecherous leuing,
 The Romanis wald be subiect to na king.
 Hony lang zeit, as storpis dois record.
 Till Julius throw vertuous governing,
 And Princely curage gan on thame to ring,
 And chosin of Romanis, Emprour and Lord:
 Quhairfor my Souerane into thp mind remord
 That vicious lyfe, makis oft aue euill ending.
 Withouth it be throw speciall gracerestord,

And gif thou wald thp fame and honour gett
 Ose counsall of thp prident Lordis tret.
 And se thow nocht presumtuonslie pretend,
 Thp awin particular weil for till ensue;
 Work with counsall, sa sall thow neuer trew,
 Remember of thp freindis the fatal end,
 Quhilkis to gude counsall wald not condiscend.

Till bitter deith (allace) did thame perlew,
From sic unhap I pray God the defend:

And finallie remember thow mon die,
And suddandlie pas of this mortall le,
And art nocht sicker of thy life twa houris,
Sen thair is nane from that sentence map flie,
King Quene, nor knight of lawe, estate nor vie,
Bot all mon thoill of deith the bitter schouris.
Quhair bene pai gane thir Dapir & Empiouris
Bene thap nocht deid, sa sailit fair on thee:
Is na remeid, strength, riches, nor honouris.

And sa for conclusioun,
Tak our promisioun,
To get the Infusioun,
Of his his grace:

Quhair bled with effusioun,
With scoyne and derisioun,
And deit with confusioun,

Confirmand our peace. Amen.

FINIS.



The Complaint of Schir Dauid

Lyndesay, of the Mont Kicht, &c. directie
to the Kingis Grace.

SCHIR I besek thy Excellence,
Heir my Complaint with patience,
My dolent hart dois me constraine,
Of my Infortune to complaine,
Howbeit I stand in greit doutance,

Quhomo

Oufhorne I sall wyte of my mischance.
 Ouhidder Saturnus cruelrie,
 Regnand in my Nativite,
 We had expect, quhilk wrikis vengeance
 Or vberis heuimlie Influence.
 Or gif I be Predestinate,
 In Court to be Infortunate,
 Quhilk hes sa lang infernce bene,
 Continuallie with King and Quene,
 And enterit to thy Hachtie,
 The day of thy Nativite,
 Ouhairthrow my freindis bene aschamis
 And with my face I am defamit,
 Seand that I am nocht regardit,
 Nor with my brether in Court rewardit,
 Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,
 That seikis nocht sum recompence,
 Ouhen divers men dois me demand,
 Ouhp gettis thow nocht sum peice of land,
 As weil as vber men hes gottin,
 Than wis I to be deid and rottin,
 With sic extreme discomforting,
 That I can mak na answering.
 I wald sum wise man did me teiche,
 Ouhidder that I suld flatter or fleiche,
 I will nocht flyte, that I conclude,
 For craibing of thy Celcitude:
 And to flatter I am defamit,
 Want I reward, than am I schamit.
 Bot I hope thow sall do als weil,
 As did the Father of Fameill,
 Of quhorne Christ makis mention,
 Ouhilk for ane certane pensoun,
 Feit men to wrik in his wineyard,
 Bot quha come last gat first reward.

Ouhairthrow the first men wer displeisit,
 Bot he thame prudencie ameissit;
 For thocht the last men, first wer seruic;
 Zit gat the first thar day deseruit.

Sa am I sure thy Maistie,
 Shall anis rewarid me or I die,
 And rub the roult of my Angrie,
 Ouhilk bene for langour lyke to tyne;
 Althocht I beir nochte lyke ane haire.
 Lang seruice zairnis op rewarid.

I can nochte blame thyne Excellence,
 That I sa lang want recompence,
 Had I solystit lyke the laue

My rewarid had nochte bene to craue,
 Bot now I may weill vnderstand,
 Ane dum man zit wan neuer land,
 And in the Court men gettis na thing.
 Withouth inopportune asking;
 Allace my sleuth and schamefulness,
 Debarrit fra me all gredines.

O ydie men that ar diligene
 Richt oft obtenis thair Intent,
 And sailzeis nochte so conqueis landis,
 And namelie at young Princes handis.
 Bot I ruke neuer na uther cure,
 In speciall bot for thy pleasure.

Bot now I am na mair dispaire,
 Bot I sall get Princelie rewarid,
 The quhilk to me salbe mair glorie,
 Nor thame thow did rewarid befor;
 Ouhem men dois ask or heit ane king,
 Suld ask his grace ane nobill thing,
 To his Excellence honorabill,
 And to the asker profitabill;
 Thocht I be in my asking liddre,

I pray

I pray thy grace for to consider.

Thow hes maid baith Lordis and Lairdis,
And hes geuin mony riche rewardis,
To thame that was full far to seek,
Quhen I lay nychtly be thy cheik.

the King's grace

will be

of the

being with the King

from

the King

I tak the Quenis grace thy Mother,
My Lord Chancellor and mony vther,
Thy Aureis and thy auld Maistres,
I tak thame all to beir witnes.

Auld Willie Dillie wer he on lyne,

My life full weil he culd discreue.

Now as ane Chapman beiris his pack,

I bure thy grace vpon my back.

And sum times strydingis on my nek,

Dansand with mony bend and bek.

The first sillabis that thow did mure,

Was pa da lyn vpon the Lute.

Chan playit I twentie springis perqueir,

Quhilk was greit pietie for to heir.

Fra play thow leit me neuer rest,

Bot Spinkertoun thow lufit ay best.

And ay quhen thow come from the Scule,

Chan I behuiffit to play the Fule:

As I at lenth into my Dreime,

My findrie seruice did expreime.

Thocht it bene better (as sayis the wise)

Nap to the Court, nor gude seruice.

I wait thow luiffit me better than,

Nor now sum wife dois hir gude man.

Chan men till vther did record,

Said Lyndesay wald be maid ane Lord;

Thow hes maid Lordis (Schir) be Sanct Geill

Of sum that hes nocht seruit sa weil.

To sow my Lordis that standis by,

I call zow schaw the causis quhy,

Gif ze list tarie I sall tell,
 Now my Infortune thus befell.
 I prapit daplie on my kne,
 My young maister that I might se,
 Ofeld in his Estait Royall.
 Hauand power Imperiall.
 Than traistie I without demand,
 To be promouit to sum land,
 Bot my asking I gat our sone,
 Becaus ane Clips fell in the Mone,
 The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir,
 Than did my purpose rpn arreir,
 The quhilk war langsum till declair,
 And als my hart is wounder sair,
 Euen I haue in remembrance,
 The suddand change to my myschance.
 The king was bot twelf zeiris of age,
 Euen new retularis come in thair rage
 For commoun weil makand na cair,
 Bot for thair profyte singulair.

Imprudentlie like witles falis,
 Chap tike the young Prince from the sculis;
 Euhair he vnder Obedience,
 Was leirmand vertew and Science,
 And haistely plat in his hand,
 The gouernance of all Scotland,
 As quha wald in ane stormie blast,
 Euen Marinaris bene all agast,
 Throw danger of the seis rage,
 Waid tak ane Chylde of tender age,
 Euhilk neuer had bene on the Sep,
 And to his bidding all obey,
 Geuing him haill the gouernall,
 Of Schip, Marchand, and Marinall,
 For dreid of Rockis and foirland,

To put

To put the Ruther in his hand,
 Withour Goddis grace is na refuge,
 Sil thair be danger ze map Iudge,
 I giue thame to the Deuill of hell,
 Quhilk first deuplit that counsell.
 I will nocht say that it was tressoun,
 Bot I dar weir it was na ressoun;
 I pray God lat me neuer se King,
 Into this Realme sa young ane king.

I map nocht carie to deepdit,
 How than the Court aue quhyle was gpdit.
 Be thame that partlie tuke on hand,
 To gpdie the king and all Scotland,
 And als langsum for to declair,
 Thair facund flattering wordis fair.

Schir, sum wald say, your Maestie,
 Shall now ga to your Libertie,
 Ze sall to na man be coactie,
 Nor to the Scule na mair subiectie:
 We think thame verray naturall fulis,
 That leiris ouir mekill at the Sculis.
 Schir, ze mon leir to ryne ane speir,
 And gpdie zow like ane man of weir,
 For we sall put sic men about zow,
 That all the world, and ma sall dout zow,
 Than to his grace thap put ane gaird,
 Quhilk haistely gat thair reward:
 Ilk man efter thair qualitie,
 Thap did solist his Maestie.
 Sum gart him rauell at the rakker,
 Sum harkit him to the hurly hakker.
 And sum to schaw thair courtlie cozzis,
 Wald ryde to leirh and ryne thair horzis,
 And wichthe wallopp ouer the sandis;
 Ze nocher spairit spurris nor wandis,

Castand galmoundis with bendis and beekis,
For wantones sum brak thair neckis.

here

Thair was na play bot Carris and dice,
And ap Schir flatterie bure the price.

sure

full

Roundand and rowkand ane till ane bther,

Tak thow my part (quod he) my brother,

And mak betuir vs secker bandis,

Quhen ocht sall baik amangis our handis,

That ilk man stand to help his fallow:

I hald thairto man be Alhallow,

Swa thow fische nocht wirhin my boundis,

That sall I nocht be Goddis woundis,

(Quod he) bot erar tak thy part.

Sa sall I thine be Goddis hart.

And gif the Thesaurar be our freind,

Than sall we get baith tak and teind,

Tak he our part than quha dar wzang vs?

worth

Bot we sall part the Delf amang vs.

Bot haist vs quhill the King is young,

And lar ilk man keip weill ane toun,

And in ilk quarter haue ane spy,

Us till aduertise haistely,

Quhen ony casualteis,

Sall happin into our Countreis,

Lar vs mak sure prouisioun,

Oz he cum to discretioun.

Na mair he wait nor dois ane Sanct,

Quhat thing it bene to haue oz want.

Sa oz he be of perfite age

We salbe sicker of our wage,

And sine lar ilk ane Earle craif bther,

That mouth speik mair (quod he) my brother,

For God nor I rar in ane raip,

Thow wicht gine counsall to the Paip:

Thus lankouris chap within few zeiris,

That

else let misfretch in 4000

if then might not be.

That thap become na Paiges peiris,
 Swa haistlie thap maid ane hand:
 Sum gadderit gold, sum conquest land.
 (Schir) sum wald say be Sanct Dionis,
 Gif me sum fat Beneficis,
 And all the profite ze sall haue,
 Gif me the Name, tak zow the lane,
 Bot be his bowis war weill cummit hame,
 To mak seruice he wald think schame:
 Sine slip away withouttin moir,
 Quhen he had gortin that he sang foir,
 He thocht it was ane piteous thing,
 To se that fair young tender king,
 Of quhome thir gallandis stude na aw,
 To play with him pluk at the Crow,
 Thap become riche I zow assure,
 Bot ap the Prince remanit pure,
 Thair was few of that garisoun,
 That leirnit him ane gude lessoun.
 Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter,
 Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter.
 (Quod ane) the Deuill stick me with ane knife,
 Bot Schir, I knaw ane Maide in fife,
 Ane of the lustiest wantoun lassis,
 Quhairto Schir be Goddis blude scho passis,
 Hald thy young brother (quod ane uther)
 I knaw ane fairer be spytene further,
 (Schir) quhen ze pleis to Vnlithgow pas,
 Thair sall ze se ane lustie las,
 Now trietill, trattill trow low,
 (Quod the thrid man) thow dois bot mow,
 Quhen his grace cummis to fair Stirling,
 Thair sall he se ane davis darling.
 Schir (quod the fourt) tak my counsell,
 And go all to the hie boirdell,

Thair map we lowp at libertie,
 Withouthin ony grauitie.
 Thus euerie man said for him self,
 And did amang thame part the pelf,
 Bot I (allace) o; ever I wist,
 Was trampit down into the dust,
 With heup charge withouthin moir,
 Bot I wist neuer zit quhairfoir,
 And haistellie befoir my face,
 Ane vther slippit in my place,
 Quhilk lichtlie gat his rewaird,
 And stplit was the ancient Laird.
 That time I nicht mak defence,
 Bot tike perforce in pacience:
 Drapand to send thame ane mischance,
 That had the Court in gouernance,
 The quhilkis aganis me did maling,
 Contrair the plesure of the king,
 For weill I knew his graces minde,
 Was euer to me trew and kinde:
 And contrair thair Intentioun,
 Gart pay me weill my pensioun,
 Thocht I ane quhyle wantit plesence,
 He leit me haue na Indigence,
 Quhen I durst nouthir peip nor luke,
 Zit wald I hyde me in ane nuke,
 To se thole uncouth vaniteis,
 How thap like ony besie beis,
 Did occupp thair goldin houris,
 With help of thair new Gouernouris,
 Bot my complaint for to compleit,
 I gat the sour, and thap the sweit.
 As Johne Makerep the kingis fule,
 Gat dowbill garmentis agane the Zule,
 Zit in his maist triumphant gloir,

For his rewarde gat the grand gloir,
Now in the Court seindill he gois,
In dreid men stramp vpon his tois:
As I that time durst not be sene,
In oppin Court for baith my Ene.

Allace I haue na time to carie,
To schaw zow all the ferie farie.
How thole that had the gouernance,
Amang thame selfis raisit variance,
And quha maist to my skaith consentie,
Within few zeiris full sair repentie,
Quhen thay culd mak nie na remeid,
For thay war harlit out be the heid,
And vtheris tuke the gouerning,
Weill woys than thay in all kin thing.
Thay Lordis tuke na mair regaird,
Bot quha micht purches best rewarid.
Sum to thair freindis gat Beneficeis,
And vther sum gat Bischopreis,
For euerie Lord as he chocht best.
Brocht in ane bird to fill the nest,
To be ane watchman to his marrow,
Thay gan to draw at the Cat harrow,
The Prouddest Prelatis of the Kirk,
Was faine to hyde thame in the murk,
That time sa failzeit was thair sight.
Sen sine thay may not thoill the licht
Of Christis trew Gospell to be sene,
Sa blindit is thair corporall Ene,
With worldlie lustis Sensuall,
Taking in Realmes the governall,
Baith gyding Court and Sessioun,
Contrair to thair professioun,
Quhair of I think thay suld haue schame,
Of Spirituall Preistis to tak the Name,

For Elapas into his wark,
 Callis thame like doggis that can not bark,
 That callit ar Preistis, and can not preiche.
 No: Christis Law to the pepill teiche.
 Gif for to preiche bene thair professioun,
 Quhy suld thap mell with Court or Sessioun?
 Except it war in spirituall thingis,
 Referring vnto Lordis and Kingis,
 Temporall causis to be decydit.
 Gif thap thair spirituall office gpdit,
 Ilk man nicht say thap did thair partis,
 Bot gif thap can play at the Cartis,
 And mollet mopleie on ane Mule,
 Thocht thap had neuer sene the scule,
 Zit at this day, asweill as than,
 Will be maid sic ane Spirituall man,
 Princes that sic Prelatis promouis,
 Account thairof to giue behouis,
 Quhilk sall not pas but punishement
 Withouth thap mend, and sair repent,
 And with dew ministratioun,
 Wrik efter thair vocatioun,
 I wis that thing quhilk will not be,
 Thir peruerst Prelatis ar sa he,
 From time that thap bene callit Lordis,
 Thap ar occasioun of discordis,
 And largelie will proppnis hecht,
 To gar Ilk Lord with vcher fecht,
 Gif for thair part it may auail,
 Swa to the purpos of my tail,
 That time in Court rais greit debait,
 And everilk Lord did stryue for stait,
 That all the Realme nicht mak na redding,
 Quhill on ilk side thair was blude schedding,
 And feildit yther in land and burgh,

At F. inlichgow, Helros, and Edinburgh,
 Bot to deploir I think greit pane,
 Of Nobill men that thair was flane,
 And als langsum to be reportit,
 Of thame quhilk to the Court resortit,
 As Tyrannis, Traitoris, and transgressouris,
 And common publick plane oppressouris,
 Men murdresaris, and common theifis,
 Into that Court gat na releifis:
 Thair was few Lordis in all thair landis,
 Bot till new Regentis maid thair bandis,
 Than rais ane reik or euer I wist,
 The quhilk gart all thair bandis brist,
 Than thap allane quhilk had the gydng,
 Thap culd not keip thair feit from slyding:
 Bot of thair lpfis thap had sic dreid,
 That thap wat fane to trot our Tweid.

Now Potent Prince I say to thee,
 I thank the halie Trinitie,
 That I haue leuit to se this day,
 That all that world is went away,
 And thow to na man ar subiectit,
 Nor to sic Counsallouris coactit,
 The four greit vertuous Cardinallis,
 I se thame with the Principallis,
 For Justice haldis hir sword on hie,
 With hir ballance of Equitie,
 And in this Realme hes maid sic ordour
 Baith throw the hie land and the bordour,
 That oppressioun and all his fallowis,
 Ar hangit heich vpon the Gallous.
 Dame Prudence hes thee be the heid,
 And Temperance dois thy byrdill leid,
 I se dame Force mak assistance
 Beirand thy Charge of assurance,

And lustie Lady Chastitie,
 Hes banischit Sensualitie.
 Dame riches takis on thes sic cure,
 I pray God that scho lang Indure,
 That ponertie dar nocht be sene,
 Into thp hous for baith hir Ene,
 Bot fra thp grace fled monp implis,
 Amongis the honnouris in the Ilis,
 Dissimulance dar nocht schaw hir face,
 Quhilk wount was to begple thp grace
 Foly is fled out of the toun;
 Quhilk ap was contrair to resoun.
 Policie and peice beginnis to plant,
 That verteous men can nathing want
 And as for sleuthfull Idill Townis,
 Sall fetterit be in the Gailzownis,
 Johne vponland bene full blyth I trow
 Becaus the Kalsche bus keipis his row.
 Swa is thair nocht I vnderstand,
 Without gude ordour in this land,
 Except the Spiritualitie,
 Prayand thp grace thairto haue Ce,
 Caus thame mak ministratioun,
 Conforme to thair vocatioun,
 To preiche with vnsenzeit Intentis,
 And trewlie vse the Sacramentis,
 Efter Christis Institutiounis,
 Leuing thair vane traditionis,
 Quhilk dois the sillie scheip Illude,
 Quhome for Christ Iesus sched his blude
 As superstitious Pilgramages,
 Prayand to grauin Images,
 Expres aganis the Lordis command,
 I do thp grace till vnderstand.
 Sif thow to mennis Lawis assent

Aganis the Lordis commandment,
As Ieroboam and mony mo,
Princes of Israell also,
Assentaris to Idolatrie,
Onyilkis pumeist war richt pietecoussie,
And from thair realines wer rusit out,
Sa sall thow be withoutrin dout,
Baith heir and hyne withoutrin moir,
And want the everlasting gloir,
Bot gif thow will rhine hart Inclpne,
And keip his blissit Law Disupne,
As did the faithfull Patriarkis,
Baith in thair wordis, and in thair warkis
And as did mony faithfull Kingis
Of Israell during thair ringis,
As King David and Salomone,
Onha Imagis wald suffer none,
In thair riche Tempillis for to stand,
Becaus it was nocht Goddis command
Bot distropic all Idolatrie,
As in the Scripture thow may se,
Onhais riche reward was heuinlie blis,
Onhilk salbe thine, thow doand this.
Sen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird,
Now am I sure to get rewaird,
And sen thow art the rycheist King,
That ever in this Realme did ring,
Of gold and stanis precious,
Maist prudent and Ingenious,
And hes thy honour done auance,
In Scotland, Ingland and in France
Be Martiall deidis honorabill,
And art till everie vertew abill,
I wait thy grace will nocht misken me,
Bot thow will other geue or len me.

Wald thy graceles me to ure day,
 Of gold and thousand pound or twap,
 And I sall fir with gude Intent,
 Thy grace and day of payment,
 With seikie Obligatioun,
 Under this protestatioun,
 Quhen the Bas and the Ile of May,
 Beis set vpon the Mont Sinap:
 Quhen the Lowmound beside Falkland,
 Beis liftit to Northumberland:
 Quhen Kirkmen zarnis na dignitie,
 Nor wyfis na Soueranie,
 Winter but froist, snaw, wind, or rane,
 Than sall I giue thy gold agane,
 Or I sall mak the payment,
 Efter that day of Iudgement,
 Within ane Moneth at the leist,
 Quhen Sanct Peter sall mak ane Feist,
 To all the Fischaris of Abirladp,
 Swa thow haue my acquittance reddp.
 Failzeand thair of be Sanct Phillane,
 Thy grace gettis neuer ane grote agane
 Gif thow be nocht content of this.
 I mon requerit the King of blis,
 That he to me haue sum regard,
 And caus thy grace me to reward.
 For David King of Israel,
 Quhilk was the greit Propheit Ropall,
 Sapis God hes haill at his command,
 The hartis of Princes in his hand,
 Euen as he list thame for to turne,
 That mon thap do without sudgeorne,
 Sum till exalt to dignitie,
 And sum to depzue in pouertie.
 Sum time of lapit men to mak Lordis,

And sum time Lordis to bind in Cordis,
 And thame alluterlie distrop,
 As plesis God that Kopali Kop,
 For thow art bot ane Instrument,
 To that greit King Omnipotent:
 Sa quhen it plesis his Excellence,
 Thy grace sall mak me recompence,
 O: he sall eang me stand content,
 Of qupet life and sober rent,
 And tak me in my latter age,
 Vnto my sempill hermitage,
 And spend that my Eldaris woun,
 As did Diogenes in his roun,
 Of this complaint wylth minde full meik.
 Thy graces answer (Schir) I besek.

FINIS

Quod Dauid Lyndesay to the King.

The Tragedie of the

vmquhyle maist Reuerend Father

Dauid be the Mercie of God, Cardinall, and

Archebischop of Sanctandrois &c. Compylit

be Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the

Mont Knicht, Alias Lyoun, King

of Armes.

Mortales cum nati sitis, ne supra Deum
 vos erexeritis.

THE PROLOG.

NOT lang ago efter the hour of prime,
 Seerethe sitting in my Oratozie

T. iij.

I tike ane buke till occupp the time,
 Quhair I fand mony Tragedie and storie,
 Quhilk Johne Boccace had put in memorie,
 How mony Princes, Conquerours and Kingis
 War dulefullie deposit from thair Kingis.

How Alexander the Potent Conquerour,
 In Babylon was popsonit pietouslie,
 And Julius the nichtie Emprour,
 Murdrest at Ronte, causles and cruellie.
 Prudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie,
 He murdrest was, quhat neidis proces moir?
 Quhais Tragedeis wer pietie till deploir.

Lifting sa, bpon my buke reiding,
 Richt suddanelie afoir me did appeir,
 Ans woundit man abundantlie bleiding.
 With visage pail, and with ane deidlie cheir,
 Semand ane man of twa and fytie yir,
 In rayment reid clocht full curiouslie,
 Of veluot and of Saepne Crammosie.

With fehill voyce, as man opprest with pane,
 Softlie he maid me Supplicatioun,
 Saying (my freind) ga reid, and reid agane,
 Gif thou can find be trew narratioun,
 Of ony pane like to my Passioun.
 Richt sure I am, war Johne Boccace on lyne,
 My Tragedie at lenth he wald descriue.

Sen he is gane, I pray thee till Indyte,
 Of my Infortune sum remembrance,
 Or at the leist my Tragedie to wyte,
 As I to thee sall schaw the Circumstance,
 In termis hene of my unhappie chance,
 Sen my beginning till my fatall end,

Quhilk

Quhilk I wald till all Creature wer kend.

I not said I mak sic Remoziall,
Bot of thy Name I had Intelligence,
I am David that cairfull Cardinall,
Quhilk dois appeir (said he) to thy presence,
That vnc hyle had sa greit preeminence,
Than he began his deidis till Indyte,
As ze sall heir, and I began to wypte.

The Tragedie of the Cardinall.

I DAVID Betoun vncquhile Cardinall
Of Nobill blude be lyne I did discend
During my tyme I had na peregall
Bot now allace is cum my fatall end
Up gre be gre vpwart I did ascend
Swa that into this Realme did neuer ring,
Sa greit a man as I vnder ane king.

Quhen I was ane young Ioly gentill man,
Princes to serue I set my hail Intent,
First till ascend at Arbroith I began
Ane Abbacie of greit riches and rent,
Of that estait zit was I not content.
To get mair riches, dignitie and gloir,
My hart was set, allace, allace, thairfor.

I maid sic seruice till our Souerane King,
He did promoue me till mair hie estait.
Ane Prince aboue all Priestis for to King,
Archibischop of Sanctandras is consecrat;
Till thae honour quhen I was eleuat,
My pydfull hart was not content at all,
Till that I creat was ane Cardinall.

Zit praisit I till haue mair Authozitie,
 And finallie was chosin Chancellair,
 And for vphalding of my dignitie,
 Was maid Legate, than had I na compair,
 I puttest my profite singulair,
 My Doris and my Tresour till ananee,
 The Bischoprik of Herepols in Franke.

Of Scotland I had the gouernall,
 But my auiser concludit was na thing,
 Abbot, Bischop, Archebischop, Cardmall,
 Into this Realme, na hier culd I ring,
 For I had bene Pape, Emprour, or King,
 For schoornes of the time I am not abill,
 At lenth to schaw my actis honorabill.

For my maist Princelie prodigalitie,
 Among Prelatis in France I bure the priest,
 I schew my Lordlie Liberalitie,
 In banketing playing, at Cartis and dice,
 Into sic wilidome I was halidin wise,
 And spairit not to play with King nor Knicht,
 Thre thousand Crownis of gold vpon a night.

In France I maid fair honest vepages,
 Quhair I did Actis digne of remembrance,
 Throw me wer maid triumphand Mariages,
 Till our Sotterane bairn profite and plesance,
 Quene Magdalene, the first dochter of France,
 With greit riches was into Scotland brocht,
 That mariage throw my wilidome was wrought.

Efter quhairis deith in France I past againe,
 The second Quene hamewart I did conuop,
 That lustie Princes Marie de Lorraine,
 Onhilk was ressaueit with greit triumph & Joy
 Ha

So seruit I our rich redoutit Roy,
 Sone efter that, Henrie of Ingland King,
 Of our Souerane despyt ane commoning.

Of that meeting our King was weill content,
 So that in Zork was set baith time and place,
 Bot our Prelatis and I wald neuer consent,
 That he suld se King Henrie in the face,
 Bot we wer weill content howbeit his grace
 Had saillit the Seyn, to speik with ony vther,
 Except / King, quhilk was his mother brother.

Quhairthrow pair rais greit weir & mortal strife
 Greit heirschypis houger, derth, and desolation
 On ather side did mony lois thair life,
 Of I wald mak ane trew narratioun,
 I causit all that tribulatioun,
 For to tak peace I neuer wald consent,
 Withour the King of France had bene content.

During this weir wer takin prifoneiris,
 Of Nobill men fechtung full furiouslye,
 Mony ane Lord, Barroun and Bachelleiris,
 Quhairthrow our King ruke sic Melancholie,
 Quhilk draif him to the deith rich brilefullie,
 Extreme dolour ouerset did sa his hart,
 That fra this life allace he did depart.

Bot efter that baith strench & speiche was leisit
 Ane Paper blank, his grace I gart subscriue,
 Into the quhilk I wrait all that I pleisit,
 Efter his deith, quhilk lang wer to discerpue,
 Throw that wyting I purposit belpue,
 With support of sum Lordis beneuolence,
 In this Regioun to haue preminence.

As for my Lord our richteous Courtinor,

If I wald schorlie schaw the veritie,
 Till him I had na maner of fauldr,
 During that time I purposit that he
 Shuld neuer cum to name authoritie,
 For his support thairfor he brocht among vs,
 Furth of Ingland the Nobill Erle of Angus.

That was I put abak from my purpos,
 And subhanelie cast in Captiuitie,
 My pyppdefull hart to dane as I suppois,
 Desir'd be the heich diuinitie,
 Sit in my hart sprang na humilitie,
 Bot now the word of God full weil I knaw,
 Quha dois exalt him self, GOD sall him law.

In the meane time, quhen I was sa subiectie
 Ambassadouris war send into Ingland,
 Quhair thap baith peace & Mariage contractie
 And maist surelie for till obserue that band,
 War promeist diuers pledges of Scotland.
 Of that contract I was na way content,
 Nor neuer wald thairto giue my consent.

Till Captiuitie that kepit me in waird,
 Giftis of gold, I gaue thame greit plentie,
 Rewlaris of Court, I richelie did rewarid,
 Quhairthrou I chaipit from Captiuitie:
 Bot quhen I was fre at my libertie,
 Than like ane yvoun lowsit of his cage,
 Out throw this Realme I gan to reill and rage

Contrair the governour and his companie,
 Oft times maid I Insurrectioun,
 Purposing for till haue him haistelis,
 Subdewit vnto my correctioun,
 Or put him till extreme subiectioun,

During

During this tyme, gif it war weill decydit,
This Realme be me was vicerlie deupdit.

The Gouvernour purposing to subdew,
I raise ane Oist of mony hauld Barroun,
And maid a raid quhilk Lichgow zit map reu
For we desdropie ane myle about the coun,
For that I gat many blak Malisoun.
Eie contrair the Gouvernouris Intent,
With our young Princes we to Scrimling went

For heich contemptioun of the Gouvernour,
I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France,
That lustie Lord leuand in greie plesour,
Did loie that land and honest Ordinance,
Bot he and I fell sone at variance,
And throw my counsal was within schort space
Forsaltit and flemit, he gat name vther grace.

Than throw my prudence, practik and Ingine
Our Gouvernour I causit to consent,
Full qupetlie to my counsall Incline,
Quhair of his Nobillis war not weill content,
For quhpe I gart dissolue in plane Parliament
The band of peace contractit with Ingland,
Quhairthrow come harme & heirschip to Scot-
(land).

That peace brokin, arais new mortall weiris,
Besep and land sic reis, without reles,
Quhilk to report my frapit hart effeiris,
The veritie to schaw in termis breif,
I was the rute of all that greie mischeif,
The South countrie may say it had bene gude
That my Ayeis had smoit me in my Cude.

I was the rais of mekill mair mischance,
For vphald of my glour and dignitie,

And plesone of the Potent King of France,
 With England wald I haue na vnitie:
 Bot quha consider wald the veritie,
 We micht full weill haue leuit in peice and rest.
 Nine or ten zeiris, and than playit loule or fallt,

Had we with England keipit our contrakis,
 Our Nobill men had leuit in peace and rest.
 Our Merchandis had not loist sa monp vakis,
 Our commoun pepill had not bene opprest:
 On ather side, all wrangis had bene redrest.
 Bot Edinburgh sen sine, Leith, and Kingorne,
 The day and hour map ban that I was bozne

Our Gouvernour to mak him to me sure,
 With sweit and subrell wordis I did him spyle,
 Till I his sone and air gat in my cure,
 To that effect I fand that craftie wple,
 That he na maner of way micht me begyle,
 Than leuch I quhen his liegis did alledge,
 How I his Sone had gottin into pledge.

The Erle of Angus and his Germane brother
 I purposit to gar thame lois thair life,
 Richt sa till haue destropit monp vther,
 Sum with the fyze, sum with the sword & kniife,
 In speciall monp gentill men of fyfe,
 And purposit till put to greit torment,
 All fauouraris of the auld and new Testament

Than enerie man thap tuke of me sic feir,
 That time quhen I had sa greit gouernance,
 Greit Lordis dreiding I suld do thame deir,
 Thap durst nocht eum till Court but assurance,
 Sen sine thair hes nocht bene sic variance,
 Now till our Prynce Barrounis obedientlie,

But

But assurance thap cum full courtteslie.

My hope was maist into the King of France
 Togidder with the Papis halimes,
 Hair than in God, my worschip to auance,
 I traistit sa into thair gentilnes,
 That na man durst presume me to oppres,
 Bot quhen the day come of my fatall hour,
 Far was from me, thair support and succour.

Than to preserue my riches and my lyfe,
 I maid ane strenth of wallis heich and braid,
 Sic ane Fortres was neuer found in fyfe,
 Beleuand thair durst na man me Inuaid.
 Now find I crew the saw quhilk Dauid said:
 Without God of ane hous be maister of wark
 He wrikis in vane, thocht it be neuer sa stark.

For I was throw the hie power deuine,
 Richt dulefullie dung down amang the As,
 Quhilk culd not be throw mortal manis ingine.
 Bot as Dauid did slap the greit Golpas,
 Or Holopherne be Judith killit was,
 In myd amang his tryumphand Armie,
 Sa was I slane into my cheif Cirtie.

Quhen I had greitest dominatioun,
 As Lucifer had in the heuin Ennyze,
 Came suddandlie my depriatioun,
 Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspyze.
 Sa cruell was thair furious birnand Ire,
 I gat na time, lapses, nor libertie,
 To say, In manus tuas Domine.

Behald my fatall Infelicitie,
 I being in my strenth Incomparabill.
 That dyed full dungeoun maid me na supplie,

My greit riches, nor rentis profitabill,
 My siluer wark, Iowellis Inestimabill,
 My papall pompe, of gold my riche tresour,
 My life and all I lost in half ane hour.

To the pepill was maid ane spectakle,
 Of my deid and deformit Cartoun.
 Sum said it was ane manifest mirakle:
 Sum said it was deuine punitioun,
 Sa to be slane, into my strang dungeoun,
 Quhen euerie man had Iudgit as him list,
 Thyap saltit me, sine closit me in ane kist.

I lay vnburpit senin Monethis and moir,
 Or I was bozne to closter, kirk or queir,
 In ane midding quhilk pane bene till deploir,
 Withouth suffrage of Chanoun. Monk or freir,
 All proude Prelatis at me may Lessonis leir,
 Quhilk rang sa lang and sa tryumphantlie,
 Spne in the dust doung down sa dulefullie.

To the Prelatis.

O ZE my Brether, Princis of the Preistis,
 I mak zow hartlie Supplicatioun:
 Baith nicht and day reuolue into zour breistis,
 The Proces of my Depriuatioun,
 Consider quhat bene zour vocatioun,
 To follow me, I pray zow, nocht pretend zow,
 Bot reid at lenth this Cedull, that I send zow.

Ze knaw how Iesus his Discipulis sent,
 Ambassadouris till euerie Natioun,
 To schaw his Law and his commandement,
 To all pepill by Predicatioun,
 Thairfor I mak to zow narratioun,

Senze to thame ar verray Successouris,
Ze aught to do as did your Predecessouris.

How dar ze be sa hault till tak on hand,
For to be Heraldis to sa greit ane King,
To beir his message baith to burgh and land,
Ze beand dumi, and can pronounce na thing.
Upke Menstrallis, that can nocht play nor sing.
Or quhy suld men giue to sic hirdis hyre,
Quhyllk can not gyde thair secheip about & myre.

Eschame ze not to be Christis Seruitouris,
And for your fee, hes greit Tempozall landis?
Sine of your office can not tak the curis,
As Cannoun Law & scripture zow commandis.
Ze will not want teind scheif nor offerandis,
Teind woll, teind lamb teind calf, teind gryce &
To mak seruice ze ar all out of vse. (gule

My deir brother do not as ze war wounde,
Amend your life now quhill your day Induris,
Traist weill ze salbe callit to your count,
Of euerylk thing belanging to your curis.
Leif hasardrie, your harlatrie and huris,
Remembring on my vnprouisit deid,
For efter deith may na man mak remeid.

Ze Prelatis quhillk hes thousandis for to spend
Ze send ane sempill freir for zow to preiche,
It is your craft, I mak it to zow kend,
Zour selfis in your Tempillis for to preiche,
Bot ferlie not thocht sillie freiris fleiche:
For and thap planelie schaw the veritie,
Chan will thap want the Bischoppis cheritie.
Quhairfor bene gemin zow sic Kopall rent:
Bot for to find the pepill Spirituall fude,

Preiching to them the new & auld Testament,
 The Law of God dois planelie sa conclude.
 Put not your hope into na warldlie gude,
 As I haue done, behald my greit Tresour,
 Said me na help at my unhapppy hour.

That day quhen I was Bischop consecrait
 The greit Bpbill was bound vpon my back.
 What was thairin, lytill I knew God wait,
 Hair than ane beist beirand ane precious pack
 Bot hastelie my Couenant I brak,
 For I was oblissit wityh my awin consent,
 The Law of God to preiche wityh gude Intenc

Brether richt sa quhen ze wer consecrait,
 Ze oblissit zow all on the samin wise,
 Ze may be callit Bischoppis counterfait,
 As gallandis buskit for to mak ane gyse,
 Now think I, Princes ar nathing to prysse,
 Till giue ane famous office to ane fule,
 As quha wald put ane Hyter on ane Mule.

Allace and ze that sorowfull sight had sene,
 How I lay bullerand, hairthir in my blude,
 To mend your life, it had occasioun bene,
 And leaue your auld corruptit consweturde,
 Failzeing thair of, than schortlie I conclude,
 Withour ze from your Ribaldrie arise,
 Ze salbe seruit on the samin wise.

To the Princes.

IMPRVDENT Princes but discretioun,
 Having in irth power Imperiall,
 Ze bene the caus of this transgressioun:
 I speik to zow all into generall,

Quhair

Quhilk dois dispoone all office Spirituall.
 Seuand the saullis quhilkis bene Christis scheip
 To blind Pastouris but conscience to keip.

Quhen ze Princes dois want ane Officiar,
 Ane Barter, Browster, or ane Maister Cuke,
 Ane ttrim Tailzeour ane cunning Cordynar,
 Quir all the land at lench ze will gar luke,
 Maist abill men sic offices to bruke.
 Ane Browster quhilk can brew maist hailstū aill
 Ane cunning Cuke quhilk best can lessoun caill.

Ane Tailzeour quhilk hes fosterit bene in Frace
 That can mak garmentis on the gapest gyle.
 Ze Princes bene the caus of this mischance,
 That quhen thair dois baik ony Benefple,
 Ze aucht to do vpon the samin wyle.
 Gar seirche and seik baith into burgh and land
 The Law of God quha best can vnderstand.

Mak him Bischop that prudentlie cā preiche
 As dois pertene till his vocatioun.
 Ane Persone quhilk his Parochin can teiche,
 Gar Vicaris mak dew Ministratioun.
 And als I mak zow Supplicatioun,
 Mak zour Abbotis of richt Religious men,
 Quhilk to the pepill Christis Law can ken.

Bot not to Rebaldis new cum from the Roist
 Nor of aye stufat stollin out of ane stabill,
 The quhilk into the Scule maid neuer na coist,
 Nor neuer was to Spirituall science abill,
 Except the Cartis, the dice, the Ches & Tabill,
 Of Rome rakeris, nor of rude Ruffinnis,
 Of callap Paikeris, nor of Publicanis.

Nor of Fantastik fenzeit flatteraris.

Haist meit to gadder Mussillis into May.
 Of Cowhubeis, nor zit of clatteraris,
 That in the Kirk can nouchter sing nor say,
 Thocht thap be clokit vp in Clerkis array,
 Like dotit doctouris new cum out of Athenis
 And mummill our ane pair of maglit Harenis

Nocht qualifpit to bruke ane Benefis,
 Bot throw Schir Symonis solistatioun,
 I was promotit on the samin wpis,
 Allace throw Princes Supplicatioun,
 And maid at Rome throw fals narratioun,
 Bischop, Abbot, bot na Religious man,
 Ouh a me promotit, I now thair banis ban.

Howbeit I was Legate and Cardinall,
 Yrill I knew thairin quhat suld be doill,
 I understude na science Spiritual,
 Na maist than did bind Allane of the Hont,
 I dreid the king that sittis heich abone,
 On zow Princes sall mak sair punischement,
 Richt sa on vs throw righteous Judgement.

On zow Princes for vndiscreit geuing,
 Till Ignorantis sic offices till vse,
 And we for our Inoportune asking,
 Ouhilk suld haue done sic dignitis refuse,
 Our Ignorance hes done the world abuse,
 Throw couerice of riches and of rent,
 That euer I was ane Prelate I repent.

To Kingis mak ze na cair to giue in cure,
 Virgines profest into Religion,
 Intill the keeping of ane common hire?
 To mak think ze not greit derilioun,
 Ane woman Person of ane Parischoun?

Ouhair

Quhair thair bene twa thousand saulis to gyde
That from harlattris can not hir hippis hyde.

Quhat and King David leuit in thir dapis,
Or out of heuin quhat and he lurkit down,
The quhilk did found sa mony fair Abbayis?
Being the greit abhominatioun,
In mony Abbayis of this Natioun,
He wald repent that narrowit sa his boundis,
Of zeir he rent, thre scor of thousand poundis.

Quhairfoir I counsall everilk Christiane King,
Within this Realme mak Reformatioun,
And suffer na ma Rebaldis for to King,
Abuse Christis trew Congregatioun.
Failzeing thairof I mak narratioun.
That ze Princes and Prelatis all at anis,
Shall bureit be in hell, saull, blude and banis.

That ever I brunkit Benefice I rew,
Or to sic hiecht sa prouddie did pretend.
In ion depart thairfoir my freindis adew.
Quhair ever it plesis God now mon I wend,
I pray thee till my freindis me recommend,
And failze nocht at lenyth to put in wyre,
My Tragedie, as I haue done Indyte.

FINIS.

The Deplozatioun of the deith of Quene Magdalene.

ORVELL deith, to greit is thy puiffance,
Deuozar of all eirthlie leuing thingis,

V. ij.

288 THE DEPLORATION OF
Adam, we may the wyte of this mischance
In thp defalt this cruell tyran Kingis
And spairis nouthir Emprour nor Kingis
And now allace hes rest furth of this land,
The flour of France, and comfort of Scotland.

Father Adam allace that thow abusit,
Thp fre will being Inobedient,
Thow cheiffit deith, and lasting life refusit,
Thp successioun allace that may repent,
That thow hes maid mankinde sa Impotent,
That it may mak to deith na resistance,
Exempill of our Quene the flour of France.

O dreidfull Dragoun, with thp dulefull dart,
Quhilk did not spair of Femenine the Flour,
Bot cruellie did peirs hir throw the hart,
And wald not giue hir respite for ane hour,
To remane with hir Prince and Paramour,
That scho at laister nicht haue tane licence,
Scotland on the map cry ane lowd vengeance

Thow leit Bathusalem leif nine hundreth zeir
Thre scoir and nyne, bot in thp furious rage.
Thow did deuoir this young Princes but peir,
O scho was compleit seuintene zeir of age.
Gredie gormand, quhy did thow not all wage,
Thp furious rage, contrair that lustie Quene,
Till we sum frute had of hir bodie sene?

O dame Nature thow did na diligence,
Contrair this theif quhilk all þ world rōfoundis
Had thow with naturall Targes maid defence,
That bypbour had not cūmin within hir bosidis
And had bene sauit from sic mortall stoundis
This monp ane zeir, bot quhair was pi discretis
That

That leit hir pas till we had sene successioun.

O Venus with thy blind Sone Cupido,
 Sp on zow haith that maid na resistance,
 Into your Court ze neuer had sic two.
 Sa leill Luiskaris without dissimulance,
 As James the fyst. and Magdalene of France
 Descending baith of blude Imperiall,
 To quhome in lufe I find na peregall.

Foz as Leander swame out throuw the flude
 To his fair Lady Hero mony nichtis,
 Sa did this Prince throuw bulering Stremis wod
 With Erlis, Barrois Squaris, & w knichtis
 Contrair Reprune and Coll and thair nichtis,
 And left his Realme in greit disesperance,
 To seek his Lufe, the first dochter of France.

And scho like prudent Quene Penelope,
 Full constancie wald change him foz na uther,
 And foz his plesour left hir awin countrie,
 Without regaird to Father or to Mother,
 Taking na cure of sister nor of brother,
 Bot schoztie tuke hir leaue, and left thame all,
 Foz lufe of him to quhome lufe maid hir thral.

O dame Fortune quhair was thy greit comfort
 To hir to quhome thow was sa fauourabill,
 Thy slyding giftis maid hir na support,
 Hir hie lymage, nor riches Intellibill,
 I se thy puissance bene bot variabill,
 Quhen hir Father the maist hie Cristinit King,
 Till his deir Chyld, micht mak na supporting

The Potent Prince hir lustie lufe and knichte
 With his maist hardie Nobillis of Scotland,
 Contrair that bailfull byboure had na micht,

290 THE DEPLORATIOVN OF
Thocht all the men had bene at his command,
Of France, Flanderis, Italie, and Ingland,
With fiftie thousand Billioun of tresour,
Nicht nocht prolong that Ladpis life ane hour

O Paris of all Cieteis principall,
Quhilk did ressaie our Prince with laud & glorie
Solempnitie throw Arkis trumphhall,
Quhilk day bene digne to put in memorie,
For as Pompey efter his victorie,
Was into Rome ressaie with greit Joy,
Sa thow ressaie our richt redoutit Roy.

Bot at his Mariage maid vpon the mozt,
Sic solace, and Solempnizatioun,
Was neuer sene afoir sen Christ was borne,
Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun,
Chair seillit was the Confirmatioun,
Of the weill keipit ancient alliance,
Maid betwix Scotland & the Realme of France

I neuer did se ane day mair glorious,
Sa mony in sa riche abilizementis,
Of silk and gold with stanis precious,
Sic banketting, sic sound of Instrumentis,
With sang and dance, and Martiall toznanetis
Bot like ane storme efter ane pleland morrow,
Sone was our solace changit into sorrow.

O tratour deith quhome nane may contramand
Thow micht haue sene the preparatioun,
Maid be the thre Estatis of Scotland,
With greit comfort and consolatioun,
In euerilk Cierie, Castell, Towre, and Toun,
And how ilk Nobill set his haill Intent,
To be excellent in abilizement.

Theif

Theif saw thow not the greit preparatuis,
 Of Edinburgh the Nobill famous coun,
 Thow saw the pepill laubouring for thair lpuis
 To mak triumphe, with Trimp and Clarion
 Sic plesour was neuer in this Regioun,
 As suld haue bene the day of hir entrace,
 With greit proppnis geuin till hir grace.

Thow saw makand richte coislie scaffalding
 Depaintit weill with gold and Alsire spne,
 Reddy preparit for the vpsetting,
 With Fontanis flowing water cleir and wyne
 Disagysit folkis like Creatures diupne,
 On Ilk Scaffald to play ane lindrie stozie,
 Bot all in greting turnit thow that glozie.

Thow saw mony ane lustie fresche gailand,
 Weill ordourit for ressaing of thair Quene,
 Ilk Craftisman with bent bow in his hand,
 Full galzartlie in schozt cleithing of grene,
 The honest Burges cled thow suld haue sene,
 Sum in Scarlot, and sum in claith of grane,
 For till haue met thair Lady Souerane.

Prouest, Bailleis, and Lordis of the Town,
 The Senatouris in ordour consequent,
 Cled into silk of Purpure blak and browu,
 Sine the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
 With mony knichellie Barroun and Baurent,
 In silk and gold, in colouris comfozabill,
 Bot thow allace, all turnit into Sabill,

Sine all the Lordis of Religioun,
 And Princes of the Preistis venerabill,
 Full plesandlie in thair Processioun,
 With all the cunning Clerkis honozabill,

292 THE DEPLORATION OF
Bot thifteouslie thow tyrane tressonabill,
All thair greit solace and Solempniteis,
Thow turnit into dulefull Dirigeis.

Sine nixt in ordour passing throw the toun,
Thow suld haue hard the din of Instrumentis,
Of Tabrone, Trumpet, Schalme, and Clariou
With reird redoundand throw the Elemencis,
The Heraldis with thair awfull bestimentis,
With Baseris vpon ather of thair handis,
To reule the preis, with burneist siluer wandis

Sine last of all in ordour trumpshall,
That maist Illuster Princes honozabill,
With hir the lustie Ladpis of Scotland,
Quhilk suld haue bene aue sicht maist delectabil
Hir rapment to reheirs, I am not abill,
Of gold and Perle, and precious stanis briche,
Twinkling like sternis in aue froistie nicht.

Vnder aue Pale of gold scho suld haue pass,
Be Burgeissis borne, clothit in silkis fyne,
The greit Maister of houshald, all thair last,
With him in ordour all the Kingis tryne,
Quhais ordinance war langsum to despyne,
On this maner scho passing throw the toun,
Suld haue reffauit mony bennisoun.

Of Virgines and of lustie Burges wipissis,
Quhilk suld haue bene aue sight Celestiall,
Viue la Royne, cryand for thair lyfissis,
With aue Harmonious sound Angelicall,
In enerie corner mirthis Musicall,
Bot thow tyrane in quhome is found na grace,
Our Alleluya hes turnit in allace.

Thow suld haue hard the Ornate Oratouris
Makand

Makand hir hienes Salutation,
Baith of the Clergy, Town and Counsalessouris
With mony notabill narratioun,
Thow suld haue sene hir Coronatioun,
In the faie Abbay of the halp Rude,
In presence of ane mirthfull multitude.

Sic Banketting, sic awfull tozamentis,
On hors & fute, that tyme quhilk suld haue bene,
Sic Chapell Royall, with sic Instrumentis,
And craftie Musick, singing from the splene,
In this countrie was neuer hard nor sene,
Bot all this greit Solempnitie and gam,
Turnit thow hes in Requiem eternam.

Inconstant warld, thy freindschip I despy,
Sen strenght nor wisdom, riches nor honour,
Vertew nor bewtie, none may certispy,
Within thy boundis for to remane ane houre,
Quhat baillis it to the king or Emprour,
Sen Princelie puissance may not be exemit,
From deith quhais dolour can not be expremitt.

Sen man in eirth hes na place permanent,
Bot all mon pas be that horribill port,
Lat vs pas to the Lord Omnipotent,
That dulefull day to be our greit comfort,
That in his Realme we may with him resort,
Quhilkis from the hell to his blude ransomit bent
With Magdalene, vniquhile of Scotlād Quene

O deith, thocht thow the bodie map denoie,
Of euerie man, zit hes thow na puissance,
Of thair vertew for to consume the gloir,
As salbe sene of Magdalene of France,
Vniquhile our Quene, quhome Portis sal auāce

And put hir in perpetuall memorie,
 Sa sall hir fame of thee haue victorie.

Thocht thow hes slane þ heuinlie flour of France,
 Quhilk Impie was into the Chyristill kene.
 Quhairin all Scotland saw thair haill plesance
 And maid the Spoun reioisit from the splene,
 Thocht rute be pullit from the leuis grene,
 The smell of it sall in despite of thee,
 Keip ap twa Realmes in peace and amitie.

¶ Quod Lyndesay.



The answer quhilk

Schir Dauid Lyndesay maid to
 the Kingis Flyting.

REDOV TIT Kop zour ragmēt I haif red,
 Quhilk dois perturb my dull Intendement
 From zour flyting wald God that I wer fred
 Or ellis sum Tygeris tounge wer to me lent
 Schir pardone me, thoche I be Impacient
 Quhilk bene sa to zour prynzeand pen detractie,
 And rude report from Venus Court deiectie.

Austie Ladpis that zour libellis lukis,
 Myr companie dois hald abhominabill,
 Commandand me beir cumpanie to the Cukis,
 Haisit like ane Deuill thap hald me detestabill,
 Thap baneis me, sapand I am not abill,
 Thame to compleis, or preis to thair presence,
 Dpou

TO THE KINGIS FLYTING. 295

Upon your pen I cry ane lowd vengeance.

war I ane Doeit, I suld preis with my pen
To weik me on your vennemous wpyting,
Bot I mon do as dog dois in his den,
Fald baith my feit, or fle far fra your flyting,
The mekill deuill may not Indure your dyting,
Ouhairfoir Cor mundum crea in me, I cry,
Proclamand zow the Prince of Poetry.

Schie with my Prince perrenit me not to pley
Bot sen your grace hes geuin me sic command
To mak answer it must nedis me obey,
Thocht ze be strang now like ane Elephant,
And into Venus warkis maist bailzeand,
The day will cum, and that within few zeiris,
That ze will draw at laiser with your feiris.

Ouhat can ze say farther, bot I am failzeit,
In Venus warkis, I grant Schie that is trew
The time hes bene, I was better artailzeit,
Noz I am now, bot zit full sair I rew,
That euer I did mounth thankles sa persew,
Ouhairfoir tak tent, & your fyne powder spair,
And waist it not, bot gif ze wit weill quhair.

Thocht ze run rudelie like ane restless Ram,
Schutand your bolt at mony sundrie schellis,
Beleif richt weil it is ane bydand gam,
Ouhairfoir be war with dowbling of the bellis
For mony ane dois haist thair awin saul knellis
And speciallie, quhen that the wall gais by,
Sine can not get agane sic stufe to by.

I giue your counsall to the Feind of Hell,
That wald not of ane Princes zow proupe,

Tholand zow rpn schutand from schell to schell
 Waistand zour corps, lettand the tyme ouirslpde
 For like ane busteous Bull, ze rpn and rpde,
 Kopatoullie like ane rude Rubeatour,
 Ap sukkannd like ane furious fornicatour.

On Ladzounis for to lowp ze will norht las,
 Howbeit the Caribaldis cry, the cozmoch.
 Remember how belpde the Hasking fat,
 Ze caist ane Quene ouirthort a stinking troch
 That feind with fuffilling of hir roistie hoch,
 Caist douf fat quhairthrow drink drak & iuggis
 Come rudelie rinnand douu about zour luggis.

Wald God the Lady that luffit zow best,
 Had sene zow thair lp swatterad like twa swyne
 Bot to Indyte how that duddoun was drest,
 Drowpit to dzegis quhimperad to monp quhine
 That proces to report it war ane pyne.
 On zour behalf, I thank God times ten scoir,
 That zow preservit fra Gut, and fra grandgoir.

Now Schir fair weill becaus I can not flyte,
 And thoch I culd, I war not till auance,
 Aganis zour Ornate meter to Indyte:
 Bot zit be war with laubouring of zour Lance,
 Sulapis thair cumis ane bukler furth of frace
 Quhilk wil indure zour dints, thocht pai be dour
 Fair weill of flowand Rethorik the flour.

Quod Lyndesay in his flyting,
 Aganis the Kingis dyting.

FINIS.

The

The Complaint and

publict Confessioun of the Kingis
auld Hound, callit Bagsche, direct to Bawtie, the
Kingis best belouit Dog, & his Companzeounis.

Maid at command of King Iames the Fyft,

be Schir Dauid Lyndesay, of the

Mont Knicht, Alias Lyoun

King of Armes.

ALLACE quhome to suld I complaine,
In my extreme necessitie,

O: quhome to sall I mak my maine

In Court na Dog will do for me,

Beseikand sum for Cheritie.

To beir my Supplicatioun,

To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,

Now o: the King pas to the toun.

I haue followit the Court sa lang,
Quhill in gude faich I map na mair,
The countrie knawis I map nocht gang
I am sa cruikit, auld and sair,
That I wait nocht quhair to repair,
For quhen I had Authozitie,
I thocht me sa familiar,
I neuer dzed necessitie.

I rew the race that Geordie Steill,
Brocht Bawtie to the Kingis presence,
I pray God lat him neuer do weill,
Sen sine I gat na audience,
For Bawtie now gettis sic credence,
That he lvis on the Kingis nicht gown,
Quhair I perforce for my offence,
Mon in the Clois ly like ane Houn.

For I haue bene ap to this houn,
 Ane wyrtrear of Lamb and Dog,
 Ane Tpyane and ane Tuilzeour,
 Ane murtherillar of mony Dog,
 I pue foullis I chaist out throuw ane scrog
 Quhairfor thair Motheris did me warie
 For thap war drownit all in ane Bog,
 Speir at Johne Gordoun of Pittarie.

Quhilk in his hous did bring me vp,
 And blit me to slap the deir,
 Sweit Milk and Heill he gart me sup,
 That craft I leirit sone perqueir,
 All vther verrew ran arreir,
 Quhen I began to bark and flyte,
 For thair was nouthet Honk nor Freir,
 Nor wife nor barne, bot I wald byte.

Quhen to the King the case was knawin
 Of my unhappp hardines,
 And all the suith vnto him schawin,
 How enerilk Dog I did oppres,
 Than gais his grace command expres,
 I suld be brocht to his presence,
 Norwithstanding my wickitnes,
 In Court I gat greit audience.

I schew my greit Ingratitude,
 To the Capitane of Badzeno,
 Quhilk in his hous did find me fude,
 Twa zeir with vther hoindis mo.
 Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
 That I grew heich into the Court,
 For his rewaird I wrocht him wo,
 And cruellie I did him hurt.

So thap

Sa than that gaue me to the king,
 I was thair mortall enemye,
 I tuke cure of na kinde of thing,
 Bot pleis the kingis Maiestie,
 Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
 My faller and my plane oppressioun,
 He gaue command that I shuld be
 Hangit without Confessioun.

And zit becaus that I was auld
 His grace thocht pietie for to hang me,
 Bot leit me wander quhair I wald,
 Than set my fais for to fang me,
 And euerie bounchour dog down dang me
 Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
 Than in the court ilk wicht did wrang me
 And this I gat for my reward.

I had wirreir blak Makeloun,
 War nocht that rebaldis come and reb,
 Bot he was f. emit of the toun.
 From time the king saw how I bled,
 He gart lay me vpon ane bed.
 For with ane knife I was mischeuit,
 This Makeloun for feir he fled.
 Ane lang time o he was releuit.

And Patrik Struiling in Argyle,
 I bure him bakwart to the growd,
 And had him slane within ane quhyld,
 War not the helping of ane hound.
 Zit gat he mony bludie wound,
 As zit his skyn was schaw the markis,
 Find me ane dog quhair ever zefound,
 Hes maid sa mony bludie lackis.

Gude brother Lanceman, Lyndesapis Dog
 Quhilk ap hes keipit thy lawtrie,
 And neuer wirpit Lamb nor Hog,
 Prap Luffra, Seudlar and Bawtie,
 Of me Bagsche to haue pietie,
 And proude me ane porrioun,
 In Dunfermeling, quhair I map dre,
 Penmance for my exortoun.

Get be thair Solistatioun,
 Ane Letter from the Kingis grace,
 That I map haue Collatioun.
 With fyre and candill in the place,
 Bot I will leif schozt time allace,
 Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis,
 Betur Alwednisday and Pace,
 I mon haue leif to wpyrie Lambis.

Bawtie consider weill this bill,
 And reid this Cedull that I send zow,
 And euerilk point thair of fulfill,
 And now in time of mis amend zow,
 I pray zow that ze nocht pretend zow,
 To elym ouir hir, nor do na wrang,
 Bot from zour fais with richt defend zow,
 And tak crampill how I gang.

I was that na man durst cum neir me
 Nor put me fureh of my Ludgeing,
 Na dog durst fra my dinner sker me,
 Quhen I was tender with the King,
 Now euerilk tyke dois me down thyrng,
 The quhilk befor be we war wrangit,
 And sweiris I serue na vther thyrng,
 Bot in ane Belter to be hangit.

Thocht

Thocht ze be hamelie with the king,
 Ze Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
 Be war that ze do not down thring,
 Your Nichtbouris throw Authozitie:
 And your exempill mak be me,
 And beleue weill ze ar bot doggis,
 Thocht ze stand in the hiest gre,
 Se ze bpte nouthen Lambis nor Hoggis.

Thocht ze haue now greit audience,
 Se that be zow be nane opprest,
 Ze will be punischit for your offence,
 From time the king be weill confest,
 Thair is na dog that hes transgrest,
 Throw crueltie, and he may fang him,
 His Maicstie will tak na rest,
 Till on ane Gallous he gar hang him.

I was anis als far ben as ze ar,
 And had in Court als greit credence,
 And ap pretendit to be hiar,
 Bot quhen the kingis Excellence,
 Did knaw my faller and offence,
 And my pyydefull Presumptioun,
 I gat na uther recompence,
 Bot hopit and houndit of the tomi.

Was neuer sa unkynde ane Coze,
 As quhen I had Authozitie.
 Of my freindis I tuke na force,
 The quhilkis afoir had done for me,
 This Proverb it is of veritie,
 Quhilk I hard red intill ane Letter,
 Hiest in Court, nirt the widdie,
 Withouth he gyde him all the better.

I tuke na mair count of ane Lord,
 Nor I did of ane kitching knaif.
 Thocht euerie day I maid discord,
 I was set vp abone the laif,
 The gentill hound was to me slaif,
 And with the kingis awin fingeris fed,
 The sillie ratches wald I raif,
 Thus for my euill deidis was I dzed.

Chairfoir Bawrie luke best about,
 Quhen thou art hiest with the king,
 For than thou standis in greitest dour,
 Be thou not gude in gouerning.
 Put na pure spike from his steiding,
 Nor zit na sillie ratches raif,
 He sittis abone that seis all thing,
 And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

Quhen I come steppand ben the flure,
 All Ratches greit rowme to me red,
 I of na Creature tuke cure,
 Bot lap vpon the kingis bed,
 With claith of gold thocht it wer spred,
 For feir ilk freik wald stand on far,
 With euerilk dog I was sa dzed,
 Thap trimblit quhen thap hard me nar,

Gude brother Bawrie beir thee euin
 Thocht with thy Prince thou be potent,
 It cryis ane vengeance from the heuin,
 For till oppres ane Innocent:
 In welth be than maist vigilant,
 And do na wrang to dog nor birche,
 As I haue, quhilk I now repent,
 Na Hellane reis to mak the ritche.

Noz for augmenting of thy boundis,
 Ask na reward Schir at the king,
 Ouhilk may do hurt to vther houndis,
 Express aganis Goddis bidding,
 Chais na pure tyke from his midding,
 Throw cast of Court or Kingis request
 And of thy self presume nathing,
 Except thou art ane brutall beist.

Traist weill thair is na oppressour,
 Noz boucheour dog drawer of blude,
 Ane Tyane noz ane transgressour.
 That sall now of the king get gude,
 Fra tyme furth that his Celcitude,
 Dois cleirly knaw the veritie,
 Bot he is flemit for to conclude,
 Or hangit heich vpon ane tre.

Thocht ze be cuplit altogidder,
 With silk and sowlis of siluer fyne,
 Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhiddier
 And gar zow leid ane Lawer tyne,
 Than sall zour plesour turne in pyne,
 Ouhen ane strange Hounter blawis his home,
 And all zour credence gar zow tyne,
 Than sall zour laubour be forlozne.

I say na mair gude freindis adew,
 In dzeid we neuer meit agane,
 That euer I kend the Court I rew,
 Was neuer wicht sa will of wane,
 Lat na dog now serue our Souerane
 Withouth he be of gude conditioun,
 Be he peruerst I tell zow plane.
 He hes neid of ane gude Remission.

That I am on this way mischeuit,
 The Erle of Huntlie I map warie,
 He weind I had bene weill releuit
 Quhen to the Court he gart me carie,
 Wald God I war now in Pittarie,
 Becaus I haue bene sa enill deidie,
 Adew, I dar na langer tarie.
 In dzeid I waif intrill ane widdie.

FINIS.

Cane Supplication

directit from Schir Dauid Lyndesay

Knicht, to the Kingis Grace, in Contemp-
 tion of syde Taillis.

SCHIR thocht your grace hes put greit ordour:
 Baith in the hie land and the bozdour,
 Zit mak I Supplication.
 Till haue sum Reformatioun;
 Of ane small fault, quhilk is not tressoun;
 Thocht it be contrarie to resoun:
 Becaus the mater bene sa vple,
 It map not haue ane Ornate stple:
 Quhairfor I pray your Excellence,
 To heir me with greit Patience,
 Of stinkand weidis Maculate.
 Na man map weir ane Rois Chairplate:
 Souerane I mene of thir syde Taillis,
 Quhilk throw the dust and dubbis traillis,
 The quarteris lang behind thair heillis,
 Expris agane all Commoun weillis.
 Thocht Bischoppis in thair Pontificallis,
 Haue

CONTEMPT. OF SYDE TAILLIS. 307

Hane men for to beir by thair Tailis,
 For dignitie of thair office.
 Richt sa ane Quene or ane Emprice,
 Howbeit thap vse sic grauntie,
 Conformand to thair Maistie,
 Thocht thair rob Kopallis be byboorne,
 I think it is ane verrap scozne,
 That every Lady of the land
 Suld haue hir tail sa side trailland.
 Howbeit thap bene of hir estat,
 The Quene thap suld nocht counterfett,
 Quhair ever thap go, it may be sene,
 How kirk and callap thap soup clene,
 The Imagis into the kirk,
 May think of thair side tailis Irk,
 For quhen the wedder bene most fair,
 The dust fleis, hieft in the air,
 And all thair facis dois begarie,
 Gif thap culd speik, thap wald thame warie,
 To se I think ane pleisand sight,
 Of Italie the Ladyis brycht,
 In thair cleithing maist crymphanand,
 Aboue all beher Christin land.
 Zit quhen thap trauell throw the townis
 Men seis thair feit beneth thair gownis
 Four inche aboue thair proper heillis;
 Circulat about als round as quheillis,
 Quhair throw thair dois na poulder ryis,
 Thair fair quhyte hymnis to suppyris,
 Bot I think maist abusoun,
 To se men of Religioun,
 Gar beir thair tailis throw the streit,
 That folkis may behald thair feit.
 I trow sanct Bernard nor sanct Blais,
 Gar neuer man beir by thair clais,

304 **HANE SVPPPLICATION IN**

That I am on this way mischeuit,
The Erle of Huntlie I map warie,
He weind I had bene weill releuit
Quhen to the Court he gart me carie,
Wald God I war now in Pittarie,
Becaus I haue bene sa euill deidie,
Adew, I dar na langer carie.
In dreid I waif intill ane widdie.

FINIS.

Hane Supplicatioun

directit from Schir Dauid Lyndesay

Knight, to the Kingis Grace, in Contemp-
toun of syde Taillis.

SCHIR thocht your grace hes put greit ordour:
Baith in the hie land and the boz dour,
Zit mak I Supplicatioun:
Till haue sum Reformatioun;
Of ane small fault, quhilk is not tressoun;
Thocht it be contrarie to restoun;
Becaus the mater bene sa vple,
It map not haue ane Ornate stple:
Quhairfor I pray your Excellence,
To heir me with greit Patience,
Of stinkand weidis Maculate.
Na man map weir ane Rois Chaiplate:
Souerane I mene of this syde Taillis,
Quhilk throw the dust and dubbis traillis;
Thre quarteris lang behind thair heillis,
Erpres agane all Commoun weillis.
Thocht Bischoppis in thair Pontificallis,
Hane

CONTEMPT. OF SYDE TAILLIS. 305

Hane men for to beir by thair Tailis,
 For dignitie of thair office.
 Richt sa ane Quene or ane Emprice,
 Howbeit thap vse sic grauntie,
 Conformand to thair Maestie,
 Thocht thair rob Royallis be vppone,
 I think it is ane verrap scozne,
 That euery Lady of the land
 Suld haue hir taill sa side trailland.
 Howbeit thap bene of hir estait,
 The Quene thap suld nocht counterfait,
 Quhair euer thap go, it may be sene,
 How kirk and callap thap soup clene,
 The Imagis into the kirk,
 May think of thair side taillis Irk,
 For quhen the wedder bene most fair,
 The dust fleis, hiest in the air,
 And all thair facis dois begarie,
 Gif thap suld speik, thap wald thame warie,
 To se I think ane pleland sight,
 Of Italie the Ladyis bricht,
 In thair cleithing maist repumphant,
 Aboue all vcher Christin land.
 Sic quhen thap trauell throw the townis
 Men seis thair feit beneth thair gownis
 Four inche aboue thair proper heillis;
 Circulat about als round as quheillis,
 Quhair throw thair dois na poulder ryis,
 Thair fair quhyte hymnis to suppyis,
 Bot I think maist abusoun,
 To se men of Religionn,
 Gar beir thair taillis throw the streit,
 That folkis may behald thair feit,
 I trow sanct Bernard nor sanct Blais,
 Gart neuer man beir by thair clais,

306 JANE SVPPPLICATION IN
 Peter nor Paule, nor Sanct Androw,
 Gart neuer beir vp thair tailis I trow,
 Bot Ilauch best to se ane Rwn,
 Gar beir hir taill abone hir bwn,
 For nathing ellis, as I suppois,
 Bot for to schaw hir lillie quhyte hois,
 In all thair retowis chap will not find
 Quha suld beir vp thair Tailis behind,
 Bot I haue maist mro despyte,
 Pure Claggokis cled in Koiploch quhyte
 Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thair feis,
 Will haue twa ellis beneth thair kneeis,
 Kirtok that clekkit was zistrene,
 The mozne will counterfait the Quene.
 Ane mureland Meg that milkit the zowis,
 Claggit with clay abone the howis,
 In barn nor byre scho will nocht byde,
 Without hir kirtill taill be syde,
 In Burrowis wantoun Burges wyffis,
 Quha map haue sydest tailis stryffis,
 Weill bozdownit with beluider fyne:
 Bot following thame it is ane pyne:
 In Somer quhen the streitis dypis,
 Chap rais the dust abone the skpis,
 Rane map ga neir thame at thair eis
 Without chap couer mouth and neis,
 From the powder to keip thair Ene,
 Consider gif thair Cloffis bene cleue.
 Betuir thair clewing and thair kneeis,
 Quha micht behald thair swetie theis,
 Begairit all with dirt and dust,
 That war aneuch to stanche the lust,
 Of ony man that saw thame nakit,
 I think sic giglottis ar bot glaikit;
 Without profite to haue sic pyde,

CONTEMPT. OF SYDE TAILLIS. 307
 Harland thair claggit Caillis sa spde:
 I wald thap Burrowstounis barinis had breikis
 To keip sic myst from Halkinnis cheikis.
 I dreid rough Halkin die for drouth,
 Quhen sic dyp dust blawis in hir mouth.
 I think maist pane efter ane rane,
 To se thame towkit up agane.
 Than quhen thap step furth throw the streit,
 Thair faldingis flappis about thair feit,
 Thair laithlis lyning furthwart shypit,
 Quhilk hes the muk and mudding wppit.
 Thap waist mair claith within few zeiris,
 Nor wald cleith sprie scoir of freiris
 Quhen Marioun from the mudding gois,
 Fra hir moirne turne scho scrppis the nois,
 And all the day quhair ever scho go,
 Sic liquour scho likkis vp also.
 The Turcunis of hir taill I trow,
 Nicht be ane supper till ane Sow.
 I ken a man quhilk swoit greit aithis,
 How he did lift ane kirttokis claithis,
 And wald haue done I wait nocht quhat.
 Bot sone reuend of lufe he gat.
 He thoche na schame to mak it wittin,
 How hir spde taill was all beschittin,
 Of splith sic flower straik till his hart,
 That he behouit for till depart.
 (Quod scho) gude schir, me think ze rew,
 (Quod he) your taill makis sic ane strew,
 That be Sanct Bpde, I may not bpde it,
 Ze war not wise that wald not hpde it.
 Of Caillis I will na mair Indpce,
 For dreid sum duddoun me dispyce:
 Norwithstanding I will conclude,
 That of syde Caillis can cum na gude,

Spide nor map thair hanclethis hyde,
 The remanent procedis of pryde,
 And pryde procedis of the Devill,
 Thus alway thap proceed of enill.

Ane vther faulte Schir map be sene,
 Thap hyde thair face all bot the Ene,
 Quhen gentill men dois thame gude day,
 Without reuerence thap syde away,
 That nane map know I zow allure,
 Ane honest woman be ane hure,
 Without thair naikit face I se
 Thap get na ma gude dayis of me,
 Hels ane frenche Lady quhen ze pleis,
 Scho will discouer mouth and neis.
 And with ane humhill countenance,
 With visage baite mak reuerence,
 Quhen our Ladyis dois ryde in rane,
 Suld na man haue thame at disdaine,
 Thocht thap be couerit mouth and neis.
 In that eace thap will nane displeis,
 Nor quhen thap go to quyet places,
 I thame excuse to hyde thair faces,
 Quhen thap wald mak collatioun,
 With ony lustie companzeoun,
 Thocht thap be hid than to the Ene,
 Ze map consider quhat I mene,
 Bot in the kirk and market places,
 I think thap suld not hyde thair faces,
 Without thir faultis be sone amendit,
 By fflyting (Schir) sall neuer be endit,
 Bot wald zour grace my counsall tak,
 Ane Proclamatioun ze suld mak,
 Baith thzow the land and Burrowstounis
 To schaw thair face, and cut thair gownis,
 Nane suld fra that exemptit be,

Except

KITTEIS CONFESSIOVN.

Except the Quenis Maiekie,
 Becauss this mater is not fair,
 Of Rethorik it mon be baie,
 Wemen will say this is na bourdis,
 To wypte sic vble and fultis wordis,
 Bot wald thap clenge thair fultis Taillis,
 Onhilk our the mpris and middingis traillis,
 Than suld my wypting elengis be,
 Nane uther mendis thap get of me,
 The suich suld not be haldin clos,
 Veritas non querit angulos.

I wait gude wemen that bene wise,
 This rurall Rime will nocht disprize.
 Nane will me blame, I zow assure,
 Except ane wantoun gloriois hure,
 Onhais slyting I feir nocht ane fle,
 Fair wail, ze get na mair of me.

¶ Quod Lyndesay in contempt of syde taillis,
 That duddrounis & duntibouris throw the dubbis
 traillis.



Kitteis Confessioun

Compylit (as is beleuit) be Schir

Dauid Lyndesay of the Mount knicht. &c.

¶ The Curate, and Kittie.

THE Curate Kittie culd confes,
 And scho cauld on baith mair and leg,
 Onhen scho was talkand as scho wist,
 The Curate Kittie wald haue kist,

Bot zit ane countenance he bure,
 Degest, denoit, dane, and demure,
 And sine began hir to exanie,
 He was best at the efter game.
 (Quod he) haue ze onp wraungous geir?
 (Quod scho) I staw ane pek of heir,
 (Quod he) that suld restozit be,
 Chairfoir delpuer it to me,
 Tibbie and Peter had me speir,
 Be my conscience thap sall it heir.
 (Quod he) leue ze in Licherie?
 (Quod scho) Wpll I eno mowit me,
 (Quod he) his wife that sall I tell,
 To mak hir quentance with my sell.
 (Quod he) ken ze na Herisie?
 I wait not quhat that is (quod scho)
 (Quod he) hard ze na Inglis buikis?
 (Quod scho) my Maister on thame luskis
 (Quod he) the Bischop that sall knaw,
 For I am sworne that for to schaw.
 (Quod he) quhat said he of the king?
 (Quod scho) of gude he spak nathing,
 (Quod he) his grace of that sall wit,
 And he sall lois his life for it.
 Euchen scho in mynde did mair resolue,
 (Quod he) I can not zow absolue,
 Bot to my Chalmes cum at euin,
 Absoluit for to be and schreuin.
 (Quod scho) I will pas to ane vther,
 And I met with Schir Andro my brother
 And he full clenelie did me schypue,
 Bot he was sum thing talkatpue,
 He speirit mony strange care,
 Now that my lufe did me Embrace,
 Quhat day, how oft quhat sozt and quhair

(Quod he) I wald I had bene thair,
 He me absolut for ane Plak,
 Thocht he wiche me na price wald mak,
 And mekill Latine he did mummill,
 I hard nathing bot hummill bummill,
 He schew me nocht of Goddis word,
 Quhilk schairper is than ony sword,
 And dreip intill our hartis dois pzent,
 Our sin quhair throw we do repent,
 He pat us nathing into feir,
 Quhairthrow I suld my sin forbeir.
 He schew me not the Malediction,
 Of G.O.D, for sin, nor the affliction,
 And in this life the greit mischeif,
 Ordanit to punishe hure and theif,
 Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
 That I might feir, and vice refrane,
 He counsallie me not till abstene,
 And leid ane halie life and clene.
 Of Christis blude nathing he knew,
 Nor of his promysis full crew,
 That saifis all that will beleue,
 That Sathan sall vs neuer greue.
 He teichit me not for till traist,
 The comfort of the halie Gaist,
 He bad me nocht till Christ be kynde,
 To keip his Law wiche hart and mynde,
 And loue and thank his greit mercie
 Fra sin and hell that saunt me.
 And lufe my Nichebour as my sell,
 Of this nathing he culd me tell.
 Bot gaue me pennance ilk ane day,
 Ane Aue Marie for to say:
 And Frydayis spue na fische to eit,
 Bot butter and eggis as better meit.

And with ane plak to by ane Mes,
 Fra drounkin Schir Johne Latpne les,
 (Quod he) ane Plak I will gar lande,
 Giue thes agane with hand dande,
 Sine into Pilgrimage to pas,
 The verrap way to wantones,
 Of all his penance I was glaid,
 I had thame all perqueir, I said.
 To now and steill, I ken the pryce,
 I sall it set on Cinq and Sixe.
 Bot he my counsall culd not keip,
 He maid him be the fyre to sleip.
 Sine cryit Collers, beif, and Coillis;
 Hois and schone with dowbill soillis,
 Caikis and Candill, Creische and salt,
 Curnis of Beill, and lufffullis of Malt,
 Wollin and lunning, werp and woft.
 Dame keip the keyis of your woll lose.
 Throw drunk and sleip maid him to rais,
 And swa with vs thap play the knaif,
 Freiris sweiris be thair Professioun,
 Nane can be saif but this Confessioun
 And garris all men vnderstand,
 That it is Goddis awin command.
 Zit is it nocht bot mennis drame,
 The pepill to confound and schame.
 It is not ellis bot mennis Law,
 Maid mennis myndis for to know,
 Ouhairthrow thap sple thame as thap wilt,
 And makis thair Law conforme thairtill,
 Sittand in mennis Conscience,
 Abone Goddis Magnificence,
 And dois the pepill teiche and tpe,
 To serue the Pape the Antichryste,
 To the greit God Omnipotent,

Confes thy sin and thee repent:
 And traist in Christ as wyrtis Paule,
 Quhilk sched his blude to saik thy Saule:
 For nane can thee absolue bot he,
 Nor tak away thy sin from thee,
 gif of gude counsall thow hes neid,
 Or hes not leirit weill thy Creid,
 Or wickit vices regne in thee,
 The quhilk thow can not Mortifie,
 Or be in desperatioun,
 And wald haue consolatioun,
 Than till ane Preicheour trew thow pas,
 And schaw thy sin and thy trespas,
 Thow neidis not to schaw him all,
 Nor tell thy sin baich greit and small,
 Quhilk is vnpossibill to be.
 Bot schaw the vice that troublis thee:
 And he sail of thy Saule haue reuch,
 And thee Instruct into the treuch.
 And with the word of veritie,
 Sail comfort, and sail counsall thee.
 The Sacramentis schaw thee at lenth,
 Thy lytill faith to stark and strenth.
 And how thow suld thame richlie vse,
 And all hypocrisie refuse.
 Confessioun first was ordanit fre,
 In this sort in the Kirk to be,
 Swa to confes as I discerne,
 Was in the gude Kirk Primitiue,
 Swa was Confessioun ordanit first,
 Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleif and birsk.

¶ Finis.



The Justing betuir

James Watsoun & Iohne Barbour,

Seruitouris to king James the 5th.

Compylit be Schir David Lyndesay
of the Mount Knicht. &c.

IN Sanctandrois on Wilsou Monunday,
Ewa Campiounis thair manheid did assay
Past to the Barres enarmit heid and handis,
Was neuer sene sic Justing in na landis,
In presence of the Kingis grace and Quene,
Quhair mony lustie Lady might be sene.
Mony ane knicht, Barroun and Baurent,
Come for to se that awfull toznameint,
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun
And Iohne Barbour the vther Campioun,
Vnto the king thap war familiaris,
And of his Chalmer baith Cubicularis,
James was ane man of greit Intelligence,
Ane Medicinar full of Experience,
And Iohne Barbour he was ane Nobill Leche,
Crukit Carlingis he wald gar thame get speche
From time thap enterit war into the feild,
Full womanlie thap weildit speir and scheild,
And wichtlie waikit in the wind thair heillis,
Hobland like Cadgeris rydand on thair creillis
Bot ather ran at vther with sic haist,
That thap culd neuer thair speir get in the raist,
Quhē gentil James trowit best w Iohne to meit
His speir did fald amang his horsis feit.
I am rich sure gude James had bene vndone,

War

War not that Johne his mark tuke be f Done.
 (Quod Johne) howbeit y thinkis my leggis like
 My speir is gud, now keip y fra my knoks (roks
 Carp (quod James) ane quhple for be my chrift
 The feind ane thing I can se bot the list,
 Na mair can I (quod Johne) be Goddis bzeid,
 I se nathing except the steppill heid,
 Zit thoche pi brainis be like twa barrow trāmis
 Defend the man, than ran thap to like rammis,
 At that rude rink James had bene strikin down,
 War not that Johne for feirfnes fell in swoun.
 And richt sa James to Johne had done greit deir
 War not amangis his horses feit he brak his speir
 Quod James to Johne, zit for our Ladvys saikis
 Lat vs togidder strike thze market straikis.
 I had (quod Johne) that fall on thee be wrokin,
 Bot or he spurrit his hors, his speir was brokin
 Fra time w speiris nane culd his marrow meit
 James drew a sword w ane richt awfull speire
 And ran till Johne, to haue raucht him a rout
 Johns sword was roustit, & wald na way rū out
 Thā James leit dypfe at John w baith his fistis
 He mist the man, and dang vpon the listis,
 And w that straik he trowit y Johne was slane
 His sword stak fast, and gat it neuer agane,
 Be this gude Johne had gottin out his sword,
 And ran to James with moun awfull word.
 My furiousnes forlunth now fall thow find,
 Strypkand at James his sword flew in the wind
 Than gentill James began to crak greit wordis
 Allace (quod he) this day for falt of swordis:
 Than ather ran at vther with new cares,
 With gluffis of plait thap dang at vther faces
 Quha wan this feild, na creature culd ken,
 Till at the last, Johne cryit sp red the men,

THE IVSTING BETWIX IA. W. &c.
 Le red (quod James) for that is my desyre,
 It is ane hour sen I began to tyre,
 Done be thap had endit that Kopall Rink,
 Into the feild nicht na man stand for stink,
 Than euerie man that stude on far cryt sy,
 Sapand Adew for dirt partis compan,
 Thair hoys, harnes, and all geir was sa gude,
 Louing to God, that day was sched na blude.

FINIS

Quod Lyndesay at command of
 King Iames the Fyft.



